

Kelowna

Fuck the Facts

The clock keeps ticking. The hour of light has faded,
with the end crumbling into itself. The moment has been
tasted, used, and thrown away. Time crashed. None of us
paid attention. The glow has faded, and the memories,
laughing in their corner. Smiling down on the irony.
Defying, mocking the people that they carried.