Mountain ranges

Morning red bathed ridges

Stab up at the trembling blue horizon

Grey slides lazily off rooftops

Lands on the incandescent ground and dies

A flock of little men touch down on the thin surface of porchlight

Dawn's footsoldiers return to march the twilight across our faces

Skylights ignite and explode

Scattering shards of april around the room

No one even lives here

We're too busy crashin our cars every morning in the same house

Paving the same roads

Unwilling to walk them

And even when we extend ourselves, its only to be included In a moment that stands still

And so often we don't struggle to improve conditions

We struggle for the right to say "We improved conditions"

And so often we form communities

Only to use them as exclusionary devices

And we forget that somewhere man is beside himself with grief

And somewhere people are calling for teachers

And no one's answering

And somewhere these people are keeping records

And writing a book

For now we can call it "The Book About the Basic Flaw

Or "The Book About the Letter A"

Or "Any Title That a Book About a Man That No One Cares About M ight Have"

And as we turn the pages we call out the sounds of nothing The sounds of a vanishing alphabet

Standing here waiting