

I await the day this world will cease to turn. When the mortars no longer disturb its already shifting face. White knuckled soldiers marching, clacking across the ebony slab to inscribe the past shower.

I hold my breath at the prospect of rapture. A day in which the last bombs fall.

Lines no longer crying out, begging for their leafless voices to be etched upon the ivory slate.

I long for the silence marking the death of west hemispheres barrage. Sounds of lead thin into dust, Chekhov's gun echoes into nothing.

Will their eyes scoll along these cranium covered sides and fathom what speaks from its stains?

I look forward to the consequences of my labor. How its machinations will meet the rest of us.

Lines carefully hunting for live faces, with means to capture the ends lying beneath their mouth deprived word.

I await the day this world will be judged. When the monitors no longer sit in front of leg littered arches.

My work finally strutting and fretting its hour across the length of their beguiled minds as it once battled across my own.

