

MICHELE BATTISTE
Accepting the Newborn

Bees are dying, eon-old tree
frog species appear to have
disappeared, coy leaflets hiding
only dew and droppings. I root

for cutter ants, little bodies
like keys, locking up entire
Central American eco-

systems, their devotion to
compost carved into rainforest
floors, mapping the cycle of food
then life, then food. What I wish for

you is complicated. It's a
guilty trade when the littlest
ones go first, go fast, and beckon.