

An Early Cascade "Giant's Grave"

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Am I meant to be a sinner or testifies it just of betrayal,
To hang pictures on the wall of my own blood drawn
history?
Crowded! Surrounded! The judgement day!
Ghosts never sleep. They're hiding in shivered glass to
wait for the dead.
Now gutting warmth of a cut drags me along dead
water.
I feel like... 10 years icebound, floating like the fog over
a ghost city.
Nowhere. Anywhere. But none else there.
Can't you hear it growl over the rail yard? Be quiet...
They are arriving in chariots! Riding doomed horses of
fire!
I'm begging on my knees for an act of grace, but the
term exceeded!

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