

The Badge

Dorian Adams, Case Western University

We are the Children of the light brigade.

The neon sea of crackle, sparkle, flash

I used to look at my grandfather and wonder what leather skin felt like on the inside

What ashen knuckles, cracked, angular, wrists and river-bed blackness meant to his jaundiced eyes

Frenzied, freckled skin that cried work's serpentine tears for years-salty, wet, urgent, unspoken

My lights are low, we Children bow to meet those lights, deep into the leagues we drift away, away,
away

My hands are too smooth, my burdens, too thin, I have made no things

A lucid dream, to hold myself when holding an old man's arthritic fingertips

Turn the lights off, burn your lamps.