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Eve of the Zone Age

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zero

eve
of the *age*

she lingers there—in the walled empty places
between the walls we call our cities.

skeleton of metal, electric arc soul.
chromium fangs, polished mirror smiles.
stone throat, smoke breath.

but her eyes...
yes.
irises, delicate neon, flicker
blue and green.
quicksilver tears, molten glass.

eyes that see only want,
that promise the world
and everything in it.

we turn our throats to her, eager.

she draws no blood, only desire.
hunger devouring hunger
with a taste of evanescence.
forever being emptied, we are never exhausted.

she whispers in white sound,
what pale hungers of the dark ages
could hold a candle to the exquisite
appetites of veins for needles,
of unfulfilled existence for the hardsell,
of ennui for death?

like lilith, firstborn,
but no less our eve.
she dances in the phospherdot garden
where all new flesh will be born.

charged particle angels and fruits
fallen chromosomes—temptation of cancer
hunger devouring hunger
til only appetite remains.