

After my eyes, the colors. After expired mind. After each and every time asked and asked again to come and join love.

After this stunted form. After pasture and pasture and pasture: night. After the room we shared inside her, brother and sister and I. After the grace of another reincarnation irrevocably sighs *until*.

After orange finally undoes the face of sky, human or not. After big blue illegal flowers anyway. After the breath of light in, light out, light in. After bronze mercy flailing.

After the shape of one language ends, another. After time leaps time. After hands of days held, prostrate and waning into that which supersedes geometry. After map and map and map: no more.

After the trees have eaten of all the light. After they can no longer bend it to their will. After the moonbirds come back grey and haunting, old vultures in a new world. After seven black oceans return to each other, laughing. After the last living fish takes breath a last time, its luminescence knelt down slowly, slowly. It is just one sound, and small.