Meditation on Transmission

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Recommended Citation

Rader, Dean, "Meditation on Transmission" (2020). English. 30.
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MEDITATION ON TRANSMISSION

Dean Rader

The map on my
tv reddens the
way a wound
might spread
across skin,
here, the earth’s
blue body brutally
infected, its slim
shape shrunken
somehow huddled,
like a child waiting
to be picked up,
held, carried to its
bed and sung to sleep,
in its dreams, death
comes dressed as a
doorknob, a handle
on a bus, a button,
a bowl of nuts,
the sun-stroked
sky, a whisper, a kiss,
and it says *breath*
*of my breath,* and it
says *take me inside*
you, and it says,
*teach me to multiply,*
and the earth
says, *Look, I am*
*living,* and the
earth says, *Holocene*
and the earth
says, *if something*
*isn’t burning, it is*
*incubating,* and
the waters do
not part, and
the sun does
not slide into
its black box,
and the stars
do not switch
off their light,
the rain does
not ask the ocean for water and yet above a chorus of clouds bristles with birds about their work reminding not everything moving through the air destroys.

Originally published in *The San Francisco Chronicle*, April 8, 2020