

Ground and Gravity

The desert heat leaves him grappling with the dark. The cracking pillars of Earth rip all light out from sun, so I carry the torch. A flash flood of burgundy sands fell for ten thousand

days in the fire, a little shower of the divine. It dropped along the cold fluorescence towards the foundations of a marbled hill, lapping in its magmatic ocean. There the shifting waves

settled like a moth in summer, forming the nickled shield and spear of Gnuma, mans earliest breath of life. This one drank the seas and ate the Earth, living in the chilled

infancy of the Sun. Gnuma heard the sound of symmetry between the ground and gravity. The Sun's flame grew stronger, cracking Gnuma into an unending number of shards,

each capable of attaining the magnitude of the whole. The shards bathed and morphed in the light of the Sun as Time grew old and careless, moving along as a wisp drawn beneath a

silver shadow. Figures began forming from the shards, fighting over clouds, over wind, over life, blood, and prayer. I breathe Air that once slipped past unseen.