

On that bankrupt morning

On that bankrupt morning I hope
We talk our way through the resolve
Of the last struck chord
The decay
Of the last note

On that bankrupt morning as we pass through the dim fluid
Spirals and sawtooth horned broken edges of hard weather
Above obscured roads geometries mapping progress as destroyer

Across

perfect skin

The end of an

unspeakable

exodus

On that bankrupt morning maybe a sky of salt
seen through thick glass
an airport gate
a heavy dull blade
above the lime wedge hills
cut close to the horizon
smeared with rain
worry
self doubt
a questionable reality

On that bankrupt morning I hope it makes sense
What we do next
The gyre of circumstance
Thorn and bone
Facts
The moment and what it's made from
Corded
The world as a bowstring
Released around us

How quickly we forget
What we thought
We could never forget