

DEAR ALDO LEOPOLD

F. DANIEL
RZICZNEK

I spend my morning reading and
at lunch find a tick in my shirt.

The weather is perverse:
90° in May and strict about it.

A moth escapes from my armpit.
Paradise turns out to be merciless—

a green, psychedelic brushfire
bundled in layers of feather and leaf

in the heart of heart of hearts.