

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

