

After the Fall

after the fall
world of ruin
bodies broken
strewn amid
the ash

descending as snow
gray and lifeless
to rest upon
her pallid cheeks
still soft as
cottonfields in
early spring

into the endless
night she collapses
lights of the city
all gone down
to rapture

cradled in the
bosom of winter
curled in ceaseless
hibernation

never again
to wake