

Limbic

By Jessica (Jax) Agee

Flames lick an orange sky
Smoke rolls through the valley
Dry are the people's mouths and
lungs polluted.

Sirens whine high and low,
Bansidhes with spinning lights,
Shepards to uncertain masses

The crowds surge like the sea itself but
Flood waters rise around their waists,
Tides beating against tides

Something somewhere collapses
Debris stampedes through the streets,
Hold tightly to what you love

Outstretched arms beg things
That fleeing love denies,
'Please'.

A little girl watches her mother,
Her mother who dies a thousand deaths yet
Stands beside him

Some dance lustful and ecstatic
Beating drums that crack foundations, They die in fits of pleasure.

Rescuers try to grow new limbs,
They strain to hear their calling
at the end of the world.

Others, still, dragging their sodden boots,
They wade to the pharmacy
And balance soggy checkbooks with
broken pens.