

Stars Are Exploding

J Church

Early tomorrow I am disgusting,
Phantoms and subways,
Clustered hallucinations

The sky is spitting thunderbolts at random intervals,
The wind breaks its course like a blinded feral dog,
Our guardian angels turn their backs with shame, not disgust,
Although I am afraid, I will stay,
The mountains turn to beachfront and the beach does wash away

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The clouds conceal an evil plot we only contemplate,
The golden hair of angels spindles plastic and disease,
Although I am afraid, I will stay

Synthetic valleys,
Synthetic mountains,
We walk together through horror and sickness

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The wind breaks its course like a blinded feral dog,
Our guardian angels turn their backs with shame, not disgust,
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Plastic virtues around every corner,
Stars are exploding, but in exploding, they die