

# Acapella

*by Gary Hardaway*

The plague will fold  
the good and evil together  
into earth and ash.

Its odors of quicklime  
and pyre-smoke will curl  
commingled in acrid air.

It will show  
neither justice nor malice.  
It will know no mercy.

It will expend itself  
once too many bodies go cold  
for it to sustain its pathological fire.

Our music will become  
but variations on the same  
exasperated acapella mourning song.

