Microcosm

A Forest of Stars

Nothing now but cages and railings All topped with barbs Even the weather's apologetic Sees no rhyme or reason All exits barred now Love left lonely, gave way to the grave Left my smile somewhere on the journey between that and loss

The walls of another god's house encrusted in mould Sewage poured from ceiling, damp liquefied floor A building devoid of use, now A weather beaten grave Untended, no longer remembered By those who left the queue For mourning

Merrily kicking the skulls of ex-deities Through the ex-halo hoops of toes up ex-angels More trophy heads for my walls No more crying about heaven or a lack of it No more to be found wanting Hoping for a safety net

My lake of passion still edged with rust Her waters fouled by the corpse of lust So, I dug the last few feet of the six myself All too eager to taste the dust I laughed as I threw the first handful of earth I smiled as I watched the topsoil spread

Autumn she sprang over summer into winter All was lost. All is lost. So much more snow than sunbeams these days What once was? What once was. The cold she marched through the rain Past the corpse of rebirth Blacked out the sun's last refrain Endless cycle ended