

Controlled Mayhem Then Erupts

Cave In

This moon was a planet just like the earth, only it is even dead.
The pistols of its flowers are the only protection against insects,
which were more preoccupied with the half rotted inhabitants soiled to the brim under their own garments.
History tells us of their blood flowing down one leg and up the other.
Memories insoluble to their conscience, memories, outside themselves in a twisted prank played upon them by dogs tired of chasing their food.
Thin oxygen curves their posture substantially.
Flashes of their purpose stripped to skeletal ornaments of meat and resin from animal marks flicker over the loudscreen.
Machines hum quietly in the distance.
A few naive inhabitants wander foolishly after sundown in search of black spots,
but no one leaves this moon carefree of memory.
Survivors often match their hands upward towards greater satellites,
wronged in the eyes by a million miles and a million more bodies to sift through.
The smaller creatures have the secret to pinning us down to the dirt:
When they breathe, they inspire, when we breathe, we expire.