

with no wind today
 this moment of
 clear disturbance.

the hot show lights
of the empirical magic
shining down
on the inverted
top hat
with strong
scents of stage death
absorbed before
the magician
can withdraw
his delicate
hand
and restore
the way illusions
should not end
as they are ending
with the assorted
audience returning
to homes
pretending
there is a return.

i always go
when i hear
they are going
to slay
the monster
in timelessness
stretched further
with beating drums
losing ritual
in participation
while i watch
the new one being born.
low groans
and childish laughter
i cherish those moments
in the center of town
all the archetypes
gathered with their

future promises
of passage
to ancestral lands
on a ghost ship
without
the last monster
loved
unloved
who screamed
sanctuary
sanctuary
for my mothers
for my fathers
and widows
and orphans
brothers and sisters
even the ones
even the ones piercing
existence
by self existence
or the inexplicable
and never more alive.

nothingness kills monsters
monsters must
kill themselves
shadows must die
exhausted before
they can be killed
then the next
clear disturbance
of archetypes
hunting in
intimate packs
can feel its new intimacy
feeling its turn at correction.

the moment of clear disturbance.
wf.h.
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