

Distance

This drought inside of me suffers.

My heart bleeds from the quiet but I feel nothing.

Crunching grains and I can see a shack in the distance,

Wooden and rotting and stuffed with the scraps of old lives,

They look happy.

Stale smiles and splintered glass wait under dust and, and a monster hides there.

It creeps within the cabinets.

Claw marks scratching the raw panels,

It howls as it clambers to the roof and looks out and -

It sees me.

It sees me and I sit in those dead, brown plains, the grass crumbling, the sky never-ending, its golden eyes fading,

And when it is merely but a jumble of shatters I finally walk away forcing a trail, a tiny ant, to nowhere.