

Swift Sparks

Men not meant to be planted were
sunken, half-solid and rotting.
Seas of horns dissolved in the hills
as the steel birds flocked to scavenge fields.
Fenceposts split the stumps and the net
sizzled viciously. They drank iron tea.

The sky is unplowed.
Here burn villages left by forgotten allies.
Constellations of bloody hoof prints.
Here flicker swift sparks on the rising dust.

An age comes and shoves the old
through the smoke then through the fire.
Makes antiques of the armaments,
dips pens in poison, never yields.
Wells crack open the earth where
the past is frozen. The last one's hoping.

The sea is unplowed.
Here lay vessels that wail in the wake of tankers.
Salt and song for their bloody brethren.
Here flicker swift sparks on the rising tide.

It's still slick on the banks of the stream
where they mourned the thaw,
near a cluster of bones from the hunted
gods whose bodies warmed their homes.
Black gold will flood this land until
all life is fled. The moon's rising red.

(Turn them all away!
Till the snow settles, let the children play!
Watch the ground bloom, then we'll see what you say.
Of what we do right now, nothing is in vain.)