

Pisgah

Minsk

Faces pressed against the earth tonight.
Acknowledgement of the terrors inside.
Facing the self effacing the self.
This frigid place within me today.
Dissolution embraces the eternal rest.
As resentment's bride slides the blade into my side.
As we lay prone to the recollections at these happenstantial alters.
All forgiven yet cast as fodder where skies have turned from blue to grey.