

Inheritance

Got up -

Streetlights black
drove backwards to the ocean
dark swirl
undulating
Seriously indicative of every
thing we used to be.
Mounds of earth stinking
wet mess, brown grass, grey rocks.
Never a breeze
baleful, howling,
bitching wind.
Sky inches off land
pushing down and
breathing heavy in
unforgiving oppression.
People with long miserable memories
sucking swath of heritage
never forget
must never forget.

Turn around -

ass spanked again by rain.

Postcard mulch.