

Tested Here On Earth

Tonight, brief as it is, the wind has met the leaves. Your moon is
mostly red and anxious. There's no way out. Behind this
window, songbirds

flit about the tapestries. Like you, they welcome sleeplessness and
understand the future. Like you, they sing and sing and
sing.

Tonight, brief as it is, the wind calls out. Behind this window, the
wayside never answers. Spring came sliding

up the scaffolding, and the angels at the top burn perfectly. My
voice doesn't weigh a thing. Tonight, the night's

thrown down. I accept the challenge. Hello, nature,

you want to kill me.