

P e r f o r a t e d S o n g

Man awaking
knocks the woods
specks the sun
with eclipsing yawn
trucks the seas
with crimson blades
blocks the cavern's
Platonic eye

in his lying
fakes compassion
where the cold
and hungry lie
crippled warms up
to the fire
a dying body's
broken cry

if he's falling
who's to blame?
not the rain
nor the drinking
nor the silent
sinking ship
rats crawl
trees rot

what is left will multiply

-- Christopher Ferret

Deya, Mallorca