ENDLESS LIGHT

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ENDLESS LIGHT

He was caught in an endless day,
persistent sunshine, no darkness,
a day that curdled
green leaves falling,
rotting upon dried lawn
spotted with insects desiccated,
fragile carcasses littered
beneath the lessening shade of trees.
He walked between sagging sycamores,
crossing the street,
asphalt which singed his soles,
his face aglow,
burnt to a crimson hue,
on his way to the river
where others must be waiting.
Soon he will swim under the soundless sun,
water easing his burns,
submerged in the cascading current
in order to survive this day without end,
dressed in a white shirt and shorts,
a luminosity that mimicked the sun
as he approached the shoreline
where the crowd swam,
he whispering (whispered) how the sun
became a threat,
that all will suffer then dry,
so we must sing
before our remnant ashes disperse,
that an earnest song
will bear us wings to embark
on our journey from earth,
for due to our negligence,
the rules have changed
and our bodies can only go so far.