

There it was at the center
Floating,
A blue, bleeding pool of
Dust, converging
Matter incarnate.
In a void.

Houses that lined the road for miles and no one was outside.
Anything scarier than being alone?"
There was no one to answer but the dust.
And, clearing my throat, I asked my question: "Is there
one who was not born to live here?"
I entered a house with people inside, closed the door,
Yet, a voice spoke,"Among you, was there

"A boon. Destined to be taken for granted. Sought, prayed after dearly. A boon is good."
Empty words had been passed from mouth to ear, shared in repetition like a virus,
But these words rang true to me. We were so desperate to get one foot ahead,
Then one foot behind. One foot ahead, then one foot behind. I only walk
Forward now, down a broad, abandoned road. Only dust walks with me now.
Where is my boon? Mother, father, where is my boon? This sickly road
Is my reprise and my only oracle. Looking up I saw
Earth.