

## Million Dead

### "Song to ruin"

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a lone voice crying in the wilderness: make the straight way for the coming of the€; a dry throat stutters on an empty vision of milk and honey and desolate quiet. a dry mouth falters on the opening blast of a song to ruin what it left behind. a bare sole longing for the feel of concrete, and a lone voice crying in the wilderness. i have these dreams when i'm feeling sick of unfinished patterns that i can't collate at all, of an inward breath in a land bereft of uncrippled figures, of an exhalation, of the himavant, of a pulse

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