

POETRY

UNTITLED

So they marched into town one night,
Over a pile of a hundred dead futures
Mauled by hyenas ululating in carnal festivity.
Armed with screaming bullets, they
Longed to bring order to a past
In a language shorn of all sensibility,
And heralded the second coming.

Earth witnessed the scene in characteristic silence
The blood of its untended sprouts socking its cracked face;
Hovering above the hills of bleached skulls,
Infinity looked down with infinite eyes,
Obtrusively taking in the naked shame;
Perversely unimpressed with the dance of death,
It leaned on its bounteous throne of gaping void and
Announced in sapless humor the dawning of Aquarius.

Yonas Admassu