

Apparently Bellicose

the final bombs explode in the wake of Apathy
and Justification, facilitating fiery obliteration upon the choice-less
and the complicit; like shockwaves plastic doll voices ring out
through the ages: 'together, I suppose.'

landmines detonate under unchallenged Loyalty
and Hubris' weight; shrapnel manifestation of Pride's
coup de grâce— leaving them wanting; else forced from their plight
unto the night; unto the night.

cannons alight with Fervour and fearful Passion's spark:
a vindictive flame, flickering with masochistic delight,
discount existences bartered for reddened soil;
indifference is a bloody game.

arrows erupt forth, soaring home on practiced wings and
Ignorance's winds; an exhaled snapping of string and bone—
glorious decay spiralling into perforated cotton wool. gentle
fingers beget a bubbling spring; wet with Iron.

Progress' hand-held bludgeons are adopted with little dignity:
the first delegation of guilt— acquittal ensured,
as unpatented pioneers of ingenuity's perversion
inspire outcry over earth upturned.

Humanity's teeth and Humanity's nails and
A chronic sedation of Human heart—
Tiny, bleeding; We remain
A masterclass in hindsight.

One Sunday morning in June

I had lain on my stomach for hours in the warm foyer
Of our home, basking in the sun's radiance-
Refracted through the sidelight's glass.

The air was graced with a pleasant coolness;
An ice cube's shattering between charmingly crooked teeth
Under a midday sun.

The vent beneath my full belly was alive and radiating
Warm breath along my torso and limbs akimbo as
Naked forearms and thighs melted into the dark, wood floor,

Gleaming surface quite
Luminous and blissfully close to scalding
By virtue of the sun's rays.

Warm light filtered gently into the room, only slightly obscured
By several gracefully arched tree branches belonging to our old
willow tree,
Blown about by a mild breeze.

I held an iPad too close to my face and played some
Sufficiently brightly-colored game until my eyes grew tight
With blue light and arms heavy with tranquil ease.

Nestled in a certain comfortable drowsiness, one I have not
Experienced since (the comedown from the thrill of luxuriating in
Parent-free indulgence), I thought: here all is well and

The world must surely be all right.
The device fell from my hands as I slipped away, slumber
Sparingly adorned with dreams:

The suggestion of dancing colors across the darkness and floating
In a bottle of fizzy champagne, sweet effervescence bubbling past
Me and bursting ticklishly against my skin.