

They Carry Things

They carry things
A statue dressed in a bright blue gown
Pieces of old newspapers and memories glued to its face
And the strings of her linens

all

coming

undone

Flowing backwards like a tattered flag in the wind
Surrendered from the defeated masses.

They carry a rainbow kite shaped like an arrow

To point the way forward, into the future and past

To lead their geodesic into the void or out again

The kite nosedives - I guess we go backwards!

Yet they try again, again, again. Insanity.

They carry the sun on their shoulders

And it lightens their moods into feathers.

They carry their pasts, their emotions -

These less open books than locked chests

Tossed to a grave dug by the grim reaper himself.

But they are okay for now, perhaps.

They smile, and keep carrying their things.