

Thursday, Porcelain

City of blue tile.
Figure in Ceramics.
Where we reach out.
Grab for Porcelain.

But it's too fragile to hold.
And it shatters in our hands.
In time the seasons will seal these shards.
Into the slits that denote your wrists.

Death is the answer.
To calculations composed of motions that are the same.
And secret and different
A missing alphabet with a message for us.

When people die.
(DIE,DIE!)
They take a piece of us with them.
(PEOPLE DIE AND DIE!)
And holes in clouds are minutes passing.
(DIE AND DIE!)
Rescind this line and several ties.
(PEOPLE DIE AND DIE EVERYDAY!)
The skyline unfolds into explanation.

That sometimes words give up.
And silently walk off the edge of the page.
And here the cry opens up reveals the word inside.
The crack in the porcelain.

The silent line of sky-lit eyes show.
Death up there shine more brightly than lives down here.
Try and live.