

Early Morning, Library Leak

A burst pipe – the hollow kind
of mistake that sheds its blame
as a part of larger, slower
failures The small, early heart
attack that paves the way for a
later death by natural causes

Tomorrow
in the break room we'll talk
about it around leftovers Small
jokes to wallpaper spreading
stains and the silent consensus
of creeping, irreversible change

But this moment as I've opened the
door it's a hissing downpour boiling
its way through everything cover by
page by verse by cover Waterborne
ink winding down the shelves like
serpent, stygian vines

Through the filtered sunrise light I
glimpse the future's molding ocean
grown from sutra and testament blent
illegible between the carpet's fibers
yet flowering new in turning waves
Alien colors blooming across the
leathery drowned

On the shore of this wreckage I
could be a little roadside Mary
cold and holy in her dripping
grotto