

Combustible Planets

With Einstein's formulas we can now map
clouds, chart paths of cumulous
swimmers heading east along the horizon
to salvation, leave the darkness behind us,
wash off rain-soaked sin.

Passengers are dispensed
with a safe light. Use caution.

The vehicle makes wide turns.

Cows are depositing planets made of glass,
scaring the children. Be prepared to stop.

They are waking the chicken legs,
rebuilding the future, an invisible runway
in the arrow master's work area
where neon fox tongues lick up
the powdered bones of angels.