

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT NOTHING

by

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The meek shall inherit nothing
except the sweat and pain
and a lack of rain when
their thirst for knowledge
is outweighed and outdone
by the thirst of their crops
wasting upon the earth
that they will never inherit.

The meek shall inherit nothing
to speak of, nothing
but the whispers and sighs
as they suffer in silence
the parasitic paradise of those
who have never been meek and
who shall leave nothing
for the meek to inherit.

The meek shall inherit the promises
of soothsayers and apologists,
of experts trained to ask nothing
to say nothing
when there is too much to be said
and everything to be done.
And the meek shall sit and listen
and await the inheritance
that shall never come.

The meek shall inherit the past
withered as the breasts
of the starving mother,
withered away with the crops
from desolate fields
of napalm volcanoes,
withered away, and by the children forsaken
rejects of the promised land
torn from wombs too poor
to bear the gift of birth
for those with nothing to inherit.

The meek shall inherit nothing,
NOTHING, not even their graves,
not even their memories,
washed away in drunken deaths,

like plague-paralysed rodents
damned to forever bend before
the hateful hedonist whims
of those who would leave only
the pestled bones of the meek
for our children to inherit.
The meek shall inherit nothing.