

Creation – May 2015

Last Modified on 05/14/2020 2:00 am EDT



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May 2015

Come down off the clouds,

Proud angels say:

This life is not today.

Take a cold, hard look

At the book you're holding--

Turn the page;

In our old age, we find

The book we read

Was not our own.

The words he said

We've now outgrown.

The mould-covered grammar

Stammers along to tunes

Artfully composed

Without you.

Ethereal smoke

Built into imagination.

Shadows of people

Ingrained in memory.

Insubstantial touching,

Reaching up to heights

Of ecstasy.

Pretensions of love;

Extensions from above,

Before sick dawning horror

Precludes redemption.

Hanging bows from

Hanging dolls--

Execution toys

Are worse than boys.

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