

“Ang...”
Angela Castellano

“Ang...”

from the mouth of someone
who has not earned its closeness.

Waking up to discover
my creatures are starving:
the chickens— cat & cow.

I try to come when called— grounding through
yarrow dried in winter, cinnamon in summer,
Ativan, acrylic artwork, altar.
Will I notice when I go hungry too?