

Metropolis (excerpt)

At death, two angels stand on either side of you, recording good and bad deeds. You should acknowledge them.

In gunfire streets children are burned instead of fuel. She recites their names. Children of Sharpeville, Sarajevo, Kigali, Beslan, infinite list of cities.

Something turned loose in a child's sorrow. November with graves. Infancy white turns to roan and black. Her words hold the scent of madness as her daughter disappears into a woman. Eyes peer through the windows of ruined houses. Visions of apothecary glass, christening gowns in armoires.

Necropolis. Burnt sorrow in tank-rutted fields. Gangrenous stench. Bed soaked with music.

Scorched we are cherrying the brain.
Gothaming the mind.

At the city's edge cooling towers.

