

# Oceania, Skyscraper

bleak stucco-crags  
clawing at the florescent sun  
plastic snow  
melting into the fiberglass forest  
garbled chirping  
the birds crumble in your hands

if you don't have anything nice to say  
don't say anything at all  
live every day like it's my first  
don't say anything at all

in the cold glow of autumn twilight  
I remember having something to remember  
look at the buildings and bridges and hills  
buried under an avalanche of time