

Bitter the Sun When It Is in Hades

by Jerry Ratch

Bitter the sun when it is in Hades
High fans meaning nothing keep the heat down
but the nitre keeps burning

So glows the gloss and high sheen on the skin
Foreheads exhibit thought
though the eyes are crossed

and at night, butterflies in Hades
When it's late they shine
so it's not great, but it's also not as bad

as they allege when they're trying
to frighten you into submission to the Almighty will
Why must they try so hard to frighten?

What are they afraid we might achieve
if we become more bold and brave
and act less like a slave?

In Limoges I bowed
with such forgotten politeness
a young salesman, enchanting, in the silk trade

but I remembered the sun also
when it was in Hades
which had forgotten to set, or to rise

Peace also dangled there by the neck
Such a pretty look on its face
beaten, dragged back by the hair to the underworld

knowing you are never alone in slavery
but belong with lovers of jade, mathematics, and novels
Some society left in them, maybe, but no olives

