

CARA DEES

You Have Two to Three Months, Maybe Less

In spring they cull you, the doctors, those dreams
of a beyond-territory built with

clean human minds in concord, chimed
to a single knell, shrines astonished with

burnt sacrifice stacked under a cut-white
sun. To eat, eating, will be eaten. To

make of misfortune a cleansing, a mild
matité, a morning rising and rose-

trimmed. In winter they reassemble you
(the battered veins, the glitching beat) among

their likenesses, with smudged armor, thumbscrew
CT scans, those whose gazes ferry them

from yours taking them in, who won't say they
sold you anything like wonder or hope.