

PLAGUED AMERICA

It takes a plague to crystallize
the malignancy occupying the White House
that churns out death
a gross carnage of humanity
stockpiled inside U-Haul trucks

It takes a plague to breach the lies
we live in this America
bearing its mercenary truths
its decomposing laws
scavenged by elected vultures

A plague is what it takes
to realize red baseball-capped buffoons
can freely amass assault rifles
the privileged scant illiterate and starved
lined up for miles to reach food banks
gleefully waving soiled confederate flags in tatters

A plague must be what it takes
to discover our illusory lives
the hamster wheel we've been sold
traveling on it all along
toward manufactured dreams
toward nowhere in reality

It takes a plague to recognize
we are orphans in this America
sparing no expense we're marked for ruin
by the slothful elites who bask
in swimming pools of our blood

A plague is what it takes
to wake up from this American dream
to see our children encaged
our mothers our fathers
butchered in broad daylight
our homes mired in soot water
our lands laced of oil pipelines
discharging at whim
scourging valleys filled of life
decimating our future
under a foul dark layer of evil

A plague must be what it takes
for our redress in the streets
of this America
our decisive rebellion
our final renaissance.

KARMA COMING HOME TO ROOST

Earth put a roaring halt
to our empty rabid existence
ceasing marathon plastic productions
disintegrating worldwide stock markets
shuttering ubiquitous greed

Earth put a roaring halt
to our multimillion-dollar-games
sunk crude oil markets to a sunder
stopped our titillating trophy hunts
our eating bloody meat in hoards
our cruel trampling of the land
put an end to our soiling of the skies
our tarnishing the homes where water-beasts are born

In one thunderous clap the Planet hurled
an instant standstill to our haywire
to our decapitation of mountain tops
our butchering of tree-communities
to our murdering sprees of elephant
and whale, tiger infants
and elders, mothers and girls

Throughout passing days of sirens
our existence is halted
a new plague set into motion
our mass die-off
Launched.

JOURNEY FROM THE PLAGUE

Hellish sirens bend with distance
through a day's grey mists
the sounds of birds emerge
claiming my mind's eye

My childhood appears
my mother shields us from
freezing unbridled winds
using a butter knife
stuffing toilet paper into
our rattling cracked window frames
i follow her
mimic her at 7 or 8
i follow my mother from window frame
to porous window frame

Then
sirens
dissolve my memory again

Returned to my cloistered quarantine
do I hurl my self
into a shuttered city
emptied hollowed out
save for ambulances transporting the dead
birds and pigeons insects and mice
the trees and the flowers of spring?

THE PLAGUE DREAMS YOU MAKE

On some other day
the rain and grey skies
would be cause to celebrate
in dreams filled of light
and vividly surreal scenes
but dreams are now nightmares
of cleaning filth-ridden warehouses
and moving boxes seeped in grey ash.