

Settlement

There's something about the path of destruction
that turns out flawless. Something about splintered
trees and ruin. The first time you see oil
in water, hunched crops, the collective pool of blood.
Nothing matches that color. These things cannot be argued
against. There's a storm moving in and it's the thickest
black that exists—beyond soot and tar and hate;
far beyond grudge. The glint of a mirror keeps stealing
your eye—it's fixed in the storm but it's circling about.

Each time you catch a glimpse, it's yourself
but a much younger version—cute and happy:
overly unaware. See this child-version—
this reality that makes you ache. What in the world
happened to the five senses of home: broken
bread, wine, table, hands, and the faith
that tomorrow will come, and somehow
it will bring bright colors: red and green, black and white.

--Micah Ling