

2026 national Poetry Award

Groupthink

by Margalit Katz

There was a buzzing in the
room. In the bodies, no, between the bodies.
You could feel airborne molecules vibrate,
electrons agitated as we spoke, then
knocked off their nuclei into
nothing. Collective beyond
communication. Premonition or telepathy,
some sixth sense.

I have been told time and again skin
is the largest organ,
that pithy membrane
that severs the air
packs it tight into containers
of negative space, but
for pores and lungs,
rhizomes and rivulets that
course oxygen through
these veins.

It is the fragile border
that can shed and peel,
sizzle and tingle.

This boundary taut
on the verge of
collapse, our inky
seeds bleeding
thick and warm
amber honey
melting, minds
meld into
one.