

Free Sleep.

Rose Herald

Final days. The cool summer air in the woods waiting for it to happen and it happens and it rises from behind the jack pines bright light like I was waiting for like what you saw it goes up and is gone and this moment is the only moment for the rest of time.

Dust piles up where my feet sit.

A heap of dead bodies with bombs beneath.

A plane, half-destroyed, waits in the forest.

The cars became ambulances,

then hearses,

then mausoleums.

Grocery store.

One hundred people
together in a room
saying to themselves,
"But I was so careful."

Cold wolves outside the door.

Bald eagle circles civil emergency siren.

Low bit rate wind blows through actual trees.

Digital wraith attack.

Constant endings.

Coordinates instead of a color photo.

Four men screaming in the other room.

Still die.

Free sleep.

Flare gun flare. Up into the night
like a fucked up fire. They're all
dead. Funeral expenses. Dripping
faucet in a house with no one in it.
The dust collecting doesn't reply.
You know it's bad but it's not eerie
until you remember it will never
change again.

