

WWIII

by CHRISTIAN NOAKES

Buzz & bang of metal works and breweries

Sad humming lullabies

radiating from the tracks

Sound like World War III

I can see it in passing faces

eyes of red-hot iron

the almost-trembling hand

Teenage mothers going from cart to cart

asking for a dime so as to afford to speak

with words on loan

language punctuated with dollar and cent signs

Stigma painted

on homes & on pavement

on people

In flashes of blue light

What is sold sweet

is bought bitter

before melting into air

Beams of light turn to ash in hand

the sense of having devours all others

All the while Man is made to be an appendage

homeless at work