

Chalk and Carbon

Long-distance relationships are hard.
I in the geared and rackety Holocene
You in the green and humid Cretaceous,
Reaching out through granite and long-receded sea.
You send a precious last pterosaur with your news.
I wonder if the pigeons will last
Long enough to spare one in return.
But we are together in our bones
Together in our roar.
I know the startling brilliance of your feathers
But also your inmost essential shape
You cradle my mammalian entrails with care
And in chalk and carbon
In everything that lasts and all that falls away
We are for each other
In the teeth of space and time.

—Marissa Lingen

