

B. TYLER LEE

Vesper Bell with Supply Chain Breakdown

If the evening sky had its way, our vegetable

drawers would overflow even as it strong-
armed us into pondering our insignificance.

And if we could live inside the bread bowl

of the insignificance, we would stop asking
why glaciers melt before their appointed

centuries and moose roam ever northward.
We would stop asking why we can

no longer find lemon yellow cardigans

and those corn tortillas that you like. If clean
water is a form of worship, and worship

spawns our prayers, then I have prayed too often

for you and not enough for manatees and tiger
trout. Aubergine seeds are the only eggs a man

can carry for decades in his pocket. One day

soon, you must decide what kind of man you wish
to be: Keep your eggs close, or abandon them

beneath the sky, its bright bowl filled with rivers.