

Parched Rapids

The Virus

Prophets call across burnt dunes your name spells rusted carniv
al tunes The sand hides hives of nested wombs where fossils use
d to gallop Watchers of the morning sift Shifting ripples eye t
he world where silence is knowledge and creation is consumed in
infinite truth

What sound would I make here Would we be us when there is nothi
ng left? When minerals dry and turn to dust the grains will for
m new ancient artworks and the wind will roll up and down the d
awn

Choirs of drifting trials - denials of the great fires that dre
w the gravel into his veins He's the far away hills that swim i
nto manes of silt

Strap your thoughts to this engine that rears itself skyward as
the nimbus numbs itself to desire Can we live with this sadnes
s that only rots inwards Old rope that rows against the current
Twisted with the years