

AMIT MAJMUDAR

From: *Seven on the Ark*

2. The Bored Housecat

How crass that splatter, to my paws' snowfall
Day and night the same thing, rain. It's awful.
Have you run out of weathers save for water,
I wonder? Has your famed inventiveness
(Wasted on beetles, if you ask me) tired
Of varying the cirrus? Fire, frogs—
These rains I've heard of and would love to see
Just once from you outside our gray portholes
To grant disaster that fantastic aspect
That makes a smiting worth the writing. Worst
Of all's this paunchy old catastrophe
Selected by the scruff to be my husband,
Thrown like a boot at my ballet—when there,
Across the hold, I see the menace pace,
Shoulderblades rolling, everywhere tattooed
With spots. He bites his designated nape
And holds her down until he finishes
But stares the whole time through his bars at me.

7. Stowaway

When birds and beasts were getting labeled cages,
Where was my jar? No hive queens under glass,
No wood planks shrinking under termites, no
Handful of thriving sand where ants might burrow
Your name, no chunk of hive tucked thick with larvae.
I saw the boat drydocked and knew that something
Was up. It didn't take me long to guess
Sea level. Here we are, Lord, roach and wife.
You thought that you'd get rid of us like this?
You thought we'd wave our panicky antennae
And drown like all the rest? Well here we are.
Roaches. He boarded two of every creature,
And us. And we'll live off the scuzz and dander
Your precious species cannot help but flake
Until the lineages my Eve will lay
Crowd film-rimmed sinks, gunked drains, and dripping basements
In this immaculate new world you figured
A mere forty days and forty nights could rinse
Of us. And when the sons of Noah do
With flame what you have done with flood, you wait,
The ash will stir and sprout a thousand hairs
And all those hairs will be my children's bristled
Antennae claiming everything they touch.
They'll search the aftermath but not for you.

Read the other five sections in issue 24 of the magazine.