

## AFTERMATH

Paralyzed tongues  
stutter a new language  
punctuated by the failure  
of comprehension:  
Minds cannot process  
what these synapses send. . . .

In a blinding paroxysm  
torn from the sky,  
our home is now a crematorium urn  
perched on a precipice of void. . . .

We seek meaning in shards of relativity and glass,  
in vapors casting shadows over hot bricks  
and new mutations,  
inhaling molecules  
of those who were lost—  
yet the planet still rolls forward in its orbit.

Scream out!  
Sing your serial awakenings  
and incarnations;  
*dream as if no other force on earth could contain you. . . .*