

David Anthony Sam

Song of Sixth Extinction

Dreams form a shade
As dried streams once cut earth,
And a child awakes.

Heaven has rebelled
By sending Hell
As heat beyond sunlight.

A mother tries the shade
But cannot keep the fever
Of the world from her child.

The trees are bare of leaf
Or bird and all creation
Prepares to dissolve itself.

The infant wails for us,
For its own so late birth,
For all unhallowed things.

What made us now prepares
Us to be unmade with just
Thin shade to trace our shape.

How late we are, how
Ready for this long sleep—
So weep for us in infant tears.