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Mothering During Climate Collapse

*Inspired by "The World Keeps Ending, and the World Goes On,"
by Franny Choi*

There is no map for mothering on a planet in seizure.

No doula for the abyss. When you see babies in apocalyptic movies they're supposed to represent hope, but mostly you're just mad at the parents. How dare you, with your brimming over and your hubris and your tumbling forward—contain yourself,

can't you see? This is no time for milk breath and soft bellies this is the moving sidewalk to oblivion you can't. Bring. Them. Here. You can't offer them these monstrous choices, this insect holocaust, bedlam white noise erosion lapping at their ankles.

If giving birth is not saying I am ready to see what's next then I do not know what birth is, and My Loves you are the last next thing that I can believe in,

motherhood of the fool's journey, blind corner motherhood, motherhood of the gorge, of the steep drop, of shoving poetry into your arms like claw hammers, machetes, trowels, spears, here take what you need please find the one that will do the job, I'll hold them off so maybe you can reach the next camp

by nightfall.