Chaos Unveiled

by Bill Yarrow

The moonlight news is brutal:
compassion has been voted down.
Human decency has been vandalized.
The honed stones have started to float.
The siblings of the siblings will never be born.
The last of Che Guevara is being eaten by rats.
A meager third of a century will be devoted to love.
The green heart of the red planet turns transcendentally dark.

The last piece of pie may remain the last piece of pie.
    A man with sighs for eyes sits under a yew tree.
He watches acorn after acorn fall into sodden leaves:
He watches the past advance on the instability of the present.

The future, he tells himself, is the real èmigrè.
He bows his neck to the pagan razor of displacement.

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