

## **My name is Evening Primrose**

**Jose Olivarez**

my name is evening primrose & maybe you think that's fancy,  
but really there's a whole mess of us out there. primrose  
is a nice way of saying common folk & if you know common folk  
who work & scrap & have ungrateful kids who move away &  
never visit, then maybe you also know that we like to have a good time.  
evening primrose means the brightest lights, the cheapest gin,  
means everyone free before midnight, & if you know my city,  
you know we dance hard, we sway till late like the wind is  
trying to uproot us, my name is evening primrose which means  
don't bother me while i sleep, when i dream of neon nights,  
evening primrose is a pretty word, so is nectar, the way it sounds  
like honey if i say it sweetly enough, nectar is a nice word  
for cheap trick, a polite word for always getting left, maybe  
you think primrose is a sad name, but i don't care what you think,  
primrose is my name, its my mom's name, it's my grandma's name,  
it means drunkest night, strongest love, ephemeral & eternal

## **My name is the white-lined sphynx moth**

**Krissa Skogen**

My name is the white-lined sphynx moth.  
Over-educated folks call me *Hyles lineata*  
You confuse me for that scrappy brown moth that flutters and fizzes on your summertime porch light, that you so loathe.  
You confuse me for a beautiful hummingbird, you think I'm magical until you realize that I'm no bird, just a moth.  
Not a bee, not a butterfly, not a bird.  
You think all pollinators fly when the sun shines; you think we are all diurnal.  
You don't know just how important we crepuscular creatures are,  
that there's a lot that goes on from dusk to dawn.  
You got me all wrong. You don't know me at all.  
I am big, I am brave. I am beautiful and strong. I am kind, I mean no harm.  
I am a long-haul trucker.  
I fly miles and miles and miles, across the open plains, over the amber waves, between the purple mountains majesty.  
I'm everywhere from Canada to Mexico, and from Mexico to Central America.  
I don't stay longer than one night in any one place; I don't stop or slow for much.  
I fly into the wind, following a fleeting plume of sweet smells.  
Like others who work long shifts into the night, I like my cocktails.  
Gin infused with Earl Gray tea, jasmine, green apples.  
The bouquet of fragrance fills the air, whispers to me and I heed the call.  
Like billboards in the night, advertising a place to pause, a place to refuel before my journey continues.  
From a distance, the glittering white lights bounce the moonlight back to me, showing me the way.  
I am eternal but my route, my stay, they are ephemeral.

**Meeting**  
**Jose Olivarez**

Ephemeral  
my love is  
changing & gone  
hiding in plain sight  
like a new moon  
don't let your eyes fool you  
my love pollinates  
imagine a love like that  
a love that travels and grows  
wherever it is planted  
my love stays  
flicking its antennae toward  
the loudest floral bouquet  
with no home training  
my love slurps loudly & unapologetically  
if every hour is drenched in honey  
if every kiss must end  
give me the longest goodbye  
my love is a search for  
eternal

**Departing**  
**Jose Olivarez**

Eternal  
my love is a search for  
the longest goodbye  
if every kiss must end  
if every hour is drenched in honey  
my love slurps loudly & unapologetically  
with no home training  
the loudest floral bouquet  
flicking its antennae toward  
my love stays  
wherever it is planted  
a love that travels and grows  
imagine a love like that  
my love pollinates  
don't let your eyes fool you  
like a new moon  
hiding in plain sight  
changing & gone  
my love is  
ephemeral