

May 8, 2008
D. Hart

Destiny's Sunroof (R.I.P. Benazir)

*A Moment's Halt--a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste--
And Lo!--the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from--Oh, make haste!*

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (translated by Edward Fitzgerald)

Rawalpindi, Pakistan April 1979

On The Day They Hung Papa

I woke with matted hair and clenched fists.
The guards let me see him through the bars of the grille;
I stared at his pores, as he handed me his cufflinks, and said not to cry.
So hard to breathe here, I feel as if I'm underwater.
As I'm led out like a goat to a feast on a hill..

Intermission sailing through Harvard and Harrods,
I trudge merrily along.
Sleestak man takes my ticket,
For this Salt N'Pepper amusement ride.

Duty-free Lancôme, the Qur'an and copper pots
Twin suicide remora attach to my ship of state.
I'm not even adjusted to the altitude, and 140 are dead.

Rawalpindi, December 27, 2007

Musharaff hands me his shrink-wrapped apology,
As I take a great stride into the square,
The waters swirling strongly around me,
My buoyancy FUBAR
And my ears are popping
In the bioluminescence of the current.
I am swimming in the phosphorous,
As my gauges fall to red
A sound wave erupts.
I see my father on the platform above,
Lowering the ladder,
As the boat comes around.
I raise my hand
and reach up to his warm grasp.

Epitaph: "Democracy is the best revenge." Benazir Bhutto