

Leaving the garden

by [Christopher Warner](#) in the [October 9, 2019](#) issue

How were we able to drink up the sea?

—Nietzsche

Before the war, we sought out the shadows,
and rested in their coolness; our thoughts
only rarely wandered beyond our work,
to the wind, stirring the fields at twilight.
What is left? Fires burn on a thousand hills.
We place ourselves like moths, stunned by flame,
fluttering above the wrecked cathedrals;
clawing at the shells of our own cocoons.