

# CutBank

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## Here

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## DAN ROSENBERG

### *Here*

Here's the word for an ant's single leg.  
I plucked it and breathed it.  
I caught it beneath my gum line.  
Here are some plants I grew by speaking to them.  
Here are the aphids that happened when my mind wandered.  
I was babbling; I'm sorry.  
I said the sap would be as blood, as coveted.  
The sap was as blood, the wet of it.  
I set a few rules and broke them.  
Some spiders can resurrect themselves.  
Call it a miracle when I do that.  
Call it a mitochondrion, I said.  
Call it symbiosis.  
Here's how you're my children.  
Here's how I made your lungs insufficient.  
Here's how I filled your lungs with bacteria.  
I needed a place to put them.  
I wanted you to have them.  
I am in complete control of my dreams.  
I let them be this way.  
My dreams fall on cracks and grow.  
There is excess to my mind and I throw it down the cracks.  
Here's a brown spot on an ovary.  
Here's the brown globe stumbling through autumn.