

The Aggrieved

They drown in our cereal bowls,
blow down the street in our fast food wraps,
lie amidst our fruit peels.

The dust clouding our windows is theirs.
They lie in our car tracks and scatter,
the flurried wakes of our passage,

and on high their wavery shadows
cling to our time-tattered flags
bombarded by foul circumstance.

Their witness rings silent,
dawn's rays unimpeded through them,
dusk's ledger without record of their day --

these echoes of our voices,
these ruins of our love,
these droughts from our dried tears

we'd rather disown like old shoes
and hats given to the charity shop
than look anything like them.

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