

Molested By The Mossless

An ode to Coal and constant change

We are spinning in the heat
Our veins are bursting
With a new sense
Of a missionary's meaning:
To preach of the ever pumping heart
So that the once reluctant bones
Will soak the gospel
Into the depths of passionate marrow

We twirl together in the
Puddles of an accepting bog
This bog accepts us
And we accept
All its swarms:
The bugs, The smells, The mosses
Yes, even the mosses
As they sew themselves in
Our loosened and liberated skin

Yes, even the mosses
As they drag as into a stomach
Where the murky acids
Break and harden us
Until we are breathing
Nothing
But our blackened and beaten selves

Through billions of shallow inhales
Our stiff lungs soak in all the
Scents of a depth as it is dug open
And molested by the mossless

A furnace's fire takes the place of
What once made us twirl
Yet our dry dusty veins continue to
Praise the pumping
Even as we hover up from a column
And into the night sky

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