

Bury Me on the Highway
(*A golden shovel after Kesha*)

by E. Kristin Anderson

I breathe the earth, wait for dark dirt just
tipping into another body. Here I watch

the shadow of a bruise press hot into me,
a heavy flood. I follow it like anything I've

ever found in the forest. In these veins the sap got
stuck cold hard and I sweat fever. The pines see it—

a comet in the gut, the strike blooming down

to fill this gentle animal with rose petals, to
push us howling into sea. I am the heart of a

catered catastrophe—a bruise's shadow—a simple
space for everything we abandon in American art.