

Brief Requiem for the Twentieth Century

by Gary Hardaway

We move without rhythm across a dying land,
Revolving in broken circles around the shifting
Axes of our numerous gods, our gods
Demanding sacrificial offerings
Of our humanity yet giving us
No water in return but only vast
Chrome plated blight. The crumbling meccas
gnaw
Each fiscal year's quota of blood and bone,
Of flesh and fingernails, then belch from
Their towering crematorium smokestacks
Black clouds of smoke- the final strokes
Of a thousand lives of insignificant toil.

When all is stilled and circling vultures light,
Dry bones will make their final meal
As our last remnants vanish into night.

ca 11.01.1970

