

civilizations become other civilizations
when there is more than enough to go around
when there is not enough to go around
when they get tired of trying to divide things up in a way that pleases everyone.
they are threaded through a dark narrowness
of more
of less
and is that all there is
and where is mine.
and how much is yours.
all of this in a world struggling
to remain incomplete
as if that is its completion.

wings fall off gods
temple incense burns off
pillars are surrounded by fallen rooftops
traditions are traded away to foreign speculators
heavy metal weapons are carried by the prophets
revisionistic begging bowls are sold for silver content
living creatures with their things burrow into themselves.
men
women
children
sell what they can of each other
no one knows when civilization will reemerge
nor what it will like
nor what it will hate
nor what will make stray dogs bark
but whatever it is
it is not a spinning wheel of life
that ends in enlightenment...
i think it is more like cartwheels of the mad
in a sideways rotation
of madness.

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wf.h.
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