

## Crater

Stand a little closer, there —  
so that I can get everything in the frame;  
so that the mountain slope slides down your cheek;  
so that the blue lake hugs your waist.

Did I tell you that this lake was created  
by violence?

The impassive mountain suddenly spitting red hot what had churned  
underneath for years, millennia maybe.

She didn't, I'm fairly sure, mean in one moment to wipe out everything.

But there was no other way to tell you.

She certainly didn't ask for blood  
it would have been rude to refuse.

Everything adds up, the ash, the fire, incidental incendiaries –  
with such a clear blue moral,  
there must be a story guiding us out of darkness.

The contrast wouldn't be so great if the green forests had survived.

So nothing was wrong then; nothing needs to be taken back,  
because what else can beauty be but good?

And so you see, fire and fury is blameless.

That blue would have faded if fed by streams and rivers instead of pooling  
where the wound still gaped

Making a clear conscience

The slopes of your cheeks are streaming now

But in a few thousand years

God, Please let there be a lake

please let there be

god