F. J. Bergmann - Pontifex

An age of justification had begun. Throughout the victory-haunted city, families unraveled the pink gauze bunting of bygone parades and put it away in dark corners, with the expressions of people falling out of love. Artists painted seascapes with the feathers of dead angels and their own blood. Musicians composed nocturnal rampages for wild bells. Scientists made final, disastrous rationalizations for the revised melting point of ice. Magicians sawed coffins in half, then made them disappear. Bereft mothers with a gift for remote viewing watched from convulsed shadows as the battalions of heaven marched off to steal the sun.

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