

Vacant Boat

How to Dress Well

And I can see the sun
Gave birth to my eyes
And gnawed until the bone got
Bleached by the light

When the earth is like a vacant boat
Who will index the reeking foam?

And I could see
The sun give birth
To my eyes

Bury me in a quiet place where no
One else can see
What my rotting flesh might
Accomplish
Once it's released its energy

Or mount me in the middle of the
Living room, entombed in a glass
Case, so the AIs that outlive us will
Look on puzzled and dismayed

When the earth is like a vacant boat
Who will index the reeking foam?
When the earth is like a vacant boat
Will the night reclaim the death that
Life stole from it?