

## **A.F.I. "The Poems"**

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We held hands on the last night on Earth  
Our mouths filled with dust  
We kissed in the fields and under trees  
Screaming like dogs and bleeding dark into the leaves  
It was empty on the edge of town but  
We knew everyone floated along the bottom of the  
river  
So we walked through the waste where the road curved  
into sea  
And the shattered seasons lay  
And the bitter smell of burning was on you like a  
disease  
In our cancer of passion you said  
"Death is a midnight runner"

The sky had come crashing down like the news of an  
intimate suicide  
We picked up the shards and formed them into shapes  
of stars  
That wore like an antique wedding dress  
The echoes of the past broke the hearts of the unborn  
As the ferris wheel silently slowed to a stop  
The few insects skittered away in hopes of a better  
pastime  
I kissed you at the apex of the maelstrom and asked  
If you would accompany me in a quick fall  
But you made me realize my ticket wasn't good for two

I rode alone  
You said "The cinders are falling like snow"  
There is poetry in despair and we sang with unrivaled  
beauty  
Bitter elegies of savagery and eloquence  
Of blue and grey  
Strange, we ran down desperate streets and carved  
our names  
In the flesh of the city  
The sun has stagnated somewhere beyond the rim of  
the horizon  
And the darkness is a mystery of curves and lines  
Still, we lay under the emptiness and drifted slowly  
outward

And somewhere in the wilderness we found salvation  
Scratched into the Earth like a message

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