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Tainted Fertilizer

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Tainted Fertilizer

Ryan Frabizio

I watched Hitler
sail into Boston Harbor.

I woke,
lay vacuuming my small living space.
That such sins should find sustenance even in sleep!
Rose,
and splashed my smoldering subconscious
like the charcoal I kicked into a canal
when it rolled and fell from the grill,
fearing it would set ablaze
the faded, eager blades.

I refused sitting for breakfast,
lest the idleness refresh
humanity's private enemy.

I paced while dressing,
trying to snuff the thoughts with a shirt.

None can guard a village nor a pebble,
but to offer a garden
bathed in winewater overflowing low walls
may solace the coldest frown
in the darkest land under the sun.

Silhouettes of Himmler's smirking gunslingers
squatting like kangaroos to fertilize our gardens
before a flourishing dawn.