

"vener"

let's let these flames swelter higher  
so we can hide under a veneer of fire  
let's dance to the rhapsody of our broken hearts  
and disassemble our moving parts  
our marrow, hands, and minds  
they've shaped this world  
and now we're running out of time.

i've listened to my scars sing  
in the darkness of my room  
while raindrops pounded sonatas  
on my roof.

i've watched us roll over continents  
laughing at everything that melts or burns  
shivering as we paint the sky red  
shimmering under the hot sun  
making our own bed.

i've tasted snowflakes born of ash  
and yearned for the past.

we masquerade as evolution's finest  
toting our accomplishments proudly  
while slamming them into the twin masks  
of comedy and tragedy.

now we waltz through this golden city  
built on the bones of our brethren  
and hide under the pretense of civility  
we're prim, proper, and primed for progress.

waiting for bright places  
forgetting those we've erased  
quivering as we blister, blaze, and burn  
who will die  
and who will learn

that under our aureate veneer  
writhes a scarlet society  
whose future is unclear.