

Shadow of the Sky

Glorious, bulky, mighty whole
Intimidating, hovering up in the sky
Looking down upon insignificant dots
Inspecting their patterned motion
Rolling around in cracks of cement
Large the shadow that it casts
Casts? Once... Casted.

See the great fireball in the dark sky!
Hear the howling metal contracting,
Smell the melting plastic, grasp the scent
in your mouth, an early-20th century taste of decadence...
Wait till the flames burn out and the heat fades
And tear out the giant's rib you like the most

Souvenirs from a temporary grave
Small knives to avenge the fallen
Long-swords on the belts of the victorious
Silver badges to award the assassins
Spoons & plates to feed oppressors and oppressed
Watches to count the time since the descent

Days have passed, years have gone
And the giant is no more
Only proof, photos on a wall

[Response after Visit to
Museum
of Byzantine Culture]