

## Fortress

by Enzo Scavone (Summer 2013)

thick and cragged massif,  
entering our world from afar,  
angry we bare our teeth at you  
feeling your grind on them,  
our anger shielding us  
against the truths your battlements spell

your expressionless face,  
laughing at us,  
we feel it breaking our long sticks in contempt,  
down to arrows  
that we launch from bowstrings  
peeled off our tongues,  
as they fly, we envy them,  
hitting you with our wish to touch you,  
our stubby wood splintering on your cold surface

ashamed of our failure  
we belittle you,  
never able to feel taller

thick, hard rock,  
we throw at you,  
you blow it,  
to fine white dust,  
that settles on your walls,  
and primes them

we grow desperate  
and to remind you of our grief  
we throw our bodies at you,  
their weightless flight  
never meant to lift them up,  
pulled towards you by your gravity,  
they're soft, unable to dent you,  
bursting upon impact

our twitching compulsions exposed,  
our blood giving you a vital blush

now, at last we live in your dreams,  
fleeting and powerless  
captured in your mind

there you stand,

alone