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 abut 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