

Microcosm

A Forest of Stars

Nothing now but cages and railings
All topped with barbs
Even the weather's apologetic
Sees no rhyme or reason
All exits barred now
Love left lonely, gave way to the grave
Left my smile somewhere on the journey between that and loss

The walls of another god's house encrusted in mould
Sewage poured from ceiling, damp liquefied floor
A building devoid of use, now
A weather beaten grave
Untended, no longer remembered
By those who left the queue
For mourning

Merrily kicking the skulls of ex-deities
Through the ex-halo hoops of toes up ex-angels
More trophy heads for my walls
No more crying about heaven or a lack of it
No more to be found wanting
Hoping for a safety net

My lake of passion still edged with rust
Her waters fouled by the corpse of lust
So, I dug the last few feet of the six myself
All too eager to taste the dust
I laughed as I threw the first handful of earth
I smiled as I watched the topsoil spread

Autumn she sprang over summer into winter
All was lost.
All is lost.
So much more snow than sunbeams these days
What once was?
What once was.
The cold she marched through the rain
Past the corpse of rebirth
Blacked out the sun's last refrain
Endless cycle ended