

# A Song to Ruin

## Million Dead

a lone voice crying in the wilderness:  
make the straight way for the coming of the?  
a dry throat stutters on an empty vision  
of milk and honey and desolate quiet.  
a dry mouth falters on the opening blast of a song  
to ruin what it left behind.  
a bare sole longing for the feel of concrete,  
and a lone voice crying in the wilderness.  
i have these dreams when i'm feeling sick of unfinished patterns  
that i can't collate at all,  
of an inward breath in a land bereft of uncrippled figures,  
of an exhalation, of the himavant, of a pulse

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