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When Magic Dies

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when magic dies

by Vondalee Knoll

words rise up and live
they wrap centuries in black ribbons
the ungodly clamor
of godly coffins
aeons of traditions
slaked out of rituals —
the hysteria of a populated planet

rising like the chorus of despair
a wide crescendo filling the night
a bulging bubble that stretches and glows
like the noonday sun
in an iridium sky
it gasps
and folds in on itself —
the interminably long silence
of the future

our science fiction monsters
expressions of our fear
rise green and absurd as nightmares
and we toy with nooses and knives
guns and armaments and chemical atrocities
a suicidal race

dancers to the music
uneasy spirits dulled by neon
and noise, crosses and churches
smoke-filled rooms, white powder
pinks and reds, good sex
a warm waterbed —
we say we have light hearts

running from the terror
standing to speak our prayers
flies in a spider web
sticky with the debris of life —
it doesn't matter

winter closes in on earth
in the gray agony of night
where my mind wanders on paths
of its own choosing
I follow later
in search of what my mind
already knows