

They're not supposed to salt
the forest preserve parking lot
but sometimes they do.

The parking lot is between
the blue-spotted salamanders
winter homes and where they
go to have hot salamander sex
and lay their eggs in ephemeral pools.

They're not supposed to salt
but they do and it's bad
salamanders breathe through their skin
need to stay moist to live
the mere act of walking to the club
was in fact an amphibian death trap.
Dozens of desiccated corpses litter
the entrance to paradise
little salted salamajerky strewn ruthless.

It would have been much worse though
if someone hadn't shown up
just to see the salamanders migrate
and discovered the dehydrated carnage.
She called for backup and the people
descended. Some vigorously swept the salt
others picked up the confused sallies
in glasses and carried them across
the doom chasm. It probably gave them
something to talk about before getting
down to business *Wasn't that crazy?*
Anyway, what's your major?

People are always the villain
in the story of nature's destruction
but people are also the ones
who show up with brooms and glasses
ferrying salamanders over salt
we show up for our neighbors
we've saved tiny tiny chunks of Earth
a billion times. People are not
the problem, people are the portal
we are the ones weighing down
the minute hand on the doomsday clock

we are the ones calling the forest preserve district
to complain about fatal road salt
that was put there by someone
who was just doing their job
who will never salt that lot again.

Melt

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