

MARK DECARTERET

## **Extinction**

Assuming that it's these quandaries that grounds us  
and that it's greed mostly murmured by the heart,  
it's no wonder my own head can only manage  
these most intricate doubts, these fluffed-up attempts  
at transcendence cropping up like some cassowary's tuft  
to these heights where even the stars become fixated--  
their own consciences spun into nonsense, so many blurs;  
what with words no longer the delicacy they once were--  
language this shiner bestowed upon travelers of space  
who've forgotten to hunch enough under heaven's eaves,  
we must wait here in line for the next specter available,  
until, blears of light, we're finally crowned with insignificance,  
the tower's timed blinking no longer found in existence,  
clearing us for those perilous dreams of more flight.