

GALLEY

i had a good Friend once
and he was really much of me
but
something happened to him
the other day i noticed
he used to wear wonder on his face
but now there's spoofing there
that becomes him, his way toward life:
and i noticed
his eyes -
inside the face, shifting
greed glinting
bright Greed.
in his heart
now Love shadowed our
under Hate's dark menace speeding
spreading its evil power with the principles of Plague.
his hands bought a gun, lethal protector,
to imagined enmity stalking
his newly tensed body.
his mind once taught, respectful of difference,
spreads ideas with the force of doctrine
impressing onto all what may only stick on him
creating ugly messes when his life won't work
for others.
his frustration brought to bear
in arms holding only lead death:
now
killing and maiming in difference
indifferent even to his growing
Stench
of blood upon himself
he has forgotten his Self
and i may no longer recognize him, this creature
my friend?
if this sickness succeeds even much more...
and you say lock him up for a while?
and i say - How do you lock up a nation?



April 6

A Friend in Need