Oceania, Skyscraper

bleak stucco-crags
clawing at the florescent sun
plastic snow
melting into the fiberglass forest
garbled chirping
the birds crumble in your hands

if you don't have anything nice to say
don't say anything at all
live every day like it's my first
don't say anything at all

in the cold glow of autumn twilight
I remember having something to remember
look at the buildings and bridges and hills
buried under an avalanche of time