

Post-Pied-Piper Philology

All are agreed destruction is not enough:
Debris and detritus, sewers of blood,
Screams, cries, and wails of the mutilated,
Hunger's sick irremovable mask –
Something is missing still. Desecration
Bleaks across the desolation, a sludge
Of pus, tears, and syrupy mockery spit
Oozing into every pore of any life
With energy left to imagine love.

Empedocles would fume, tremble, and explode,
They were right, they had always been right:
Strife is the origin and the end.
But Eris is the same word as Eros –
Heart effects of division: strife and love.
And what is the difference Philosophy
Cannot tell nor the volcano pronounce
Nor the Sybil in her caves oracular howl?
(Perhaps there is none, tyranny cackles.)

Across the wasteland they spy each other
And the merest lust ignites their fancy
There may be here a remnant of feeling
Not yet coded by tyranny's data.
They make their way through baseness as usual –
The feeding frenzy voiding the helpless –
To touch some spot that once was forbidden.
The spark of pleasure surprises them both
Since pleasure was banned before it was bombed.

And so they fuck, as two human beings
Sometimes will – sucking relief so precious –
In a world careless of the suffering
They have to endure. The fucking is sweet
But fragile, fragile as it so often is,
And no proof against the acid grin
On the face of wickedness all round them,
Leering at their passion with the ugliness
It smears upon the body's innocence.

Yet more bombs in what once was a city
(Society, a concept long since damned),
And explosions delight dealers everywhere
Who laugh at the people who dreamed of the good.
After the dust, in the caverns of debris,
They find two limbs – a man's arm, one, a woman's,
The other – joined at the hands, fingers entwined,
Perhaps in an oath tyranny must loathe,
The right of their earth to be as one in words.