

Best of Times

It is the best of times
when the need for language surrenders
and gazes twinkle –

Brother embraces brother
neighbor greets neighbor
and the wind sings gentle in the branch

Then the deep, untended storm,
urgent at last, seizes the view

There –
hoisted in distress
tossed clouds,
flags–swollen into graves
from the bombing,
suddenly too near

An implosion of hope
on this continent, and others,
which now mingles with our darker histories
coagulates transgressions.

Like a old sulk between neighbors
or, worse
foolish bravado
festered in blood –
still un–forgiven.

The earth,
This brief setting –
our table – meal and fearful glances

All our precious cargo

Whirls...