

The Tomb

By Nile Coy

I am rotting here, in this cradle,
and my mother, the earth, gently rocks me
as she glides through the astros,
singing to me her soft sweet earthsong,

My father, the sun, cannot find me
and is angry, He burns the shade trees,
dries and cracks the soil that covers me,
but cannot dig me out of this hole.

My brothers and sisters have put me in this hole,
to protect their children from the panic in my heart,
to keep them from taking up arms, and following me,
On a tin badge revolution against the stars,
a garbage dump general in stovepipe armor.

It is lonely and dark here,
under the ground,
and I am hungry, but I cannot see the meat through the blood,
and I am lost, but I cannot see the soul through the temple,
and I have begun to lose hope, because I cannot see the sky through the dirt,
and I can't hold on to my anger, when I am all alone.