

Nineteen ninety blues

It matters little that
You sent her packing,
Unsettling earth and all
Slim and soulful spirits,
That adore her dancing pen,
That shiver and whisper
Hot and secret things
To ears of friendly papers.

It matters little that
Sweet spirits of potted beauty,
Basking lavishly in lushly greenery
Are briefly cut in peppered pieces,
By zealous hands too eager to obey
Too brief a command:
That caretaker quit the care
With fleeting accord.

It matters little that,
Earth's children were thrown
and tossed in forsaken abode
ruled by parasites of sorts.

What matters
Is the loss of faith:
When mother hen
pilots kite to abode of chicks...

Earth goddess.
Sky god.
All that dwell
Between Earth and Sky.
Cry with me, pray with me,
For real festival dance.

Above us all.
Loud weeping sweeps the land.
Louder than those around me,
More fierce, more fearful.
What is this noise?
What is this noise
Whose khakied embrace
spreads warmth and heat,
That dwarfs
My song of Uniben blues!