

the road of no light, the map of no road

by Kevin Army

navigational expectations,
veering in and aiming at the
muscle of happiness. our bodies witness
unspeakable things that
we will never even know.
the roadmap of our blood cells; the
stimulus of nerves. and
there
on the outside we shake at the world,
indulging the horizon, as if it is an ending.
the self-pity and accolades, the remnants of air on flesh.
the thief that love can be, and the indulgence that saved us.

 i am standing outside, listing the things needed to
survive the moment. most often my crime is
doing nothing.

 so out to the night, and turning out the stars,
so nothing can last, and nothing is taken in; with
no vision, there is no reason to take the stand.
and no more remnants. a city
of dusk, a night of remains, and yet somewhere in there,
in the freedom of no remorse and no resolve,
a small movement onward,
a new mapping of faith.

