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The Purpose of Gods

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He tackles me into a hug for what felt like half of my life before he kicks the back of the seat in front of us, igniting the bomb on the inside of his shoe. The meat head turns around, ready to kill Nate. Nate smiles wildly at me and lets out the most genuine laugh I've heard from him in years.

"See you in Hell, man!" Nate yells as flames envelop his freckled face and the cabin erupts into a cacophonous chorus of blood-curdling screams.

The Purpose of Gods

Rachel Burns

When the sun first hit the Nile
the whole world must have sung a song,
its deified notes tasting of gold-
 of lapis, alabaster, myrrh-
sweetness and luxury and deep, soul-rich sensuality.
That song is dying on a heated breeze,
weaving and whistling through split pillars,
caressing rough half-faces melted by the elements.
The air hums in lost places with the ghosts of voices,
raised and praising, mimicries of the First Song.
These ghosts are not enough, the gods have agreed;
humans have forgotten grandeur.
Ra bows low, sinking into the Earth,
carrying humanity's borrowed glory,
pulling with him the last refrains of that First Song
as he retires to where the other gods have gone to die,
and a silent ripple disturbs sunless delta waters.