

Denominator

Here we live in silos divided
into equal squares
for each of us.

Here we buried the words
like forest and home
and the sky.

Here in this machine we denominate
our new selves and the new
things of the new now.

Grave means sleep. Worm means food.
Clinic is death. Camera is to exist.
And bullet means love.

Here we try to learn how to camera
without bullet. Right before
we grave in the dark.

Here we savour our share of worm
because we know otherwise
the clinic will be closer.

Here we well know that naming
is taming the world so we
name everything.

But we do not know if the denominator
of the fraction of survival is zero
then undefined we are.

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