

No Horizons

This or the Apocalypse

Five long years.
A static perimeter engulfed the sky
And I think a sixth one could be deadly.
I am comprised of worlds
Yet nothing seemed so small
As my own printed hand.
We don't drift apart unsung,
We are pushed away by something dark
And we do not go gently into anything at all.
Conviction in the dying power of your city.
Two dim-moon eyes stay fixed
On two worlds unjarred, coinciding.
And all I hear is one single booming voice
Declaring, "Now."
Is it more than we bring to bear
In these tactless benedictions?
I want to know if you doubt the way I doubt.
I want to know if you lie the way I lie.
Coinciding.