Where The Circle Ends

Thursday

Mountain ranges
Morning red bathed ridges
Stab up at the trembling blue horizon
Grey slides lazily off rooftops
Lands on the incandescent ground and dies
A flock of little men touch down on the thin surface of porchlight
Dawn's footsoldiers return to march the twilight across our faces
Skylights ignite and explode
Scattering shards of april around the room
No one even lives here
We're too busy crashin our cars every morning in the same house
Paving the same roads
Unwilling to walk them
And even when we extend ourselves, its only to be included
In a moment that stands still
And so often we don't struggle to improve conditions

We struggle for the right to say "We improved conditions"
And so often we form communities
Only to use them as exclusionary devices
And we forget that somewhere man is beside himself with grief
And somewhere people are calling for teachers
And no one's answering
Somewhere a man stands, walks across the room, and breaks his nose against the door
And somewhere these people are keeping records
And writing a book
For now we can call it "The Book About the Basic Flaw
Or "The Book About the Letter A"
Or "Any Title That a Book About a Man That No One Cares About Might Have"
And as we turn the pages we call out the sounds of nothing
The sounds of a vanishing alphabet
Standing here waiting

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