The Semaphore of Civilization

by Bill Yarrow

There's no virtue in anonymity, in isolation, in stoicism, in silence. There's no happiness in loneliness, oscillation, persecution, fear. There's no resurrection in resentment, hatred, indifference, pride. There's no rescue in the selfish dark.

We are the deed's creature We are creatures We are of the flowers We are De Flores

There's no one alive who wouldn't undo the past, no one in our past who wouldn't rejoice to hold us again, no hold we can grip to help us climb the fog. We're alone and besieged by badness. We crave rescue, but there's only rescue in the selfless dark.

We are creatures
We are the deed's creature
We are De Flores
We are of the flowers