

**earth says**

you keep whispering extinction  
like it's some dirty word.

that surface basalt leak,  
those luscious lava pores,

a little acidified ocean blood,  
you gasping for oxygen.

i crave it all. divine me an ice age.  
gamma ray my make-up.

i like my luminous space.  
give me that sulfide mouth.

the whole of me is volcanic,  
why wouldn't i erupt?

you think some crater will  
knock me out? that's nothing

but a sore. i've been here  
before. nothing more

i appreciate than survival.  
you think a few thousand years

means you're gods. no—  
you're a blink of my eyes.

if you don't make it,  
you were never meant to.

phase one

sulfur mouth emission. slung boulders,  
pitching machine and methane

and the hot residue of volcanic activity.

fissure and flow. molten sheets stacked.  
carbon dioxide belched from

a bloodstream heat.

an unbridled desire for change. a flood  
basalt firework, gas stained sky, acidic sea,

a factory reset.

in all our predestined worrying— we see it happening  
and wonder if we can swim in lava.

trans zombie film

it goes like this  
common cold  
every time:  
/ blood sneeze  
viral anxiety  
a parade  
/ organ plaster /  
of intestines  
public panic  
and slaughterhouse /  
soldiers aiming at  
civilians  
/ the Humvee  
bullets unspooling  
over- brains  
turned /  
/ skulls  
escapes the hysteria  
of mulch / a family  
/ countryside  
abandoned home /  
near escape / another  
biochemical  
trepidation /  
bleach kissed  
bite wound / mall bathroom  
/ rib cage dress /  
the friend or mother  
leaving  
or brother  
everybody  
saying behind / chained to the stall /  
the person  
they knew / no longer exists

## an analogy: a burning world

you want to say the world is burning.  
easy. that gets people motivated.

it passes the eye-test. sniff test,  
crackle birch hearing aid.

heat palm / heat palm. an image  
people can swallow: soot the roof

of their mouth with. damage  
their trachea with, really feel it

in their esophagus. but  
the thing about fire is: it gives in eventually.

soak suppressant, oxygen cut-off,  
tucked under a damp towel, forgotten.

so never mind,  
it's the perfect analogy.

samara fruit

fell asleep under a silver  
maple. body a curled finger.  
awoken, in the  
iridescent blinking of  
autumn,

by the papery  
wings of a  
samara fruit  
tumbling down my nose.  
helicopter landed

in my lap. dreary,  
i pinch it by the seam,  
bulbous ovary  
between my fingers

before tossing it  
into the air.  
how the wind takes  
it, an impulsive flutter,

then it ballets  
to the ground like  
it would have  
before i  
impeded its path.

farewell to the boy i was

like a lost insect

found in the basement

saved by the hand.

palm as its engine

to the outside.

set on the tall grass.

the sky overhead

pulsing and clear.

go;

be free.

## **luna rey hall**

**luna rey hall** is a queer trans non-binary writer. they are the author of *space neon neon space* (Variant Lit, 2022), *no matter the diagnosis* (Game Over Books, 2023), *the patient routine* (Brigids Gate Press, 2023), and *loudest when startled* (YesYes Books, 2020), longlisted for the 2020 Julie Suk Award.