

Endthisday

"A Eulogy On The Lips Of The Dead"

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Playing god and pointing
fingers in every direction
but our own is a
beautiful way to live.
Creating heavens out of
ashes and reaching towards
the sky with every
pedestal possible.
We've taken two steps
out of a thousand.
One small step towards
understanding, and one
giant leap towards murder.
Look up at the sky and
the wrists we've slit.
Sucking the blood
straight from the veins.
Take a deep breath and
make excuses for why
it burns your lungs.
These skylines stand
like cemeteries with
headstones for us all.
This has risen
from bare ground,
everything we fabricate

and call beauty.
This is beauty with a
gun in its mouth.
This is not
what was intended.
Imagine walking in open
fields with the ashes
of generations sifting
below your feet.
Stepping over centuries
of failure that have all
come down to this.
Serving an immediate purpose
with an everlasting effect.
Mother, this is a sign

of our gratitude.
Ripping the umbilical in
half before conception.
Your eulogy spilling
from our cracked lips.
We are your sons and daughters.
We rake open your chest and
watch the heart come to stillness.

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