



With just my hands

After "Can't Help Myself" by Sun Yuan and Peng Yu

By Bridget Dolan

immobilized by where to start—
blood pooling beneath me, in all directions.

I am on display, surrounded by
faces in the glass, do they see themselves reflected?

See how they look at me,
photograph me: *a sensation!*

I can't help myself, can't
help this mess, this sea of inescapability.

I can't help but wonder, too, why these faces
take Instagram photos for their 78 followers

instead of stepping closer.

An oil spill is not a tragedy when the reward
is ducklings washed with Dawn dish soap.

You can watch me fail to mop up this
cosmic climate crisis and do nothing because

the Twitter man tells you he's building a rocket
to take mankind to Mars and save you all.

What happens when the rocket leaves and all that's left
is this crude blood that chokes me and all my children?

What happens when the light in the gallery is turned off
but my power isn't cut?

I run until my circuits short, until my pages are too wet
to ever dry, until my blood erodes my cord,

and I drown in the mess I can't help but still mop.