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from The Golden Infection

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from the golden infection

break up the hours into silver shards a bit wet with weather. blunt your perfect instrument that had brought us all together I read about a city reduced to a maze, the author, we wondered, was she writing social science fiction? when we lit our hearts on fire they floated so freely into the sky and beyond it it's not the sky anymore out there someone said now your heart is only a symbol out there someone else said. I was trying to change but couldn't. in fact, I looked down at my body and realized they couldn't see my body. this is the newest of the new, every hour asks. it's getting darker earlier. with what power I had, I did that. I was shaking and backing away but I still said all the things I wanted to say