



in the old days, there was a story about how the wilderness got away from downtown. the seas parted, moses invoked the multi-colored coats of his ancestors, and the dinosaurs began to grow their fenestrated feathers. the myth has since never relented. we guess the arced trajectory of every penny's evanescence, but resistance is weightless — it doesn't go down with gravity when it catches a bullet to the stomach, but plummets upward, cupping its hands like a bucket, sucking the shelf melt from the ice caps like the end's what every age should covet. i'm not above plucking the stray hairs from our planet. physicalist intervention of this bent is sexy — or so my dormant hormones tell me. is it petty to jettison my dead friends to an alternate reality every time i hear the chiming of my spine go into hyperdrive? is this too heady to hold steady in your lead prosthetic wingspan? when my smartwatch says the water's fine but rising, fine but rising, i press ignore and choose instead to shred my clothes and show the oceanfront just what it's inching toward

# shelf melt

by Dylan Krieger



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