

THE TOWN OF CHROME AND CRIMSON

In the town of chrome and crimson
the burning seasons loop around,
reflect off walls of echoed thunder,
and everything
 is burning
 and broken
 and bleeding.

This image is free to a good home.

A man lays down on the dirt and dies.

A world has come so far it forgets
that death comes to all things.

Where there is fire, there is something burning.

Where there is blood, there is blame.

There are no clean hands here.

Scrape back the wounds of the earth,
burned and crusted, the steam will rise
and sigh
 and know
 the earth
 has died
 by electrocution.

You can see steel mountains in the mirror,
you can see the stars and the burning trees
in the mirror
 that is not
 just another lake.

This image will be sold to the highest bidder.
Payment in bones.

The cracked skulls of artists
bleeding masterpieces,
in death their art becomes legacy
frozen in time
waiting
for the next obliteration
to wipe it out cold.

A blank canvas to start over again.

Once the blood lakes have frozen over
and the steel mountains have cast

their final shadows
the town of chrome and crimson
will collapse
 and the earth
 will collapse with it.

Giant monsters will rule the earth
and cast their shadows
like the mountains never could.

And all that was
 will be forgotten.

And all that was
 will be lost in a dream.

All the buildings are cracked
and broken
 and bleeding.

 Have you
 ever seen a building bleed?
 Have you
 ever seen the flesh of the earth
 shudder
 and split
 and lose its shit.

 Have you
 seen the trees on fire
 burn so wild
 the birds fly right out of this world?

 Have you
 seen the eyes of men
 and machines with bodies
 buckling at the knees,
 burning
 and blistering
 and the last of the deer
 disappears behind a burning
 bush or building
 (can't tell which which from which)
 and the deer (all deer)
 are gone like the birds
 leaving one of us here
 uncertain what we're seeing,
 what we're doing,
 what we're feeling.

What we're feeling is burning,
from the earth and from the sky,
from the shadows and the light,
from the town of chrome and crimson
burning golden in the night.

This image is carved from heart and soul,
from the burnt and broken pieces
found lying, scattered on this here earth.

This image burned, broken and bleeding,
this image carved with manic hands
is yours to keep or throw away.

A world forgetting its own future,
a burning place without an end.