

TRUTH SEEKING MISSILES

KYLE TURNER

darker days of a different weight
have torn their way back out
from beneath the pebble of despair
– deep within the ocean of the mind.
the poet's hand reaches for blue skies
but grabs nothing but time – the body
fades into violent hues of salty tides,
and in the waking hours of evil, the pile
of bones at the bottom bubbles
in a crystalline iridescence.
it bursts forth in beautiful chaos –
with reckless abandonment;
 for if time
has become the body then the poet
is universal and these words transcend
the abstract notion of today.
 and if time
has become the body, then the limitations
of an evolved consciousness must surpass
the internalized heartbeats of dead fathers.
 and if time
has become the body, and every atom
of carbon echoes in the laughter of lost
memories – i'll be waiting in the jungle's
womb with the blood of an unborn revolution
stolen from the coral reefs.