

Wandering Obligados

Stephen Jones

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Wandering Obligados in the Sunset Rouge

We were talking about species preservation
when the topic of love
jumped out
leaped about
and disintegrated from our conversation.
I turned away from the suburban frontier
to see the smokestacks belching
the hymn of the city. And
amid the floating symmetry of ash
sounded the great contrapuntal chorus of man
in the wilderness of his toys singing of
the dung-gripped jungles,
the system-shuffled populace,
the death by satisfied suffocation.

We were talking about parasitical symbiosis
when the pollen was carried by
the crooning voice of the wind,
plainsong of God.
I turned my face to the bubbling atmosphere.
I whispered chaos.
I stopped breathing.
I died.

Stephen Jones