

## 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