

Subtle, Providence

Is this a something serious as setting bone,
you being of the lightest blinkings in infinity.
And does this restore a gape where your will would be.
Does this draw a gray where your reds would bleed,
Where onces there was only black...

And so it seems being set free,
is a complex and unalterable series of captures and release.
And in that it is this web of tragedy and consequence that,
gives your loss and found its trajectory.

Arm
Gone Clear
Dive Cope Quit
Fear Blood
Bone
I

To evacuate onces sturdy flesh:
one part endless,
two parts death...
blood swapped with bled
sleep swapped with breath
Not ghost Not dead
Not lead Not yet

The last of man kind will have no instruction.
No flag that stands for more than him.
Man will have hunger, wounds, and mind alone
by which he might
give scale to his map.

To know you are gone,
and what you are doing is meant.
As evidenced
By the risen hairs of human arms on end,
that marks the slight and unlikely swells of
the clear skull spell.

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