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A Resentful Sorrow

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A Resentful Sorrow

Chana Dukes

Free yourself
from the confines of the everlasting trite
that is spewed upon the dead earth.
My twice-numbered life means nothing
and I'm away on the breeze.
Three times I look upon this shallow place
and thrice shy away in disgust.

You are nothing but a something
which can not be defined.
Did you write your life on the tiny pages
of your little black book?

Cries from the womb cannot be heard by everyone
but tears are seen falling from the abyss
and the salty water spent on the effort of remaining within
only smoothes the path to entrance in this sad place.

From between pallid thighs
marked and broken
a resentful sorrow is born.

And upon the taking of another's
the formidable decision is nigh
and she sobs though tears are none
for the destruction of humanity.