

One Note Is Not A Song

Listen.

You can almost hear maggots
feeding on soft underbelly.

Pollution piles fish in wet heaps,
odors drifting over hot sand.
We are close friends with garbage,
gritty rivers flushing around cities.

Listen.

You can hear a bomb importing death,
the hiss of gas,
cough of lungs releasing black blood;
you will never hear the passage of sly virus.

And now war again,
with its rich assortment of blunders
and advances, its peculiar,
perverted love affair with the innocent.

Listen,
and inhale one last,
long
sweet breath.

-Dennis Herrell