

Birth, War, Now

S. D. Bassett

There is birth.
There is war.
As blood dries,

there is
patricide,
matricide,

fratricide,
infanticide,
feticide.

Please,
won't you be
my bride?

You there,
trying to hide,
swallowed up

in a flood tide
isn't really
suicide.

We may all
just be
along for the ride.

All the politicians
lied, religions too
by this have dried,

and media is not
our guide.
Should science

be our confide,
with it's
liquified,

gasified,
bromide,
insecticide,
herbicide,
glyceride,
hydrazide,

methoxide,
peroxide,
rarified,

specified,
quantified,
triglyceride?

(Don't forget
hydrogen
cyanide.)

Before you get
too terrified
or horrified,

please come sit
by the fireside.
Look at the sky

wide eyed.
Travel deep inside.
Let your spirit glide,

leading you to
the other side
where there is

no great divide
between you
and those

you've loved
who have died.
Never fear

breaking your stride.
Life is not
for the stratified.

And with all that
you cannot say,
I haven't tried.