

WHEN THEY FIND OUR REMAINS

A dim light crept through
the cellar window, where
they built machines that
sparked, shrieked, and spun
at their command. They danced
around the whirring steel,
dazzled by flames that reeked—
fumes funneled into a
separate chamber, but leaking,
intoxicating them into divine,
egoless mantras and chants
to our industrial creator:
the mystical Executron,
invisibly sustaining all things,
to whom each must
make eternal sacrifice.
Then the last drop
of fuel was spent,
the dim light died,
and the fuses ran dry.
The show was over.
They collapsed in final sleep,
stained mattresses lying empty
in a shadowed corner. Outside,
the stars kept twinkling,
unaware they'd been forgotten.
And we found their remains,
wondering what it was
that brought them here.