

Oceania, Dead Reckoning

wake up so tired and drained
rusting on dusty laurels
and cobwebs of shame
tonight we make our pilgrimage
we will learn to forgive and forget

in the livid gloaming
the sun looks sick
prosaic dreams of hibernation
I know a pharmacy
that stays open all night long

beneath the ice-cold Braille of the stars
we ride our bikes through Elysian Fields