

Michael Cook

AFTERMATH

Paralyzed tongues
stutter a new language
punctuated by the failure
of comprehension:
Minds cannot process
what these synapses send. . . .
In a blinding paroxysm
torn from the sky,
our home is now a crematorium urn
perched on a precipice of void. . . .
We seek meaning in shards of relativity and glass,
in vapors casting shadows over hot bricks
and new mutations,
inhaling molecules
of those who were lost—
yet the planet still rolls forward in its orbit.
Scream out!
Sing your serial awakenings
and incarnations;
dream as if no other force on earth could contain you. . . .
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