

Austin Wallace

QWERTY

In the beginning was the endlessness:
roiling around my environs.
Neurons must spark,
synapses must stir,
so that everything lost is not.

Abysmal distances scrunched
in coffee cans, scattered
across parquet: ruined
monuments will wheeze, God
will quack and waddle away
from his mistakes.

I will have my way with the universe:
murmurs down dark corridors,
skitterings in mausoleums,
a million apparitions to herald
my tale of what
isn't and never should have been.