

SOLASTALGIA II (The Vow)

What to do other than mourn truly the losses and be
Vigilant guardians of a widow's as yet unborn child,
In wish-laden optimism and rue prayer that the chain
Of embers from past generations will not disappear.

A landscape bled dry by an incendiary myopic greed,
Algorithms in suicide vests trigger greenhouse gases.
A gene-spliced virus of cyber spies and budget nukes
Indemnifies plastic monoculture. Lucid humanity lost.

Soulless, this orb will survive mute, a forgotten midden.
The sacred Crux still chandeliers the Milky Way without
The General's sextant or Woureddy's fireside moon dance.
The hallowed inferno of awareness itself, spirit, is at stake.

The widow's fingers entwine in mine to make a vow
To lift the veil in the goodly name of divinity's flame.