

The River Eternal

Rome

Into the glowing darkness,
We travel the shining black serpent
That plugs us straight into the heart of this nightmare.
At the end of this river, is the end of this war.

Its banks keep hold of the dreams of men.
Now, penetrating the stillness, throwing seeds into the wounds
of the ruined land,
Watching the jungle slide by,
Passing the thundering smoke of the faults.

At the end of this river, a lonely smell of sickness and slow death.

We were wrong; beyond wrong to try to create a paradise - a calm - on this raging stream.

Everything's gone now.
Even the bombs bawl out of terror. [?]

Even within this darkest of hours
Upon this sleepless river.

If only this were just madness.
If only...
If only.