

The Only Mind They Have

It's said they comes from the moon or from the sun,
it's said they're sent from the mouth of hell for our sins
or once were men condemned for their own, who blacken
our skies in biblical numbers for days on end
with wings so multitudinous the earth
shakes until they descend, covering it
like restless, rippling water or crawling skin.

Unlike those granted the wish to sing
their lives sway oblivious to hunger
in praise of the one true God which is love, these —
ravenous for everything still living,
compelled to eat and fuck before they die
again, eating even their own dead,
appetite the only mind they have —

strip the world mineral clean leaving
gaunt, dumb-struck animals to walk
down rows of bare stalks and bare trees,
the bark gnawed away, clothes on the line shredded,
curtains no longer fit to keep out the sun,
the ground thick with their excrement and bodies
that fell while they filled their digestive tracts

jaws still working, still unsatisfied,
above the buried seeds of the next generation
beneath the cloud of their own taking flight.