

Alpha Step

A change to my usual sleeping position,
earth holding me close
like I'm something that it loves.
I feel a murmur through the hedgerow,
old gods thawing from the permafrost.
Only a matter of time
before an Empire falls
into the hands of an idiot
and there are more ways of saying things
than things worth saying;
only a matter of love to steer the wind,
which batters us daily, this only life
that climbs beyond unfashionable
beginnings, leaving us leaving it,
breathless software, a bite taken out
of the grand old narrative,
while our ghosts refuel mid-air.
Deep time. Lovely time.
The human print will not survive.
I mean like, woo, there it was.