

# horrible haiku

*by* strannikov

Carthage, Rome subdued:  
itself, Rome never long tamed.  
Memento mori.

one pendulum swings  
its narrow arc between truth  
and thick horrid dark.

out of Africa  
Dinesen and Conrad saw  
horror, not evil.

terror, not evil,  
from which joyous maggots writhe  
with emerging truth.

preservation or  
putrefaction? life is not  
saved but extended.

extend the slow swing  
of a halting pendulum?  
both ends of its arc?

the Ebola bats  
and the Zika mosquitoes  
spread terror and truth.

the weights of mere wings  
flatten us, grind us to pulp,  
pestilent pestles.

our worthy ethics  
cannot clothe us from terror,  
fit us for our graves.

our brief times grow short  
with ev'ry pendulum swing  
from terror to truth.

from the truth of rot  
and the solace of our stench,  
does our truth emerge?

republics as flat  
as the screens depicting them  
and almost as small.

sudden death lingers,  
lingering death springs sudden:  
is surprise valid?

where can we hide truth?  
when horror comes to swallow,  
where do we hide truth?

truth is not horror,  
it's a limit permitted  
by our gravity.

our truth's no higher  
than horror: what we inflict,  
with which we afflict.

perfectly flat arcs  
are illusions: does horror  
bend our truth outward?

