

ZARIA FORMAN

Whale Bay, Antarctica no. 4, 2016
Soft pastel on paper, 84 x 144 in



COURTESY WINSTON WÄCHTER FINE ART

SIMON ANTON NINO DIEGO BAENA

Anthropo- centrism

The earth is denuded.

Islands of ice, melting. Every second.
One million barrels of oil are flooding the ocean.

Mechanical claws digging the skulls out of the muck,
the tusks. Poachers are prowling the light for breaths
of what is wounded—

That silence: brittle scales of a dying pangolin we never
examined. The pious, always, gathering the excesses
of the ancient Logos.

Adam emerges with his butcher's apron, with his rusty
dagger, within us. Things are determined by the
insatiable hunger of the flesh.

This raging wildfire, a heap of plunder: fulfilling it all.

Simon Anton Nino Diego Baena spends his spare time on the road with his wife, Xandy. His poems are forthcoming in *The Cortland Review*, *Caliban Online*, *Cider Press Review*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, and *Saltfront*. His chapbook, *The Blood is Within the Architecture* (Pawn) will be out this year. He also edits and publishes the online poetry/art journal, *January Review*.