

Shearwater, Lost Boys

my blistered feet
turn bloody
so i take to the air,
and i am everywhere, i am starlight
i am moonlight
over burning fields and bodies.
i stay close to the ground,
slipping miles from the arches and arc-lights,
into the warm night...

my winged children, all
will fly over the mountain wall
to the lid of the sky,
and slice its belly full wide
with their warm knives
-not the pin-pricks of starlight-
but to bathe in the bright blood
of the world,
of the world above.