

Christopher Walla, It's Unsustainable

I was busy, I was occupied. I was burning the fields.
A wind of black was blowing over me, and when the
cilia revealed all the ash lining my lungs, I heard a
song. I heard a whispering. I gave my torch to the
flame. I counted out the numbers silently, a list of
places and names that I'd best get back to, at least,
where I soon to find leave or release. To sing again,
now and then; now, at least.

On to death, and on to dignity; on to flowering the
grave. On to faith, and on to piety, on to sending away
all the tools our dynasty yields: All these papers and
axles and wheels, On to quiet, on to silence,
on to still.

It's not unsustainable, so don't even try to explain
me away. We can make it, love - we can bend at the
knees, we can fall and still we can recover. It's not
unsustainable, don't say it; it's not unsustainable.