

The Executioner

I will hang the sparrows
String them up.
In the electric chair
I will execute squirrels.
The poison of time
Will I give to all creatures.
The hot annoying summer sun
I will somehow
Make snowstorms of solar flares
The moon I will beat it down
Until bruised and dying
Below horizons
The stars I will separate
Until they are distant fading embers
Of extinguished fires.

You
You I will hold to my breast
Until you are dead.

—Richard Moss

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