

between the trees  
space is a chance  
for things that fly.  
when it is quiet  
i can hear them being torn apart  
their slowing wings  
singing death songs.  
when it is quiet  
i can hear them being swallowed alive  
their slowing wings  
disappearing completely  
singing godlessness.  
some leave in a cycle.  
replacements arrive.  
the singing stops when it rains.  
i go inside my house  
and hope it is not haunted  
by the cruel logic decorating their songs.

between the trees.

wf.h.

2026