

The Church, Day 5

Eventually

We came to a chasm dark and wide
And drifted in silence through endless anemones
In shallow dreams
Life was beginning to take a shape
Water was warm as it hastened our enemies

This kind of world will start a little colony
This kind of earth will eat a little energy
This kind of thing needs a little secrecy

After thousands of years
Our priests have predicted you would come
You with your death that appears in no photograph
You watch the night sky
We bickered like fools amongst ourselves
We sought protection in artificial youth

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This kind of earth will eat a little energy
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In a sickening jump
I fell through the surface of my life
And I was cut back by the hollow camaraderie
The planet was still
Nothing moved as it slept in space
I pulled on my suit and exited quietly