

Vernal Equinox

Nobody asked but ...

Vainly we relabel the hour
Eating into our allotment of twenty-four
Relegating an hour to an unsteady future
Never noticing the havoc
Always thoughtless
Leaving another problem, kicking the can.

Everything is a relegation to an unsteady future,
quaintly, we take guarantee for granted,
Unthinking of why, uncaring for what
Ignorantly proceeding
Never accounting for the cleanup that must be made
Oblivious
Xenophobically, we cling to the killing past.

— Kilgore Forelle