

After digging our own graves
in case of the very worst,
and waging war on ourselves
to satisfy an insane god's bloodthirst,
we burn down the city into soot & ash,
shut down the freeways, highways, & banks,
hide underground with the insects & rats,
& wait for the firestorm to pass.

Poison-clouds recede.
Alarms & sirens peel & fade.
The war-machine runs out of lives
to torture, kill, & waste.
Our relieved gasps break the
bloody-violet dawn.

Life becomes an endless dream
As night envelops everything.
Sleep & wait & hum & mumble.
Try not to think about these troubles.

The warm breeze smells like the first spring rain.
Lightning silhouettes the golden cloudbank.
Thunder rolls over the river & through the trees.

Uncanny silence.
Then whispering winds through leaves like seaweed.
Breathless riptide.
The percussion of rainfall batters the hillside.

Heavens darken w/wings.
A murmur the size of a city
swims over the skyline,
paints the horizon in motion,
sculpts the wind in flight.

The mind flows inward.
as memory & experience
become one & the same.
Time folds in on itself
to sustain & derange.
A symphony in birdsong
of survival & celebration.