

Three Moons

Minsk

Enticed by the myriad multiplicity.
Entombed by our own disguise.
We will dive into vast unknowns.
An ember remains to unearth a hope.
The undercurrent rises from the fading coals.
Blown tethered cross the plain far from sanctuary's gaze.
In search of what could not be spoken.
Scripted and gifted and parted.
Amended forever's lashed gnashing with vice.
Laid open and undressed to none but my own prying eyes.
Oh master of nothing you slave to diatribe.
Oh master of no one you prey on your device.
A cross section of crossroad hoisted high toward the sky.
And life filled my nostrils as veins ran so dry.
Dead to the world and dead in your eyes.
Etchings interred as failure recurred.
Desolate worlds fall to these endless nights