

Bittersweet Genesis for Him and Her

Kishi Bashi

In the beginning we were scrambled together
mixed in a celestial bowl and hand fluffed with a feather
and the tears of bliss were not amiss
it was a good day the second day, we created the earth
tickled in irony as we made love upon it's girth.
and to our delight, the sun gave us the stars the creation of the moon was a miracle of light
descended from the rift in the dark star of night
my veins pulsed butter as it illuminated your thigh on the fourth day, we felt compelled to whistle.
For how could we call the love birds to nestle
and keep us company in this world anew and fresh? Today I paint to life, a portrait of the sacred friend, the
perfect wife
in synesthesia
together we have filled the world with colored wine
but the story nears the present time
of restlessness and wake up calls
wake up! Years have flown fast but then who's counting
the wars have been won but there's few left standing between us
and the shadows of christmas past critically acclaimed but sadly underrated
fortune definitely favored us, but no one celebrated
our wits were splitting at their ends...we gazed upon the city lights
we each laughed aloud one final time and agreed:
this is one thing we'll miss...and as we held our breath and forced our will
the minutes stopped, the air was still
and minds began to unlearn their faulted ways We blasted through the hills!
they were the first to go, and the most painful so
because we made them first when we learned to bleed
with our fingers on the seeds that sowed in the dirt
and then cried when we came in the glorious masterwork of life ending
and beginning again we ignored the pleas of the forest and the seas
as we scorched the earth with our tears...
we burned them in fear
until there's nothing left
nothing left
nothing, nothing left
but us

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