

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*