

Even So

Even so, half the world is burning as we speak
or rake dead winter off the lawn, pick up the phone
another hopeful day. If we read we know the news
is screaming that another life is lost for
God's own sake this time, or thrown away for all
the usual encomiums to blood? Ideals
have come to look like ugly forgeries, like fuses
to be lit on what will knock down everything
in rituals of heaven lost, of God gone blind.
Though heaven is the word on every crazy tongue,
is always in the book we drag along, its reasons
pat for why we have to build and throw our bombs,
give up our sorry human hearts for hate and leave
these bloody refuse piles of children in our wake.

2003 Alan Clark

© 2003, 2010 Alan Clark