

Michael Manning, Future Fearest

Every day being my blessing;
I travel down from ladders.
Biggest sky in yonder ceiling,
I'm one hundred thousand cadavers.

Brightest of those big blue things,
and happily ever afters:
Justice comes unhappily for
everything that shatters.

Dearest one of
yonder peerest,
I whisper of your
capture.
Biggest of lie of
future fearest,
I cry out rapture.