

Default to the falling
In the spiral of the eye
At the edge of a cliff
On the edge of sleep
With signs and wonders through layers of gauze
God
Can you imagine?

The neon lights and the childhood home
The cardboard memories overgrown

When they tell you enough is enough, take a little bit more
And snap your fingers
Sharpen your claws
Even as the body fades and the stories rush in
You said, I'll be coming home, one way or another

And it was never a red rubber ball
On schoolyard tar
It was never
Digging for diamonds in the concrete cracks

It was never a green vinyl skip-rope
Snapping serpentine at the ankles

It was a fairytale
Even then
Far far away
That one day
A new alignment would grow
A castle built from basements and broken days
A shining web of all the ways to be held
Held
Marvelling at the perfection of the new mathematics
Crystalline
Shining
With a glow in the eyes
And a song half-remembered on the lips
In the light of the round red sunrise
Dancing with every snake in the grass
Found
Found
At home
At the end and at the beginning