

Broken Boys

Broken boys
on windy nights

is there nothing left of
the broken boys?

are their smirks not dangerous?
are their frowns not vengeful?

I, come
feel; wind against the broken glass

from underneath the ground
the seeds in broken egg shells

where has my broken boy gone?

we used to play together in the
labyrinth

the labyrinth is full of blood
the birds have all filed their beaks
the moon has cashed in its final crater
the sun has boiled its last raindrop

but what of the Broken Boys?
why are all their horses dead?

why do they no longer
cup the lawless wind in their hands