Metropolis Redux (excerpt)

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.