

## Where the Circle Ends

Thursday

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  
Somewhere a man stands, walks across the room, and breaks his nose against the door  
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 Might Have"  
And as we turn the pages we call out the sounds of nothing  
The sounds of a vanishing alphabet  
Standing here waiting