



*John Hoel*

Ladybugs immolate  
in the forest fire  
frantic and ricocheted.  
Devastated nature  
almost empty, all awash  
in death or panicked flight  
to safety. Limbs of language  
hard to define; nobody  
had to write about so many  
trees caught in so much flame  
before now. Silkworm moths  
bright coals to the air. The chaste  
of the world before poisons  
that defoliate and deforest.  
Agent Orange comes to Brazil.  
The cleansing smoke carried up  
through the clouds to rest.  
Now we are bereft from  
the heat on the killing floor.