There was certainty and then
there was language, and the breath of God
has no place once the land rises
and four legs, two legs, flying hollow bones.

No more the easy damage.
No more the night’s hard hand.
There was adoration and then
there was no response, warm

or otherwise. In the private heat of two
animals, in the scorch that lights the plains,
today there is the hour of privacy.
Tomorrow, acts.

We are not alone but we are unmoved.
The geese pull south, the earth turns on,
and in my lungs the same waves
cover the same losses.

This torso is a hard seed,
this mouth a lodestar guttered.
The greater sky above this one is the dream
we ever wake from, and remember

our eyes opening. Nothing sings
in the trees when we walk.
When we hear the world is going to end,
we don’t ask which one.