

Terra Firma

Oh you Schlitz-talking
Ship of fools,
Yours is the falcon sharp voice

Honed by distance—
The flame of your call

Cutting through the white lace
Of clouds,
Shaping wings into scissors.

You've made an art of hunger,
A hobby
Of hard work,
All your efforts will be rewarded

By a flawed world, just
Begging for it.

Over gunmetal escalators
Of footsteps,

No God but in things—

You errant knights of fortune glide
On lean shining steeds
Of white

And black sneakers.
Between bouts of friendly fire—
Destruction the
Freedom you dreamed of.

Nearly forgot

How to turn your hands
Into the shape of a prayer.

Seeing the manifold light
Of planets and stars—
Never learning their names.

Just tin men scouring
For something to fill
Your chests with wonder,

Scooping at rocks,
Fervently shaping them
With clay,

Casting them into heirlooms
Of future awe.