

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.

