

From *Sky Journal*

this is all a deal with the devil

must sit with all the contradictions
woeful poet, reconcile brain & heart

still through living
behind the wing
refuel (kill)

strewn about the forest below
fine remains
another one of those things

as humanly possible

a hand at the window
keep an eye out for the dark grift

why not become right here right now
it's the stuffing the pulp
what you remember is your self

one day could be a millennium
perfect sweet oblivion to fuck off

[captain's musical v.o.]

*lay down your burdens
down by the riverside...*

grand canyon all the way down even from the
sky truly

cracked to swallow our hull maybe if all goes
that way

[captain's v.o.]

no more war

it would be fine
all these ritual imaginings in flight
the safest distance to make real progress
distance one can feel
truly

[captain's v.o.]

you got to feel to heal

deep sighs and ocular luggage, sacrifices
to the sky
god today

[captain's musical v.o.]

*space and time
...space and time and all that jazz*