Alpha Step

A change to my usual sleeping position, 
earth holding me close 
like I’m something that it loves.
I feel a murmur through the hedgerow, 
old gods thawing from the permafrost.
Only a matter of time 
before an Empire falls 
into the hands of an idiot 
and there are more ways of saying things 
than things worth saying;
only a matter of love to steer the wind, 
which batters us daily, this only life 
that climbs beyond unfashionable 
beginnings, leaving us leaving it, 
breathless software, a bite taken out 
of the grand old narrative, 
while our ghosts refuel mid-air.
Deep time. Lovely time.
The human print will not survive.
I mean like, woo, there it was.