

Ax Away The Angels

Into a city that is not really the city you are looking for--
light is harbored in gravel, in graveyards,
in tar-topped havens of hell
inspiring men (the lot of them)
as single as America once was.

In this isolation I see birds
flying by.

When I look at the world running by
I take a seat in the backyard of time.
It's reached the point where it's time to think
of what to leave and how to leave it.
Time to ax away the angels.
Are they even angels?
Do they let you see their wings?
Do they save anyone?

Alive or dead
no impact on these lives.
In this isolation I see birds
flying by.

Into a city that is the last point in time--
into a bar that's the last glass of the night.
Raji.