

In Season

By Josh Smith

Temperatures drop,
Stares go blank.
The surface writhes,
Thick with parasites
Whose reflections infiltrate
The logic of innocents.
They feel their hope crumble
In this cool, dry air.
Beneath the infection,
Hidden from view,
Blood still pumps,
Life still flows,
But its systems wither
As they are eaten alive.

The consumed take to the streets.
Contagious, their numbers
Grow out of control.
Their disease lingers
Around them –
Unseen clouds of decay
Draining color from
Their surroundings as they pass.
Brittle glass grows
Cobweb cracks.
Bricks become pale red dust,
Pavement gray sand.
Trees are drained of liquid;
They grow thin and twist
Bare limbs around themselves.
The distant sun still shines bright,
Illuminating every angle
Of springtime in the city.