

## **Yesterday, Today**

**By**

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Yesterday

Was a surfeit of conceited farts

Paradise on bubble, arpeggios of

Satieties thrummed the air

Titillations of coital palate, loud

Cannons of cranial feats.

The string pullers? Lords of instant

Extinction and supersonic surfers of

The superhighway...

Some blared deific trumpet of scions

Of Cupid, others

Their Terminator physique, many more

gods' bits of wood

Revelled in the tintinnabulation of

gold coins

with its power spin-offs...

Yes, Gods roamed the earth

and their worshippers buried

suppliant tapers

to gain themselves Nirvana

Today's all quiet

a planetary sepulcher encroaches

as the dying bury their dead

you can hear a pin drop

from Cancer to Capricorn

as elephants and ants duck

under common eaves

to wait out a spring nightmare

red in tooth and claw

sickle in hand, ripping reaping

a dark heavy harvest

God's magic wands still in sulphuric

Tongues of fire

Teaching homilies of humility

a salve which calcified at dawn

row, a race of blind beggars trudges

on a long long day into night.

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