

John Unger

Orion Asks God

Beyond these stars
I've seen a hallowed embrace
in the eyes of just a few;
heard the surrealistic mirth,

hidden behind the mirrored
world screaming stark white fears;
where Trial and Irony
scuff souls into
spit-shined, cadenced steps:

Murder, Conquest, Occupation, Oppression.
What kind of hunting is this now?

I lost count,
I'm out of step,

and finally need to ask,
just what are the reasons?

Why must my hands grow heavy
with so many coats of blood?

A Strangled Snarl, A Swirl and Twirl

The Earth, the Universe, Life
a circular dance, a sunflower's bloom,
a Fibonacci sequence

with the moon, the sun, the stars;
eternally curling waves of time,

tides of humanity's prayers
cresting now,

a strangled snarl
caught in the undertow
of destiny's swirl and twirl,

a sailor's knot
of meaning
frayed and undone.

The Eternal Buffet

Clicking around the news
makes me think of

humanity cooked as contrived commodity;
carefully skewered, sizzled, and barbecued,

some well done,
blackened and crackly;
some bloody,
red and rare.

Ripe for the rapacious chewing,

the few
feasting on
the many,

the eternal buffet.