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Anthills Of Ashes

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Cover Page Footnote

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ANTHILLS OF ASHES

when the dark grew and spilled the lantern, my letters turned to anthills of ashes. out crawled lines of verbs and vowels, those chest inflated oohs and ahhs, each bearing meaning twice their size. and heaven help me, these things grew wings. some dragged them through the dirt and dust, left mind's eye maps above foreign scribbled signatures. some blazed into the open sky, abandoning such circling vulture script. shot from a cannon, straight for the sun, my insides flew reckless and enraged!
and now they're in the air you're breathing. now there's nothing you can do but rid yourself of rhyme and reason, scramble for that front row seat. scan for signals in the smoke they're weaving:
we are the leaders of the new free world. repeat.



CURIOUS CREATURE

BORIS SAPOZHNIKOV