

horrible haiku

by strannikov

Carthage, Rome subdued:
itself, Rome never long tamed.
Memento mori.

one pendulum swings
its narrow arc between truth
and thick horrid dark.

out of Africa
Dinesen and Conrad saw
horror, not evil.

terror, not evil,
from which joyous maggots writhe
with emerging truth.

preservation or
putrefaction? life is not
saved but extended.

extend the slow swing
of a halting pendulum?
both ends of its arc?

the Ebola bats
and the Zika mosquitoes
spread terror and truth.

the weights of mere wings
flatten us, grind us to pulp,
pestilent pestles.

our worthy ethics
cannot clothe us from terror,
fit us for our graves.

our brief times grow short
with ev'ry pendulum swing
from terror to truth.

from the truth of rot
and the solace of our stench,
does our truth emerge?

republics as flat
as the screens depicting them
and almost as small.

sudden death lingers,
lingering death springs sudden:
is surprise valid?

where can we hide truth?
when horror comes to swallow,
where do we hide truth?

truth is not horror,
it's a limit permitted
by our gravity.

our truth's no higher
than horror: what we inflict,
with which we afflict.

perfectly flat arcs
are illusions: does horror
bend our truth outward?

