

Poem (6)

Title: The Waterfall

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The Waterfall

Blinding shafts of light pierce through the dark haze of the setting sun.
The light rips through fading dusk like paper,
powerless to the engines' din.

Branch after branch falls victim to the unfamiliar lightning.

But are incorruptible, my love. Your roaring, your majesty.

I stand on the barren land, mist forming droplets on my tepid skin. Your calm water laps at my feet, your otherworldly frothing, foaming, fomenting — the unlikely source of this feeble stream.

You are immortal, and you are my salvation

Yet your laughter rings through my ears

I recoil — in revulsion of hands, feet, and mind. My engine's hum mutes me like a muzzled dog.

You must understand - we are drowning.

