

Garcia Lorca

GARCIA LORCA
PLATO
ASHES
Thy Will Be Done.

They had been singing; their voices wafting softly across the fields evanescent into the supine afternoon, their hearts swaying in the warm breeze and solar glow. The day had been a rewarding one; the burgeoning crops had been tended; the animals had been pastured, their lowing and bleating, signifying a seeming contentment. Thy Will Be Done.

Then! - Suddenly! Horrifyingly!! They appeared without warning; the song fell dinned to the earth amidst a cacophonous report. The voices were stifled within a paroxysm of consternation, reflected in their blanched visages; and in their raised, sodded hands as they attempted to fend off the savage wind. A dreadful scourge; Alas!, from whence have they come? From out the dark unfathomable reaches of time? Has Saturn reappeared to claim his harvest of blood?

Nay!, 'tis not those from the dim beyond; 'tis not those ancient lawless marauders - But See!, 'tis only those from over the next hill. They have risen from our very own labyrinths, the latest apotheosis from within our very own multitude.

They have been sent to throttle the song; they would coarctate the throbbing breast, uproot the fields, and dismember the animals. Thy Will Be Done.

They have broken loose again;
And their hands have been raised, as Cain's.
They too belong.
Thy Will Be Done.

One knows he may fall many times,
Only to rise again.
Certainly 'we go on undiminished' some will argue.
One day I shall not rise again.
Thy Will Be Done.

Those who would not align themselves will be felled.
They whacked away at his limbs,
'Til he could stand no more:
Frederico Garcia Lorca.
The Deed Is Done.

Garcia Lorca

Washing down their guilt; Does anyone suppose such bloody babes
would recognize

The fault at snuffing out the Bard?
Who wouldst thou have do thy dirty work, Plato?

Guilt lives only in sentient humanity.
The savage merely grunts; what hope is there in that?
Snarling atavists unleashed, collaborating,
In an idiotic 'patriotic' fever,
Producing a delirium that darkens the ground.
Plato's Will Be Done.

Once they have done their deed
The sanguinary pulse pollutes the evanescent blood,
Clamoring for More!!
Guilt is assuaged only through grosser deeds.
Thy Will Be Done.

"Be Ever Watchful" echoes the admonition,
An intoning pedal point to this very life.
Carry your blade next to your hoe,
Your blood-curdling scream nigh unto your song,
An armored crypt to encase your chitterlings.
"Be Ever Watchful"

It has happened again, and again.

Thy Will Be Done.

An armored crypt to encase your chitterlings.
"Be Ever Watchful"

It has happened again, and again.

