

# Bittersweet Genesis for Him AND Her

Kishi Bashi

In the beginning we were scrambled together  
mixed in a celestial bowl and hand fluffed with a feather  
and the tears of bliss were not amiss  
it was a good day

the second day, we created the earth  
tickled in irony as we made love upon it's girth.  
and to our delight, the sun gave us the stars

the creation of the moon was a miracle of light  
descended from the rift in the dark star of night  
my veins pulsed butter as it illuminated your thighs

on the fourth day, we felt compelled to whistle.  
For how could we call the love birds to nestle  
and keep us company in this world anew and fresh?

Today I paint to life, a portrait of the sacred friend, the perfect wife  
in synesthesia  
together we have filled the world with colored wine  
but the story nears the present time  
of restlessness and wake up calls  
wake up!

Years have flown fast but then who's counting  
the wars have been won but there's few left standing between us  
and the shadows of christmas past

critically acclaimed but sadly underrated  
fortune definitely favored us, but no one celebrated  
our wits were splitting at their ends...

we gazed upon the city lights  
we each laughed aloud one final time and agreed:  
this is one thing we'll miss...

and as we held our breath and forced our will  
the minutes stopped, the air was still  
and minds began to unlearn their faulted ways

We blasted through the hills!  
they were the first to go, and the most painful so  
because we made them first when we learned to bleed  
with our fingers on the seeds that sowed in the dirt  
and then cried when we came in the glorious masterwork of life ending  
and beginning again

we ignored the pleas of the forest and the seas  
as we scorched the earth with our tears...  
we burned them in fear  
until there's nothing left  
nothing left  
nothing, nothing left  
but us