Finally, the sky had fallen.
My friends breathed heavily under the crushing
Weight of the clouds.
Taking small steps, I waded
Past the ghosts of loving times.
As my mouth filled
And my lungs swelled
With blue haze and white smoke,
I pounded on a red door.

It opened slightly,
It asked for virtue.
I mentioned I’d left that behind,
Pulverized by the fallen heavens.
It found truth in my words
And this time

It opened wide.