I Want to Eat Bugs With You Underground

The scientist on the radio said that humans
will survive, and, at first, I was buoyed,
but she meant only some of us, the ones
living in tunnels, eating crickets to survive
when the rest had died from mass starvation
after droughts lasted longer and seas rose faster
and wars killed bigger because everyone
wanted what little was left. I'd be fine
with being one of the billions dead unless
you were still alive. Under a down comforter
or by a trash fire, I want to be where
you are. You know how poorly I dig holes,
how angry I get when I'm cold, how twice
I've accidentally maced myself, and still
you'd take me with you down into the earth,
give me more than my fair share of caterpillar.
Few believe we're in the middle of the end
because ruin can happen as slowly as plaque
blocking arteries, and only later feels as true
as your hand resting on my hip, both of us
quiet as roses waiting for the bees to arrive.

Julie Danho

Julie Danho's first full-length poetry collection, Those Who Keep Arriving, won the 2018 Gerald Cable Book Award from Silverfish Review Press. Her chapbook, Six Portraits, received the 2013 Slapering Hol Press Chapbook Award, and her poems have appeared in journals such as Pleiades, Alaska Quarterly Review, and New Ohio Review as well as featured on The Writer's Almanac, Poetry Daily, and Verse Daily. You can find more of her work at juliedanho.com.