

Namelessnumberheadman, Attic Fan

Burn the yard. Set off the grass at one throw.
The flames damp and slow.
Fell the trees. Grind it all down to the pulp.
The hot dirt smoke.

Or stare out at the road - switch off the lights.

Bloody hands. Take the house down to the ground.
Hundreds of thousands of pounds.
Splintered skin. Breathe through the old barren frame.
A low, loud sound.

Or stare out at the road - wait for full flight.

Air sucked through the roof - the clouds, the moon and stars.