

Birds Elope with the Sun

The Agonist

Air like water, water like stone, birds elope with the sun.

A velvet quietus furtively draped over ears.
Quartz underfoot and crystalline opal years.
Welcome webs of gasping despair.
Nival anaphora textures the air.
Anamnesis waltzes through...
The windows, shit tight, and the fires are fueled... Reminding
naivete of its magnitude's inferiority.

Skywards stretching arms become thin and weak.
Bony fingers comb the clouds then curl into fists,
admitting defeat. Blood concedes to gravity's pull,
leaving hollow skeletons all erect,
perforating the skyline an impenetrable cage...
like skin drawn tight, and canvas cracked with age.

Escapist flights and lengthy nights as some succumb and slumber
awakes..
Faces count minutes til noon
solar ghosts come kiss the moon goodnight
grey memories for now. A thousand families,
down, will fall. Nival tears bury them all!
Like absconding tides, birds elope with the sun.

A barren desert soaked in bleach.
A sickly pallor and opal touch.
Hallucinating, shattered glass falls as if the atmosphere crack
ed and we are invaded by emptiness black.
The brain keeps the body company.
The continent is a new born, trying to breathe.
Accepting his fate and falling asleep,
the child is woman, resting in peace.

Accepting the sleep as a blackness forcing its way in and pushi
ng air out through heavy lungs...
And heavy are the clouds that reach so deep and smother the lan
d in a heavy shroud.
Eves press closed and words are now visible.
The sky is an eggshell waiting to hatch.
The ground is the the, the wind, the trees,
the Earth, the water, the first..
Sculptors working the clay, carving angels and gargoyles as pix
ies dance to appease the leaves.
Faces that once turned to catch light,
frown and turn desperately down towards darkness.
Float to the stiff, grey Earth.