

Wet Smoke

Gentle drops singe
golden ashen embers
the lark sings
hiding from the grey
she once flew at dawn
but now coos
under an awning of dripping green
the sky once midnight
hides behind the contrasting grey
the gods no longer peek
through the stars
through the veil of dreamy blue
they have gone to take a slumber -
rolling over in their perch to shed tears on the inhumanity
listening to the quiet pitter patter from below
watching us retreat into our shelters
avoiding accountability
sitting quietly lighting matches to calm the great divinity