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Coagulation

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Coagulation

Dan Abella

The streaming sands within the curving glass,
Quick days piled high to form earth's aging years,
Flow crimson-stained and reeking. Globes of blood
Mix deeply, staining yellow grains with greed
And vice and sin. Historic dates we chant
In schools are corpses' births: chaotic wars
Engulf young men and feast upon their pride,
Disgorging bones and guts and blood and guns
That, stitched like Satan's quilt, obscure the land.

The morning's paper speaks of monsters deep
Within ourselves, that stare green-eyed and seek
To claim what slips their bony, clinging claws,
And tempt the mind to move the hand and steal
A purse that dangles like the flesh from which
It sways, or beat to death the pretty face
That bubbles up a pool of clotting blood.

Clandestine lay the true foul beast whose death
Shall never come. Behold the ancient man
Who vaults the village walls and forests green,
Who's panicked-toed and panting dry his lungs
And resting on a narrow path that runs
Along a mountain's base. He gazes down
At his two hands, his fingers shaking off
Wet blood he earned through thought and violent will.
And from the breath of mind he speaks a truth
Of flawed design, a creature built on dust alone.
He screams mutely what lips and tongue cannot:
"Forsaken life! I'm human after all!"