

Anne Boyer, "Poem: The World Is Breaking in Flowers the Breath of Things,"  
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**The New York Times Magazine**

# Poem: The World Is Breaking in Flowers the Breath of Things

By Precious Okoyomon Selected by Anne Boyer

May 11, 2023

Much like Precious Okoyomon's visual works — living installations that invent new lyric ecosystems — this poem starts with love, then offers a landscape. The body's scale aligns with the cosmic one. History appears, too, with its wars and cities, its incendiary nature, its souvenir of ash. Feeling has substance. Darkness has a speed, and motion — hovering, being, flowing, breathing — unifies this poem and its world. *Selected by Anne Boyer*

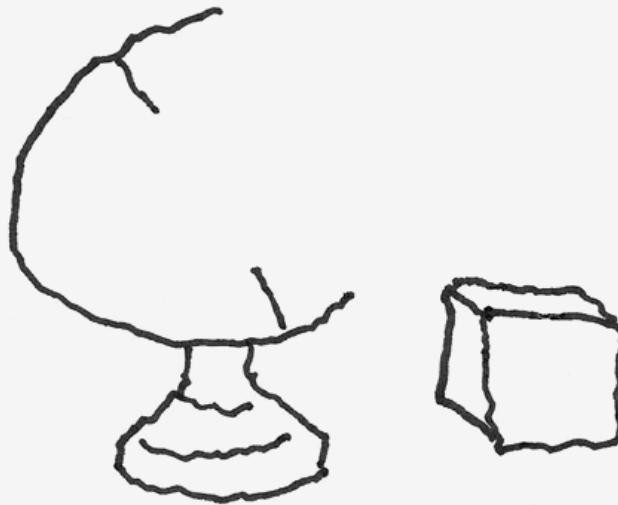


Illustration by R. O. Blechman

# The World Is Breaking in Flowers the Breath of Things

*By Precious Okoyomon*

Our love is a blue instant and forward-looking sky  
Every dream is a moment of freedom

'Bliss hovering above the void

Resonate darkness can't be bound  
It's always being born

Ash in hand

Myths arise where it sets  
Knowing there is fire  
Knowing there is war

Cities rising and falling

A small black river flowing  
The speed of darkness  
Everything burns repeatedly

Return back to the umbilical tongue  
To vesicles of present breath

Swallow bits of tenderness  
Bring yourself back to the earth