

Erosion Control

In the end, all that ever was gives way
to kudzu. It covers buildings and cars
like a quilt tossed over furniture,
pulls its viney socks up telephone poles.
Kudzu archaeologists work to untuck time
and play the guessing game of what's beneath,
but each year the vines prove more verdantly voracious
than the last. At school, kids make tales of swallowing the seeds—
kudzu overtaking bodies like a spore; kudzu monsters
creeping through their yard at night and holding
hands with bigfoot in the woods. Car companies promise
kudzu gasoline, infinite energy, but the factories are smothered
before the formula is finished. The vines stretch over lakes
and oceans, and before long people lose track of land
and water. On the family farm, a black hole reveals
where a door once hung on grandpa's shed,
now a green reminder of itself.