

# Flora & Fauna

*Jon Jon Moore*

*"I was never non-violent. Never."*  
—Nina Simone

I remember how the red & brown scorpion  
orchids inhaled my neck  
aroused by the lingering aroma  
apocalyptic. Something familiar.  
Foxgloves begging to be pollinated  
raw.

Can you blame me for wanting  
every garden  
to burn? For wanting  
the gazanias & roses to bloom  
on my side  
of becoming—  
for the world to wear  
this color of birth?

To be Black Pansy/ to be  
Black Hellebore  
hivemind  
then  
was to kill anyone  
presumptuous enough  
to pluck & pot & watch us  
make their property  
a home        watch us make a home  
out of every other owned until garden  
variety gone—until    pesticide parade.

Yes, to watch  
was to wound.  
Yes, to desire  
in the past  
I think

was to speak of flowers  
tearing apart human  
limbs & burying them  
in our gaudy backyards.