

***Long Flat White Mile***

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by M.L Crider

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Eighteen stuck black carcasses  
Strewn still across the long flat white mile.  
Irreverent screen door paper moth wings  
The clock of rust uncelebrated  
A thieving season blew in on the sly.

Belly-up, scattered, as if pepper were doused  
Nothing more in coarse veins to recognize  
The Vacant One's most indifferent kaleidoscope  
Shifting, boasting of time's unkind tides.

The fragile white violin of the recluse,  
A lost velvet hawk, some cracked sweet armor of the ladybug  
The Vacant One's burden had once rendered them wise—  
Besieged with a sadness  
The cool miscellaneousness  
That forever instructs the shrugs of fate Not to decide.

When considering the Shrewd Rubik's Cube,  
the Great Lottery of spinning triple cherries' modern bells,  
The Vacant One's determinations become but for naught—  
When the mucous of maggots  
Allows the blind unfair squirm in slime from birth—  
Never once to be caught.

Earth's orphaned black dots spatter the long flat white mile  
Justice stranded now in dumb eyes.  
The shriveling chore of The Vacant One  
Cares not for this space, not for this time.

Terse fickle flashes of stretched purple hands,  
Thorned pointing fingers shock a frozen lightning bolt sky—  
Catty twirling gossiping metal chimes—  
Children who ride bikes, dilating the days,  
Mischievous sniffing, breeding in line  
Whizzing spokes carelessly seaming together  
The spun buzzing highways of Cobweb  
The portal of the paned glass, the silence, was all that it took,  
the standing still of the strong wall behind

The Vacant One culprit who gave nod to this End,  
Swiftest Blade Silent who said so to drop the gavel—  
The decided frank blanket of Chill  
The long flat wide mile, the inconsequent wasteland,  
. . . Funeral of flies on my windowsill.