

The World Is Falling

Mirah

We have spent rudderless nights waking up on a sail of regret
She'd sit up, upon the bed, and angled to the west
Dipped our fingers in, oh, the water, it was wet
Dampness and shame, salty curls around the napes of our necks

Punctured by the compass needles, riled with certainty
The rescue boats are useless when none of us can agree
Hear the briny call, the ocean's gusty gnashing of her teeth
Breaking up the pretty cups and taking what she needs

There's a knocking on the hull, you hear it
There's bones a-rattling under us
We set out without the smarts to fear it
With ignorance and gutless trust

Tell me once again if everything is as it seems
If things are getting better, what's that crashing down the stream
The wind, you say, the storm that came, remember our retreat
And darker days might come and stay, and signal our defeat

If dug up from the muck, I reel in what I hope will be
A trove of golden apples from the golden apple tree
Flush with fertile seeds, I give them all away for free
For this our people should be known throughout all history

But from here we crouch and watch the plunder
Of the world we built with sweat and love
Why were you not built for wonder
Why will you never get enough

You say when you landed you could tell
That your conquest would go well
Thought you wet yourself with fear
You were sure your god was near

The wind, you say, the storm that came
And darker days might come and stay