

We Hit the Ground, but We Never Ran

by Connor Krause

Hell and high water both held us back
As soot choked us, and hands from soot
Grabbed our legs to drag us under,
Happily singing hymns in place of terror
Where details of darkness became fairy tales,
Tales replaced with ice.
As bodies trapped under ice, we didn't repent
At all, salivating over meat
That makes solute from teeth.

Angels that find positives boost words
Until speeches cover what could be set simple;
As if speeches, like bullets, worked every time
To shift balances and power from side to side.
A banishment of true words, Fahrenheit,
Margin by margin, a single glance
Before taking to fire, the typewriter's gears
Wind down after being pushed past the line.

Fury and temper never killed a man

Or ever had to fight a battle;
Its soldiers, undercover for years, activate
On command, in their fight to push buttons
For push-buttons' sake, as Disjoint flicked his wrists
In our general direction; we obeyed not for
Reason or evidence, but for pats on the back.
An invisible inferno lives off our dead, and
Creates the dead, human self-cycles.

We find shelter out on these limbs, hoping
For things to correct themselves by their own accord;
Hoping to be taken by surprise with beauty and
The 'literary' form, the Muses waiting for themselves
To present the perfect work, as if praying for
A godly act to save you is on par
With deciding the fate of paper and ink.

All matter trades for more matter, and words
On the skin of teeth will fall into place.
As they say, the apple never falls far.
An abstraction of paper will one day come around,
Full circle, as it drives men and madams forward.
When stitches in time means burning the fabric,

When a rhetorical burning just means 'safety first'

As a physical fire frightens to elude.

Playing god must come slowly and carefully;

A quick motion could slice the thread of life

Before speech can ever be heard.