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What Burning the Air Means for a Man Waiting Too Long All That Remains of Him Is Dust and Shadow

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Elias Udo-Ochi

*What Burning the Air Means for a Man Waiting Too Long
All That Remains of Him Is Dust and Shadow*

I hear you can set the air ablaze,
watch it dance from your window
or phone screen, whichever frames
the tragedy of your life. I hear
we can turn the carnage up a notch,
flower the city square with ash & leave
a shadow in place of a man sipping
a cuppa. What can a body bent on
its own demise tell you about living?
In my library, a book says dying is personal,
unlike war. On the lawn across from
where I'm buried in the gyrations
of a tik-toker, a bird sharpens its voice
against the wind. Burn, burn! Burn,
wild world, so we'd stay alive. In the hands
of a god, silence can mushroom
into a vacuum of misery. See how bowels
hinged on trees & a limb flung
halfway from its owner tell more
about the dead than the sound
of air burning away?