



B. Kirwin

Evolution

Today I left the city
The skeletons trapped in the drywall
Scratching regrets
Into the chipping paint

My feet dance
Their voodoo way
Along rays of light
Stretched long and grotesque
Centuries spent
On a medieval torture rack

I shrink as I go
Until I am no better
Than a blade of grass

This is where I come to the edge edge of the wood
And the warped light
Of the dying sun
Is replaced by a glow
Like effervescent moss
I am caught by it
And pulled into it
I try to speak
But only swallow silent answers