

haiku apolitical

by strannikov

no family bonds

no solace when we're sundered
no life in one place.

to say we share blood
means what when its rivers flow
in four directions?

the banks piled with dust
guide each channel in its course,
or's our blood dusty?

our silver moons mute
looking up, looking down, one
silent eye staring.

summer's spent heat swells
autumn shades and scurries leaves
into thirsty dust.

what ties bind today?
it cannot be, it is not
the acres we share:

nor do mute hectares
with their thriving worms twisting
through us shout our ties.

our frenzies subside
our beers spill stale, sour, and hot—
penalties we share.

pocketing problems,
collecting defective coins,
those with no music.

can they approve, our
gods in our wallets? only
when we tell them to.

security codes
clear our gods to cross frontiers
to punish others.

blares, wails, and whistles,
sirens even Ulysses
would plug his ears to.

memories? vapors!
when clouds collect, sight itself
dispelled by more clouds!

our hilltop cities
shrouded in light populate
with unclaimed bodies.

the globe spins along:
coffee beans will grow, whether
harvested or brewed.

our pasts less certain
than foretold: strangling roots
snaked out of Eden.

summon a doctor?
we've been sick for good reason—
find a gravedigger?

(epilogues come first:
they always precede the end,
no matter what's next.)

our motto now is
“e pluribus pluribus”—
“out of many, more”.

