

Planet  
Status  
Reality

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The future cannot be  
crushed and prepared  
before you.

You will become dense, a deep mess  
compressing the day before,  
dragging new ones into orbit.  
Broken with anxious punctuation,  
you will create so many things  
Skin strata, spliced up,  
to the traditional dance of repression,  
and they say they want to see you older and younger,  
so they can see time in your body.  
You'll pine for timezones, pause at  
Mirage of remotel and cancel plans.  
Your limbs will extend, shivering decades  
out behind, a single organ  
making first contact -- crushing,  
preparation before planets.  
The future cannot be, before you.

f L o r o m a n c y