

THE "HOAX"
- FOR LAURA AIBERT

When a steady heat came to settle
across the land, scorching.
A boy over-thought his survival,
and in the future saw a man, loathing.
Barefoot, the boy took careful steps.
And along with mocking shadows began
to shuffle towards more fertile realms.

Wild and wounded, he came upon
a restless woman with watering eyes.
He found a gentle warmth with her.
(And she with him.)
Together as one they made a shelter,
squatting in a hollow church.

He told his story to the goddess.
He whispered words into her womb.
Who nodding in an honest gesture
used three pens to write it down.

Those around them would come to feast
while she was left to nibble on a bullet.
The child she promised to sustain
was nurtured by umbilical lead.
The lead made molten by friction
flowed gracefully into vacant spaces,
making heavy her rifled bowels.
And cooled to form a perfect portrait
of she, he, and them.

So, whoever you are or choose to be, run,
to and through the chasm.
The hoax is alive, and it is there,
preserved and lovingly held by time.
Holy. And wholly invisible to the naked eye.