

The Opposite Viewed In Real Time

Sky Eats Airplane

I watched men return to their destruction
reversed ruin in the puzzle of time
I watched the bullets fly in wrong directions
enter the guns that first fired them

backward flying planes.
they must have been a sight to see

missiles torn and taken back
to the men ordered to harm me

the knife repairs the wound
the eraser creates the line
beginnings fit into an hour
opposites viewed in real time

wake up:
dazed on the battlefield
shells scatter and run away
this place is familiar. it's where I grew up.

the earth was created with a bomb.

it slips away. that is true.
time does fly, but where does it go to?

my crippled pride before you burns
I am but a weak shell of existence
on a calendar
marked and dated for my return