

I.

In the first cave paintings: outstretched hands.
They fossilize the world ending, sun sinking,
And when they find them, the Greater life will
have never ended at all.
Making hand shadows is all one can do. In each blip you call a day
Leaves of the old, green world are raptured away into the
Golden cosmos of after Life.
And begins again for me.

II.

Cycles are never really the same
You only hold a vapid blade in the plain of time.
So, rage, wield it like a crusading king and spear your foes
From a great, black steed, as so many fallen empires have.
But Human, you'll never be giddy and wine-sick
Doubled over on my rubbery, wet grass again
Beneath a blue moon in the zenith of your youth.
And on her rounds in the next millennia the moon
will come back to this patch, glimmering in the bog a new hue: once your bed of teenage
mischief. Laugh when you tell her the ocean is just rain
Because although you weren't vast or great, it mattered as all matter does.

III.

Tiptoe around in your own, porous skin
so susceptible to soaking the tar-black sap of greed.
Stutter your step to fit them into
Pre-stamped footprints punched into the timecard mud.
Somehow stumble on the rocks in each generation.
How lost you are, humans. I try to repent, even though I did not invite you here.
I try to ease this unsolicited life you're each gifted: dehydrated leaves in bird-nest shreds,
ancient plasma sluicing from the maples.
They are medicine and I swear if it makes it past your tongue,
you will not choke on the bitterness and smoky burn
of Me.

IV.

In a thousand ways, the world ends:
ships squelching over a waterfall cliff,
sawed-bone tree stumps with half-formed rings of a palm's callused lifeline,
each narrowly missed sidewalk crack.
How grandiose the stag's antlers could be if unshed,
bloody flesh hanging from bone, but the sun is unknowable like this.
The feet a mother once kissed scraped away as you run through the concrete jungle
in your ceaseless search for scorched earth past the sun.
In a thousand ways, you must believe in something other than me,
for my only promise to you is held in the folds of crepe-paper, sun-warped skin:
The sun's yolky sap sinking down close and unknowable
Until the golden, afterlife.