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Amenities

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AMENITIES

There are others poorer
than us
and unclothed,
yet we bear the burden
of the lost flame,

crucify him.

I would have chosen the
criminal but not the prophet,

he of the heavy lids,
the bleeding side,

the end of ends,

my son,
why have you forsaken me?

A child through the night
cries,
the innocence of hunger,

a black man swings from
a rope,
in the back-woods,

the skulls of skulls.

Continued

Swing the pendulum of
living,
from one end of the
earth,

(and the exhausted have
had enough word)

to the other.

Philip Hampton

