

From Real to Surreal

Hatred is a contagion.
See the chemical stain spread
its viral colors over this planet's lab.

Pockets of pox, Mother Earth, such eruptions
scar like nothing else. It is humans through telescopes,
microcosmic in the macro tumbling pell-mell like ants.

Scarlet flashes to violet, those missile flares after the rocks
in close-up between shoving limbs meeting shouting mouths
where signs smash heads above pyres of effigies
& bullets spill from tear gas miasma, that rain of overkill.

It's the campaigns' conflicting reigns in the camps of anguish
where slogans vaporize like newsprint to skin
for who turned on whom to save the self
already lost to politics fear-progressed
with every turncoat's victim.

Listen, can anyone hear still resistance as a fuse
through the genocidal - reason begs - do not explode?

That is the throat's wail torn forth unexpected
while knees collapse to soil as if praying
& help is now everywhere birds in a murmuring,
dove to hawk, obliterating all.

That is the moon's face reflecting on red heaven's shadows
blood-blackened as the outer space takes & engulfs.