

Birds Elope With the Sun

The Agonist

Air like water, water like stone, birds elopes with the sun.
A velvet quietus furtively draped over ears
Quartz underfoot and crystalline opal tears
Welcoming webs of gasping despair
Nival anphora textures the air
Anamnesis waltzes through...
The windows, shut tight, and the fires are fueled...
Reminding navet of its magnitude's inferiority.
Skyward stretching arms become thin and weak.
Bony fingers comb the clouds then curl into fists, admitting defeat.
Blood concedes to gravity's pull, leaving hollow skeletons all erect, perforating the skyline -- an impenetrable
cage... like skin drawn tight, and canvas cracked with age.
Escapist flights and lengthy nights as some succumb and slumber awakes...
Faces count minutes 'til noon -- solar ghosts come kiss the moon goodnight -- grey memories for now.
A thousand families, down, will fall.
Nival tears bury them all!
Like absconding tides, birds elope with the sun.
A barren desert soaked in bleach
A sickly pallor and opal touch
Hallucinating, shattered glass falls as the atmosphere cracked and we are invaded by emptiness black.
The brain keeps the body company.
The continent is a new born, trying to breathe.
Accepting his fate and falling asleep, the child is a woman, resting in peace.
Accepting the sleep as a blackness forcing its way in and pushing air out through heavy lungs...
And heavy are the clouds that reach so deep and smother the land in a heavy shroud.
Eyes press closed and words are now visible.
The sky is an eggshell waiting to hatch.
The ground is the air, the wind, the trees, the Earth, the water, the fire...
Sculptors working the clay, carving angels and gargoyles, and columns as pixies dance to appease the leaves.
Faces that once turned to catch the light, frown and turn desperately down towards darkness.
Float to the stiff, grey Earth

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