dams

by gloria joy kazuko muhammad

beaver teaches us yet we seldom listen

eyes retreat hearts harden

if only we could reimagine

self and earth earth and self

could we dare to live like the beaver

to build, collect, pull like the beaver



where food access wasn't a luxury

basic necessities didn't need authority

shelters for souls houseless, not homeless

if we are life and life is us

can we stop living as though

there's only one of us