

Thin Dark Line

"The Art and Architecture of Mosaics"

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From miles above, we're all one.
We're radiant.
We're working.
I can still see the ocean's breaking waves, even in the
pitch-black sky.
A summer scene painted on a stained-glass window
from my memory.
Like mosaics, separate but equally important;
essential.
This pulling apart brings us closer to the other side.
This pulling apart, rejoin and rejoice in the whole which
we've created.
It's only our gods who have the position of witnessing
our cities
That erupt like lava into roads that divide landscapes.
Clouds of smoke rise and fall over us, covering us
securely in their blanket.
And there we are dashing over it all, praying never to
fall,
But managing to do so.

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