

Iron Horse

"Those To Come"

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Eyeless in the morning sun you were
Pale and mild
A modern girl
Taken with thought still prone to care
Making tea
In your underwear
You went out in the yard to find
Something to eat
And clear your mind
And something bad inside me went away

Quaking leaves and broken light
Shifting skin
The coming night
The bearers of all good things arrive
Climb inside us
Twist and cry
A kiss on your molten eyes
Myriad lives
Like blades of grass
Yet to be realized
Bow as they pass

They are cold
Still
Waiting in the
Ether to
Form
Feel
Kill
Propagate
Only to die

They are cold
Still
Waiting in the
Ether to
Form
Feel
Kill
Propagate

Only to die

Dissolve magically

Absurdly

They'll end

Leave

Dissipate

Coldly and

Strangely

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