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ARMS TOO SHORT TO CROSS

by Seek Constance

A spirit was trying to slip out of a little body,
as a television cast light on the California king.
Some gibberish documentary about
Carl Sagan with slides of the cosmos cascading
over closed eyes, making them cold shades of
blue and silver.

Also, in a dusty bestseller, a seven headed beast rose
from the sea, with ten horns and crowns.

The little body hated twilight zones like those,
when the senses floated away,
leaving legs sore and stretching.

Trying to convey disapproval that day,

with arms too short to cross
over a tiny chest. The inherent loneliness
of human being hadn't even entered the picture.
Instead, an intimate relationship
with seven imaginary friends,
moss, swings, tears and monsters worse
than those in closets.

According to Public radio the apocalypse was rescheduled
on October 21st 2011; the world is right on track for
complete earthly destruction.

The leader of the cult says sinners won't feel fear.
They'll just slip peacefully to sleep.
Spirits freed forever
from little bodies.