

by: Scotty

I want to lie in a field of flowers and loam, and to soak into the dirt while the evil of the world atrophies and there the wickedness of kings becomes lost and forgotten.

Yet.

Between restlessness and sleep

There is a mirror in the void, coyotes hunger in the mist, and the reading of the bones whispers
death death death

Am I Dreaming – I am Awake.

concrete and glass and calloused skin split.

And my hands yearn for fury and sharp steel and our interlaced fingers – to cut a pound of flesh each, for the toilers and tinkers.

And to dance on the bones of wicked men and pound them softly back into soil.

In the absence of faith it is fresh rain and rich blood on which the weeds will grow, and at the sunset of empire we will lie in a field of flowers and loam

and soak into the dirt;
unbothered and slow.