

#289

cement moon catches fire
as we float from fluorescent city lights.
dreams move behind tall grass
called homed by spring peepers.

we are voyeurs
watching
them duck through bramble like banshees
before moon sinks from sky
and crashes into land
covered in oil.

nothing makes sense and we don't know
if trees, packed tightly
should be flares falling towards ghosts
hiding beneath them
or if sky should smother its children
and let the black world below
sleep.