

## **We Knew This Day Would Come**

by J. Adam Collins

Now we choke down this chalky earth,  
breathe it into the hollows of our throats

and bellies, larynxes and lungs, hoping  
that it mixes with our fluids to become bright

brown clay. This is how we remake ourselves:  
under the sun's haze, we linger on the edge

of the only flowering field, suckling and crack-  
mouthed saying, *Someday I will learn to love*

*this body*. But somehow someday feels far  
off like the last penny pitched into a dusty well,

like being turned loose without a morsel of good  
news left, like the final brittle leaf breaking away

to drift sandpapered winds. Have we unearthed  
nothing? After all this, it's hard to believe we lost

what's inside of us. The you and me, the us  
and them of it all. So here we are standing

before the stone creek, before the flamed-out  
tree, before the plummet from the peak

of a great unnamed rock, waiting for a miracle  
to fill our vacancies, and always wanting more.