

Wherein water
Wherein water

Waters itself
Waters itself

They are
They are

The plant
The plant

Where lights
Where lights

Die as
Die as

They are
They are

Lit only
Lit only

In shadows
in shadows

They obsess
they obsess

Over their
over their

Dying light
dying light

Yet the swallows still plunge down like referees telling each player to solemnly swear
through the shifting tides and to swallow the ocean whole and let it pour down their throats
like the bleeding chasms that sprinkle up the lawns melting into fractals of green sand
dunes trickling through the hourglass the only time left smells of rotting fruit and markets
blown to pieces of rubble and bread seen from drones leaking out of the sky raining down
on bazaars those formed at the foot of the pyramids and how the paper garlands strewn
around carts charts being sold for pennies so that someone somewhere could find their
way home before the chartered planes fly everyone back to where they were allowed to
enter because everyone was not afforded the same gifts of landing on familiar shores
some were left to figure it out from the piles of ash and soot left in the wake of their arrival,
the day they departed, that's where our/their story began, it ended in one fell swoop, one
flew over a nest of some bird that I no longer remember the name of, but surely it was not
as crazy as all the ones left here to die