

The Burning Giraffe

Now, on the horizon,
orange flames dart dangerously, from a
shadowy giraffe.

A woman, emaciated and faceless,
blindly reaches in broad daylight.

Empty drawers protrude from where
body should be.

External fixations do not
straighten her spine.
Crutches do little to support her.

her head looks to the heavens;
silent prayers?
Or sheer confusion?

A similar,
but more stable figure
stands in the shadows.
Bright red streams from a raised hand,

beckoning the burning giraffe to
come closer.

“Come,
let us destroy this instability

together.”

*Oh,
if only she knew.*

Sacrifice stability.

Let our
empty spaces fill with fire and
let us pursue instability,
forget consequence.

We look to the heavens
until
life is burned into our eyes

As we dream of life
past our crippled existence,
we attempt to muffle

mouthless screams,

looking through our blind eyes

We pursue chaos

Mutual destruction.