

David Allen Sullivan

The Ends of the Earth

A woman turns over her umbrella to scoop
the angry moles inside and ferry them
to higher ground, itself soon to be flooded.

The path I walk to get here is now flooded
as well. And a wet, bedraggled mole,
flushed out by the water, rears back

on pink feet, and snarls. Grasshoppers
wetly limp off, and another ball, red this time,
comes spinning, a world out of orbit.

A blue and white basketball bobs by,
and a raft of wood, with a white lotus flower
perched in the middle. The rain saturated ground

gives way under the redwoods sluicing down
the turgid brown broth of water. A green
waste container bobs up and down.

Then a blue and white hottub, flipping slowly
end over end, carrying someone's dream
with it. The swollen San Lorenzo,

unstoppable all day flow. All our phones
blaring floodwarnings, recording what passes
before our eyes. Higher ground, they say,

but we'll have none of it.
All our worlds are ending
in this beautiful destruction.

David Allen Sullivan's books include: *Strong-Armed Angels*, *Every Seed of the Pomegranate*, a book of co-translation with Abbas Kadhim from the Arabic of Iraqi Adnan Al-Sayegh, *Bombs Have Not Breakfasted Yet*, and *Black Ice*. He won the Mary Ballard Chapbook poetry prize for *Take Wing*, and his book of poems about the year he spent as a Fulbright lecturer in China, *Seed Shell Ash*, is forthcoming from Salmon Press. He teaches at Cabrillo College, where he edits the Porter Gulch Review with his students, and lives in Santa Cruz with his family. His poetry website is: <https://dasulliv1.wixsite.com/website-1>, a modern Chinese co-translation project is at: <https://dasulliv1.wixsite.com/website-trans>, and he's searching for a publisher for an anthology of poetry about the paintings of Bosch and Bruegel he edited with his art historian mother who died recently.