

## A Fragile Peace

### The Famine

A grinding narrative  
Set on a razor's edge,  
The culmination of a lifetime.  
It stutters to a stop  
Then crumbles into ruins,  
Bones held up by wire.

You don't put  
The gun in your mouth  
Because you like the way that it tastes.  
It's a testament  
To the will of man  
And the progress we have made.  
In a sense  
We've done our best  
To lay it all to waste.  
So cavalier  
And so secure  
Dressed in our Sunday finest.

A debt we all must pay,  
Bit by bit by agonizing  
Pieces of ourselves  
To warlords and profiteers  
All huddled in dark masses,  
Xenophobes and killers.  
Commercialized regret  
Manufactured in the falsest  
Pretense of sorrow.  
"Those wretched fools,"  
you'll think,  
"All huddled in dark masses,  
Ripe for the taking."  
Sycophants and slaves.

Bone soaked in blurry tears,  
The matted grey of ashes,  
A liturgy on our failings.  
Choke down a Eucharist  
Of flesh and tinny blood  
To find a fragile, fleeting peace.

Crawl back from whence you came, tormentors.  
Lie in the bed that you have made.  
Suffer the fools in silence,  
Let your actions speak for themselves,  
Because actions speak for themselves.