

**Self-Care Feat. Impending Doom** by Kathleen Jones

Praise the cool of the mud mask, praise  
anything that leeches heat from angry skin.

Lie down for ten minutes without your phone.  
Be a body on a mattress. Go still.

But what if the world is too hot  
in that rest, all rage and fire,

and the solution is nothing you can find  
in a packet or tube, nothing to squeeze or dab,

nothing to rinse clean later. What do you mix up  
for yourself when you know the temporary nature

of remedy. When a cure feels like a flat plane of land,  
just a feeling, and fact is the fury in the tilt of the whole

round globe, in the flames that heat your face.