

The curved eye wants to fit into the sky. Even in the snow, even in the water. It's a Midwest low-line, a report heading toward belief. Outside. Apart. Alone. Not lonely.

So you know where we stand.

Classified

I am no more stupid now than I ever was; I am the same.
The end of tomorrow is no further away than it ever was.
If no one had occasionally moved them, or fuelled them,
the end of our todays would be frozen like a field of old bolts
in their military silos, and wouldn't that be a kick
in the flowers for all the earthshaking dreams that caught us.
Wanted: a few good men and women who won't do their jobs.