

Arduous Angel

Pears

Eternal here
A tin can to my ear
The vitriol shakes down the string
Sounds off and disappears over my head
Dragging my feet at night
Topography egg shell white
Static glib delight
Arduous angel

Gathered here to mourn
The calm before the storm
The weather vane installed in a frenzy
Spinning and fell forlorn
In Batman and scrambled porn
I was forged not born
The arduous angel

Time will tilt me out
The heavenly shade of doubt
Into a deadlocked stare
With something that isn't there
The arduous angel