

## Coals

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shrug off this wretched event stoic, detached, you relent you wonder why we crash but don't land

how a purring engine sputters like these coals that never cooled why we crash but don't land

you heated even the mist around this mossy existence we never found cold, gray, calm, dead

it's how a purring engine sputters like these coals that never cooled why we crash but don't land

a ramble, a rant a ramble, a rant a fairy tale remorseless and serene