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Iron, Awake

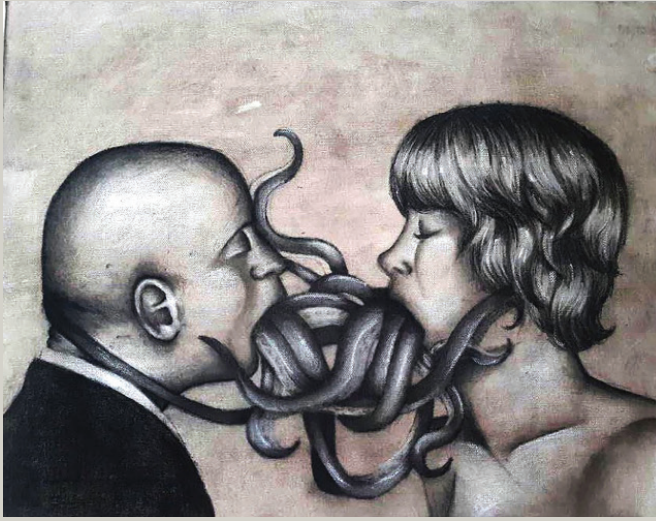
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Eight Tongues
Acrylic and charcoal on canvas by
Natalia Tertusio

Iron, Awake

The mud might swallow our shoes,
and that's ok, because we don't need shoes
with the mud smooching our toes.

I wonder how many bones we trample
as we progress through the woods,
the dinosaurs and early humans,
in some macabre, historically inaccurate diorama,
must look up at us and wish for more catastrophes.

And somewhere nearby a deal is being made
with all the Santa effigies and coal-eyed snowmen
that we'll push back the calendar
and make it snow, make it snow all year long.

Walk with me across the plain
as we observe the grass die
and the musicians keen their legs
while eulogists' little lights send out their reports
and trickle us towards the copse and clearing
as if saying, "You have arrived at your destination."

Make sure to hide this behind a photo:
I want 'I love you' to mean something,
and that's a secret for us to keep to ourselves.

Wes Solether