

Trace of God

Code

Impatient ghost
In your wide smile I open
Pale as bone
Incandescent and starved
A poem up from a field of corrosion
In folds of gold
To burst like a star

Abandon the light
Abandon the skin
Abandon the search for these troubles
I watched for a world that would let it fall in
An order ablaze in the rubble
(Trace of God, Trace of gold)

Imbued with
a reflected light and prose that wound over and over
and
struck out
rain a gilded cage

Linger ghost
Claw that space with hunger
Cities twist to ash in your hand
I catch fire in a whirl of your verses
Elements unbound

Abandon the light...
Crawl in type
shape
Scratch your song into sound
Burn
Breathe
Ignite the pyres

Turn your back on the surface you own
Face the sky
Accuser
I will fall on your dreams
Your hand in my world