

The Slaughterhouse Whitewash

by Neil McCarthy

It's not with charity that the lies come ghosting under the door,
nor with our best intentions in mind do they commandeer the
airwaves, carousing the dead with the rose bed of martyrdom.

Pointless in silence, the fallen bells from shelled cathedrals sit
spent like a flare; a voice here, an echo there, the requiem of a
history spent ducking between the stripes, waiting for the stars.

