



**POLARIS IS DEAD**  
FRANCESCA HURTADO

Polaris is Dead  
*(and other hurricanes)*

Francesca Hurtado



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Part One

## Catharsis

it is  
the kindest of thieves,  
taking quietly  
the nightmares.  
the leftover rage.  
the vitriol in words, both  
inked  
and spoken -

replacing every hurricane  
with a halcyon  
and a hundred words for courage.  
paving every street  
with petrichor and  
that unshakeable strength  
that comes with  
survival -

and always, gently returning to us  
what grief tends to steal away:  
that soft slow heartbeat.  
that restful sleep.  
that tender sunshine -  
    peace.

## Or maybe it's just chronic insomnia

I wonder why people aren't  
scared to love writers - we're not  
dove's wings and coffee stains,  
blood oranges peeled and broken  
and graphite smudged a shiny black  
on the sides of our palms underneath  
our littlest fingers -

we are so  
powerful.  
empires built and beaten down  
in the space of sentences, gods  
woven from legends and little boys  
who should have known better.  
we are  
the songs they will sing, seven  
hundred years later.  
we are  
the dragons that the princes have slain.  
fire and treasure and princesses  
hidden behind stone.  
we are love stories. we are murder.  
we are obituaries and street graffiti.  
we are words.