

# haiku apolitical

*by* strannikov

no family bonds

no solace when we're sundered  
no life in one place.

to say we share blood  
means what when its rivers flow  
in four directions?

the banks piled with dust  
guide each channel in its course,  
or's our blood dusty?

our silver moons mute  
looking up, looking down, one  
silent eye staring.

summer's spent heat swells  
autumn shades and scurries leaves  
into thirsty dust.

what ties bind today?  
it cannot be, it is not  
the acres we share:

nor do mute hectares  
with their thriving worms twisting  
through us shout our ties.

our frenzies subside  
our beers spill stale, sour, and hot—  
penalties we share.

pocketing problems,  
collecting defective coins,  
those with no music.

can they approve, our  
gods in our wallets? only  
when we tell them to.

security codes  
clear our gods to cross frontiers  
to punish others.

blares, wails, and whistles,  
sirens even Ulysses  
would plug his ears to.

memories? vapors!  
when clouds collect, sight itself  
dispelled by more clouds!

our hilltop cities  
shrouded in light populate  
with unclaimed bodies.

the globe spins along:  
coffee beans will grow, whether  
harvested or brewed.

our pasts less certain  
than foretold: strangling roots  
snaked out of Eden.

summon a doctor?  
we've been sick for good reason—  
find a gravedigger?

(epilogues come first:  
they always precede the end,  
no matter what's next.)

our motto now is  
“e pluribus pluribus”—  
“out of many, more”.

