

“The pace of ferocity”

Night winds rush faces  
Fabric or fur covers heads  
Faces streaked with a ferocity of hatred.

Names called. Each one uglier  
Names called. Each one mis  
Pro Nounced. Mis represented

These world(s) live we in.  
Feral howling the full wolf moon  
Departing as grandly as the harvest moon  
Arriving with harvest a deceptive harmony.

Oh this lingering heaviness, these amazing feats.  
Feasts in memory-made last days—marks of woe

Death haunted man on side street,  
Boy on sidewalk, young girl at door  
Boy in a park. Boy in a park.  
Marks of madness. Marks of woe.

Bearable a year of expected sadness  
And then unexpected torments

Witness the *un* raveling of spirits  
As the round earth spins.