

LIVED A LIFETIME IN A THOUSAND WARS

Lived a lifetime in a thousand wars-
trumps dreams, trumps schemes,
trumps reams of paper
fairy tales
trumps riches
dumping bombs on
your head this time real
not manufactured
fractal fracture
the mess you see is the mess made:
this is what it is like to live at this time
in history, and you can't do anything about it.
You can, but you won't. You haven't.
You will die into ashes if you must, this earth
a treeless land that you see inside
the left chamber of the heart;
we, you and I, are the right chamber because our
species strove to be in this hive
though we've not yet learned to make honey.
We exist be-
cause we are each other and the earth;
if a garden we cannot make out of this heart
of the world seeing this, we are our own doom
and the darkness darker than night sky
for those not deserving of our love who
we shatter
of our

for our
frailties
unable to be the seeds
that breeds a heart worth the expense
of what we've done to each other
and what we're doing upon our own:
this time
no bushes to burn
no voice to speak
alone
no echo
having squandered the treasure
of
the
generations
of which we are
true
heirs
those stars who made a heart
we lived and breathed
in and through
and gave birth in
and created love
and mourning and morning
and the very light
we are by which we see
ripped apart

left for dead
mythologically crippled with the jaws
of delusion and illusion

far away
the fish flat panned on lake
from strychnine
our meals for we are
out of the frying
plan

THE MANUFACTURERS OF DEATH

who
see ourselves as