

KIRSTEN SHU-YING CHEN

This too shall pass

As if time alone could cleave us from the storm.
As if we were not part of it, too.

The cold front, the advancing surge, the body
a vessel for the electrical current of everything around it:

Traffic, sickness, the music of
fireflies. Humans, too,

give off a visible light—science proves this.
But I'm surprised we don't walk around on fire,

what, with the collective lint of our past.
Are we always excavating?

And is there always something to find?
I think of *relative* I think of *instinct* I think

of that dark, damp corner where
beautiful things sometimes grow.

I know that place.
You've been there.

And we recognize the artifacts bone-clean:
How the face glows brightest.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kirsten Shu-ying Chen lives in New York City. Her work has appeared in *Bodega*, *[PANK]*, *Hanging Loose*, *Best American Poetry*, *Aquifer: The Florida Review Online*, and elsewhere.

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