

1-1-2013

A Poem on Nothing

Joe Cirino
Nova Southeastern University

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Recommended Citation

Cirino, Joe (2013) "A Poem on Nothing," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 10 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol10/iss1/18>

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Author Bio

I'm a devout scholar of H.P. Lovecraft and Lord Dunsany - the sort of poetical fiction and fancy that is long gone from books. Their worlds and their words have had the greatest of marks on my aspirations as both an aspiring poet and a novelist.

A Poem on Nothing

JOE CIRINO

To see a further shore,
Chaffed not by grains of war.
A land not swarming with the slop of the least,
But blessed by the devas of the East.

That track is my path, for all days end,
Rome ruined in the past, Byzantium not on the mend.
Never more will man rise above the sands,
Time and fate have seen to all the lands.

The desert calls to me,
As one may call to a follower to see.
A land lonely in emptiness,
Swallowing and drinking in enviousness.

The sands devour all that walks upon their back,
The spines of worms hardened against attack.
Men of blue, red, and gold walk under the suns,
They know not what is to come of their sons.

The desert is the end of us all,
Just as it is the beginning of the call.
To repeat the process has no merit,
The desert is just a blind zealot.