

"The Key"

We live in the antechamber of something better. The key to that other place has long rotted away, pouring through our taps like tar, the sticky reminder of our past. We needed no prodding. We got here ourselves, pushing backward on oil slicked rivers, through choking particulate skies, over plastic wastelands, barrelling in with our excesses and excuses until the place could take no more and purged us from its corridors, forcing us inward and onto each other. In the water we have fish ill equipped to smoke cigarettes. Above, birds with six-ringed plastic nooses around their necks. Executed trees trap us in the place we have made and the only way out is to compost what's inside.

