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Poem by Samantha Grenrock

Finalist for the 2019 Talking Writing Prize for Poetry



Tonnage

We don't know who buries us. We suspect,
in the night, dirt drifts to the next acreage.

Tonnage

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Nitrogen changes hands. Phosphorous
not phosphorescent. And in the morning,

how to stop you from flowering
in the little footholds, bearing fruit?

Left alone, granite clefts itself.

Empires rattle in their sleep
(all those monuments, granite).

Art Information

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Samantha Grenrock grew up in California. She has an MFA from the University of Florida and is the winner of the *Cincinnati Review*'s Robert and Adele Schiff Award in poetry. Her work has appeared in *Denver Quarterly*, *PANK*, *Raritan*, *Bayou*, *Best New Poets*, and others.

Follow her on Twitter [@samgrenrock](https://twitter.com/samgrenrock) [5].

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