

I'm currently working on what would be my sixth poetry collection, *Good Things Come Through Fire*—the title was supplied by a psychic responding to a predominance of wands in a tarot reading, and I've been thinking about what it means ever since. A lot of the poems are spells, charms, and prayers, but there's also a kind of fungal mycelium branching under the collection. My two poems in the new issue of *NDR* sprout from that line of thinking.