

## REMAINS

Circling sirens sound,  
waiting for the inevitable  
The pistons cease to pump  
They have broken down  
Unwillingly, their organs  
are ripped from them  
leaving them severed and empty  
Mourning comes  
We intrude upon their Hell,  
sauntering atop dead, rotting carcasses,  
oblivious to our imposed pain  
Masses of bodies  
have acquired unmarked graves  
Frequent visitations dwindle  
Dirt, pollen, lifeless leaves, feces  
and loneliness linger.

## EVERYDAY

Whistling wind whips  
through the trees  
Wet water winds  
round the rivers

Sparkling stars shoot  
across the abyss  
Silvery shadows slink  
along the avenues

Time tick tocks  
continuously counting clocks  
suns set slowly  
on their own.

