

## Cadenza

Untune the lyre, smash the mandolin.  
Within each string, another tune rebounds  
and quivers.

Bleach the wind. No color binds  
our thousand skies, commands the earth again  
again again.

Watch!

Listen!

Even now:  
apocalypse seduces myth. Cold peace,  
blue-fingered, watches.

Without sound or trace  
careening like a broken wheel, like no  
wheel ever turned before. Undoings spill  
unmeaningly.

Anonymous faces:  
a hundred islands lost within themselves  
—but oh, they are unsalvaged:

those voices  
undiluted: their harmony dissolves  
soundlessly:

undead:

already in hell.

**a Found Fragment in your Firetorn Books**

*for the Venerable Cotton*

] and so my sisters  
what shall we ask of the wise oracle  
tell of our tall lover is he true  
will we find favor in the fair court  
singing our songs to the sad king  
but that trembling tree its angles trouble us  
casting queer shadows where haunted crows bicker  
and they will not whisper a word of our fate  
unjust or gentle aching or [