

Voices of the Dying

by Mathew Paust

The giants are not going gentle,
their Paleo legacy's doing the Welshman proud--
combustibility of kindreds,
raging on road and page.

I hear them both this chilly morning, as I stroll through town,
the rising sun friendly on my back. Ahead,
cries of ancient behemoths reach through legions
of sycamore, oak, poplar, and pine left to buffer us
from asphalt bedlam. This morning the trees seem complicit,
as if recognizing a kinship, relaying what they hear
as warnings, tilting leaves for acoustic advantage,
limbs waving urgent decibels my way.

And what reaches my ears does bespeak an inordinate passion,
almost a desperation—little guys pushing unmuffled snarls
to boundaries of hysteria, embarrassing the giants to crescendo
their rumbling growls into bellows of terrible, wrenching irony.

I hear a double poignancy in these voices celebrating extinction
past and future. Oblivion's abstracted, denial and defiance
hold the center. And why not? Not going gentle affirms instinct—
the other demands resolve, and to what end? What satisfaction?

Nay, to rage against the dying of the light in one final tantrum!
One last curse at the inevitable! Ego's ultimate rejection of
ending with a whimper! Dammit,
rev the fucking engine!

