I miss home again, and I think it's a sin

Manchester feels so ancient to me
as I stumble over snaggletooth streets

each red brick forged in a fire
older than any place I've called home

but today I saw a church with no roof
I-beam straight down the center

no shingles to shelter as moss
prays across pews that only know rot.

It felt strangely US American to me
like a white Jesus blasting Skynyrd

doing donuts in his T-top iroc-z
collecting sacraments of rust.

Back home our buildings crumble
to skeletons younger than me

in asphalt parking lots that crack
open like a book of psalms

—tear down, pave, rebuild, repeat
a downfall no angel watches over.

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Aaron Tyler Hand

Aaron Tyler Hand is a Portland–based poet with an MFA in creative writing from Texas State University. His debut collection, Floodchaser, was the winner of the 2025 Catamaran Poetry Prize and is available now from Catamaran Literary Reader. His poems also appear in the anthologies Attached to the Living World: A New Ecopoetry Anthology and Texas, Being: A State of Poems. You can hear him talk about poetry on The Personhood Project podcast and keep tabs on his future publications at www.aarontylerhand.com.