

The canaries have dipped their little beaks in soot and scrawl
And welts and hives rise up around the letters

My body asks her body what it feels like
Her body tells my body that she feels like the Earth
So this body here also stands here for the Earth that cannot stand here
And that cannot speak

In their death rattle
The canaries say

This

In the silence of their absence
 their silence
Is the warning

And
I will go home
 when the body I stood for
Asked me not to

*From CANARY by Hanna Cormick
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