

Pindar's Revenge

Ed Sanders

The old country school is now a crash-pad, and you're gone
Yes you're gone, yes you're gone,
and the valley is chopped up by interstate seventy,
and the meadows are dotted with real estate schemes,
and you're gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone,
yes you're gone.

I know that the sun rising is a temporary thing,
that the sun obtuse on clouds at 30,000 feet from the airline windows
is an equal particle, that Ra is a shard,
an ostrakon from a forbidden cycle of the aeons.
Nor god nor pulsing phantom forever, but that I live at the mansion of Earth for 80 years in the warmth.
The children off to space, the chickens still crowing at sunup,
but our hearts beat lugubrium, lugubrium, lugubrium,
at Ra's pink-fingered sinking.
42 billion years, then zap, then 42, zap, we are caught.
the meat chain born of the prostate, or out of the flashes of the vulva,
caught/ended/slashed.
We are lead by the calf to the thin arroyo to be slaughtered in droves,
driven into the eyes and slashings of the manglers,
that little drama, no matter.
42 zap,
We are now in the electro-magnetic cycle,
It lives, enormous breathings and compressions of IT.
Well the old country school is now a crash-pad, and you're gone,
yes, you're gone, yes you're gone.

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