

greyscale

by: Tom Pescatore

he pointed out each cluster of the trinity of crosses
from the passengers seat, he said, 'the thief

the fool

the father,'

i couldn't speak, so he laughed and crossed his shoulder,
waiting for uninspired questions from the mute.

our green heaven shook the road loose.

And fallen letters read

Deeth Starr Valley

Red Marsh

Blue Plain

Red Butte

bordered by a white paint sky a sun shown behind the mount
piercing the central line with white light.

the open gray womb flushed with blood

spilling its contents out

drew upon their eyes

soaking the 52 children of the earth

as they climbed to the top of the hill

rusted nails dripping

from their hands.

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