

bugs

three insects, jibing square of concrete,
circles, loops, scatters, helter-skelter,
must be some purpose in their mad energy,
yet what?

are they blind, deaf, insensate to leaf
blade shred from ahigh, circumnavigating
its obstruction, intuitively knowing the
unnatural hand?

do they, comme homme, subsist to exist,
without rhyme, without reason, without
hope for future aside of dinner for some
fellow appetite?

one has gone off edge into grass, perhaps
to mate, the other pirouettes, the other
other has disappeared entirely--each more
gut than mine

had it been 1900something, when the world
was still bright and good, and held such
wonder and promise, would have squished
you into an indeterminate mass

however, in 2000something, where confidence
is definition of obsolescence, obsolescence
definition of confidence, existence antonym
of century past, i let you live

god, what a sad sick saint pity has turned
me out to be
gregor samsa never had it so good

Bio: From Howling Dog to Global Tapestry Journal, if defunct
little, read only by contribs and kindling seekers, have
been there and barely done that. Anything else, gross
exaggeration.