

By shadowing
all the darkened fields
of forgotten words
and civilian lives

Through violence
through the changing guards
through the grinding away
and the furious marching

By gathering
the holy light
and weathering
a cast away life

and the rising fear...

The hollowness
of the flags and gods
that are raised in the air
in the wake of their raging...

Your skinny arms
hold a lantern up
on the brightest array
of the stars in their moorings

and summoning
the holy light
on their citadels
the blackening sky

The collapsing sun
the burning wall
that approaches our eyes...

you live again
in the shuddering light
of these images
this valediction:

you are running from a rising tide
you are castaways