## horrible haiku

## by strannikov

Carthage, Rome subdued: itself, Rome never long tamed. Memento mori.

one pendulum swings its narrow arc between truth and thick horrid dark.

out of Africa Dinesen and Conrad saw horror, not evil.

terror, not evil, from which joyous maggots writhe with emerging truth.

preservation or putrefaction? life is not saved but extended.

extend the slow swing of a halting pendulum? both ends of its arc?

the Ebola bats and the Zika mosquitoes spread terror and truth.

the weights of mere wings flatten us, grind us to pulp, pestilent pestles. our worthy ethics cannot clothe us from terror, fit us for our graves.

our brief times grow short with ev'ry pendulum swing from terror to truth.

from the truth of rot and the solace of our stench, does our truth emerge?

republics as flat as the screens depicting them and almost as small.

sudden death lingers, lingering death springs sudden: is surprise valid?

where can we hide truth? when horror comes to swallow, where do we hide truth?

truth is not horror, it's a limit permitted by our gravity.

our truth's no higher than horror: what we inflict, with which we afflict.

perfectly flat arcs are illusions: does horror bend our truth outward?