



Relic

It was a city once. That much we know.
People began it. Machines mostly ran it.
And faces of the missing accumulated.
They became scraps, weather-stained.

People began it. Machines mostly ran it.
Spoke for them. Told what to do, where to go.
They became scraps, weather-stained.
Dark blue ink on skins of the living

spoke for them. Said Here I am, Here I go.
Etched in pain, mocking light.
Only pigeons still believed in flight.
There were no stars at night.

Just a large, loud mockery of light.
And faces of the missing accumulated.
There were no stars at night.
It was a city once. That much we know.