

HAMLET

On my haunches
Near the harlequins
Who in
The pit
Are digging
The superficial
Archaeologies
Of the merely
Yesterdead;
And sickened by
The bone beneath the skin
And the heart
Which is only
Entrails of a beast
I succumb
And willingly to the din –
Flight of words
Until all knowings
Cease.

John Nijjem