

A MEMO

This is the place of the broken gate,
shorn hinges and latches
every lost hope beats here in one place.
Heads pulse,
ages will pass
in this ash heap of flies.
Bodies conflate in the twisted pains
of our repeated untruths
never made right:
children drowned, hundreds slain
empty mines, resources stripped
down to the grain.
And, we'll do it all over
again and again.
While Beatrice turns -
speak it in front of her
or know, it cannot be said.
How can we eat these words
that are poison,
or put back together
what is supposed to grow,
or work, or love here again?