

i thought the moral war was over.  
sitting with  
oedipus the self identifying criminal  
tantalus with betrayal and theft within self pride  
sisyphus rock bondage for violating the sacred and just one secret  
agamemnon with ancestral disgraces and a shortcut to start his return home  
medea tossing the confetti of her brothers into the sea and helpless burier of living children  
and the others  
the others  
crossing the dividing line between brutal frailty and sublime brutality.  
done with it.  
i am done with establishing blame and living with conflicted emotions  
could we peacefully retire  
the hungers  
the thirsts  
the passions  
and enjoy a walk in the full light outside the labyrinth  
with the wax candles to a candlelight dinner made possible by icarus.  
at least that was what all of us hoped.  
i should have known  
what was coming next  
when i saw buddha shifting  
what remained of his weight on the bench  
while rubbing the dividing line  
drawn in the quiet sand  
away with his shoeless toes.  
i knew when i heard him say just  
one more time for old times sake  
the best of the good times  
will still be bad.

the moral war.  
wf.h.  
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