

and Air Force intelligence (and wasn't my father
one of those?) developed the code, the ability
of our missiles, our nuclear-tipped rockets
fired from submarines and capable
of erasing a city the size of Tel Aviv to find
their cities, those other cities. And we count
ourselves lucky that it's always been our generals
calling the shots and fortunate that this century
they haven't and not yet our cities. And now?
We were driving to see the moon
as close as we've been in this century and as close
as we'll be for the rest of our lives.
We are lost in the desert.
We are lost on a highway that ends somewhere
on the border of a country we will never see
even under this cutthroat sky.

Sarah Wetzel is the author of *River Electric with Light*, which won the AROHO Poetry Publication Prize and was published by Red Hen Press in 2015, and *Bathsheba Transatlantic*, which won the Philip Levine Prize for Poetry and was published by Anhinga Press in 2010. When not shuttling between her three geographic loves— Rome, Tel Aviv, and New York City—she teaches creative writing at The American University of Rome. She holds an engineering degree from Georgia Tech and a MBA from Berkeley. More importantly for her poetry, she completed a MFA in Creative Writing at Bennington College in January 2009.

Faisal Mohyuddin
Archaeology

In silent self-mourning, we gathered
one last time, suspended in the amber
of our moon, then spent our final days

in a cave, praying for forgiveness as
we carved with flint shard the histories
of our tribes into the colossal bones

of creatures now extinct, aware, through
the blinding labor of each recorded
name, of our own impending doom

at the hands of invading cousins who
knew nothing of memory, nor cared to
remember. Departure, this time, would

occur not in body, but in the body's
blood, in the spilling of the distilled
moonlight we had begun to keepsake

within it since we first saw the signs
in the weeping faces of our children,
in the sparking panic of stars unmoored

from night. When millennia later
the stones we died holding, buried
beneath volumes of stone and steel, are

unearthed, then conferred with story, we
wonder if they will be called weapons,
if each chapter of our existence, etched

into reassembled monsters, will reveal
an undying taste for torture and destruction,
if the blame for our demise will be

our crown to wear until no one remains
to hold it. Mostly, as we lie deep within
the humming belly of the earth, awaiting

excavation, we wonder if any of our
inner light will remain, if the living will still have
eyes human enough to see it.

Faisal Mohyuddin is the author of *The Displaced Children of Displaced Children* (Eye- wear Publishing, 2018), selected by Kimiko Hahn as the winner of the 2017 Sexton Prize for Poetry, and the chapbook *The Riddle of Longing* (Backbone Press, 2017). His work has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *the Missouri Review*, *Narrative*, *RHINO*, *Chicago Quarterly Review*, *Poet Lore*, and elsewhere. An alumnus of the U.S. Department of State's Teachers for Global Classrooms program and an educator adviser to the global not-for-profit Narrative 4, Faisal Teaches English at Highland Park High School in Illinois and lives with his wife and son in Chicago.

Chelsea Dingman

Revisions

sometimes you don't die
but bloom back like the potato plants
in spring, the soil long dead
under snow & you are born to this stain of sun
creeping under the blinds of the body I inherited
from the ghosts of mothers, inhabited
by ghosts of long grasses & stem
cells & storm drains, a body made by wind
that gathers in the fields, the beheaded
dandelions that I drink from, the stars
always revising themselves
& sometimes
neither one of us dies, but we draw
a country in the wet sand beside a pier
& the water is calm & warm
as we show the sky our teeth & I am your mother
& my mother isn't the woman I don't want
to be, & a song isn't an anthem or a dirge
but your body as it fills me full
& I am not a casket, the dead
like fillings in my teeth & we practice living
longer with expensive creams & vitamins,
with broccoli & early bedtimes & boot camp
workouts &

I would do all of this

so you'd live, so you'd hold my name
under your tongue like a pill I've been given
to help me sleep in another universe
where you're not on the porch, your hair back
-lit by morning, cushioned by the sun,
& when I wake, I try to imagine you
there, alive, & I want to live forever
before I remember there is no forever
when you have already died so
many times, the light spilling over
my splayed body, your small body
delivered blue

& sometimes

we are the dead, the blue, the ghosts
of trees & rivers, the countries
where there is no one to damn
us & someone else tends the light

& sometimes

there is only me, this light untended,
this world I don't want to wake in.

Chelsea Dingman is a Canadian citizen and visiting instructor at the University of South Florida. Her first book, *Thaw* (University of Georgia Press, 2017), was chosen by Allison Joseph to win the National Poetry Series. In 2016-17, she also won *The Southeast Review's* Gearhart Poetry Prize, *The Sycamore Review's* Wabash Prize, and *Water-Stone Review's* Jane Kenyon Poetry Prize. Her work can be found in *Ninth Letter*, *The Colorado Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Cincinnati Review*, and *Gulf Coast*, among others.