

Spirit Voices Saying Yes

by Peter Erich

Life is weaponized hope

and sometimes we forget this, or maybe we have never learned it, or we've had it beaten out of us by a bottle.

In these cases the only thing we can do is stop in the center of our tide and spill our memories out on the ground - some are cameras, some are daggers, some are saucers pans, others are swords, and some will run off and others will burn a hole into the spot which they land. But in truth all memories are sharks teeth.

No one would have known they existed had we not dropped them. They would have kept quiet, basting your conflicts.

From now on the sun will rise like brass knuckles and the night will open like thinned flax - our future is regrown.

We are free to stand for however long we want.

