Suspended Somewhere in Ether like an Absalom by His Hair

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I am thinking about empty space, what nodes weave themselves into cadent strings of nucleotides in a crippling season of carnivores, unsung psalms, sunlit glades. The silence and emptiness is carnivorous, it devours every man-shape or intrusion of shades suggesting man-shapes. I was tenant of this sanctioned place, briefly aloft for a moment this past Sunday. In the milky, miles-long nest of blueness we call the sky, a latent mass of clouds advances on a crow like tasseled exponents of annihilation from on high. Gradations of danger outlined against the blackened ambuscade. Vendors stuff their pockets with dollar bills and tickets as if that would lead to redemption, decrees of emptiness rendered catatonic and cartoonlike. These pamphlets to time derived from already-dead ancestors ventriloquized and sulking in the long cold corridors of oblivion. Places of some mean darkness: schizophrenic void in which the dollar makes its argument.