

## Day 5

### The Church

Eventually  
We came to a chasm dark and wide  
And drifted in silence through endless anemones  
In shallow dreams  
Life was beginning to take a shape  
Water was warm as it hastened our enemies

This kind of world will start a little colony  
This kind of earth will eat a little energy  
This kind of thing needs a little secrecy

After thousands of years  
Our priests have predicted you would come  
You with your death that appears in no photograph  
You watch the night sky  
We bickered like fools amongst ourselves  
We sought protection in artificial youth

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In a sickening jump  
I fell through the surface of my life  
And I was cut back by the hollow camaraderie  
The planet was still  
Nothing moved as it slept in space  
I pulled on my suit and exited quietly