

The Sixth Great Extinction
Tom Fugalli

I'm getting tired of chewing
this piece of bread
they call Jesus.

But I can't
seem to get
enough wine.

Noah grew tired waiting
for the raven's return.
"Fuck it, I'll send the dove."

That's where olive
branches come from
and the opposite of war.

I'm starting to suspect
what the raven knew.
We won't be forgiven.

We know what we do.