

Sarah Slean "Modern Man"

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This is modern man Leaning out a window Lonely for the music of A ferris wheel or birthday party

Time will take his hand Lead him to the gate and When he turns around, he knows He can't go back He can't have Eden, no

The road is overgrown

At the end of words At the end of mathematics Mystery absurd At once both fascinates and terrifies and

Oh, but nevermind He's working on the numbers Take apart the door, he longs To quantify the miracle But oh

There are those things that he will never know Though he can feel them

Pearl of blue and white Dangling like an orchid From the unseen fishing rod Of some amazing architect Or not

Is this the truth we knew, and then forgot? Maybe the lies are all that we've got But aren't they beautiful?

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