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wake of coup
fall of bloc
belies
engorged with the fats and oils
of consumption and myth

core of mouths
free to feast
trough
brimmed with labor and blood
all turned to mammon

stately wind
monied zephyr
banks
wildfire hunger
dividing spoils of toil

imperial
capital
owner
unseen but surely felt
in every dry well, in every broken back

reckon
for we say
prevailing winds hold sway
so
each of us must sanction that gust
in mind, in hand, in hardened labor
for the doubt was in *me*, but never in *we*
to line a sight or clasp a hilt of saber
so that this gale will shift in our favor

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