

"The Great Migration"

The earth's flayed intestines
Run red over the gorged valleys
----I know I left it here somewhere
I just have to find it----can you feel it-
That sense of Urgency--
My mother tells me that she's close
To cutting ties- I told her severance
Goes both ways, hands wrapped
around the umbilical cord, it
turns purple, oxygen starved,
before one final feral
Yank, tear, release
into freedom
The wind, on fire, winds down
the cityside
Swallowing buildings whole
All the doors locked
from the inside but
None of it was worth
Saving anyway.