

Star-Crossed

The End of the Ocean

We
Organic images
Dissolving earthOur future children
Stare at us unfixed
From a residence of stars
In their sidereal ships
Ho sailing beyond withinTheir eyes
Black in kingdoms of gold
Like the rocks of this desert
Where we wander in circles
Tails up the ass of timeAnd our vision
Goes backwards
The traces we see
After something
Or even existing
Beyond the printsAll dreams end here
Where our cries began
Resounding to museums
Of a world we believed
NeverendingAnd we stop
Exhausted
Beginning
Not againAnd the panic
Like the light
Of some star
ExplodingFlashing in black holes of not knowing
If we ever made a away out of this mud

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