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A Rosy Future

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A Rosy Future

Our house is broken. Blackened boards
stick oddly from the rubble of bricks,
cracked chairs, ripped mattress, shattered glass.
A magenta haze settles in, smoke
drenched by a fine blood-mist. In this
spring the cities flowered into pain
and death. Man was the un-maker.
Our house, I can see, like the others
smolders. I don't want to search scorched
bricks and boards. I can see part
of the dog's carcass, charred; wife
and children . . . ruin. No desire. Turn
to face the hot wind, know
the dry contempt of that rosy glow.