

Tethered

by Emily Hopkins

Handsome are the houses,
effigies in synthetic stucco: prosperity divined
behind parted walls. Behold the ersatz simplicity
of the residential subdivision, contrived construction in
line and line and line.

My Opa! Opa! Little Grandfather.
Did you fear—to be—a boy for Hitler?
Deep is the sea of your body.

Pretty are the people,
marionettes in pleasure plays: ipseity bestowed
to fortified plurality. Survey the domesticated nature
of the virgin lawns, composed carnality in
row and row and row.

Forgo the dreams of children, German son.
Run! Cry all sorrow to the dark ocean.
Life flows as does blood from a wound.

Groomed are the gardens,
blossoms in false flowerage: behavior tempered
for bastardized conception. Observe the charmed sedation
of the model children, docile duplicity in
rank and rank and rank.

Wrath falls over the demons made of man.
Death comes as I grasp your still strong old hand.

