

Time  
falls  
back  
on its  
own  
trajectory

coiling  
like a  
cut  
rope  
at the  
speed  
of  
uranium  
decay

and a  
stone  
vault  
blots  
out  
the blue

the summer sweat suddenly chill on your face, telling you: get out. Please, get out now.  
there never was  
an age of miracles  
the wise claim  
nothing hold themselves  
but nothing trust  
for Nail world.  
you waste the time  
nail it in self-absorption  
as the centuries to this mast  
stutter  
and  
choke