Two Poems

ISHION HUTCHINSON

A Memorial

And for short time an endlesse moniment.

Who mattered was what mattered. What mattered more than the irrecoverable loss was the gain. Mammon greased every slime pit. From excreta, gold; entrails, oil; blood, bonds. Whatsoever might be spent, whatever could not redeem, was brutally tendered, like auctions circled by loan sharks at ports. (Perpetual sharks.) In parenthesis, the finical chase lured through history, which, “To Whom It May Concern,” concerned naught, mattered insofar as change itself was tacit wealth: maggots turned magnates; kites, kine slaughtered in coffers. Offal shrunken black as burnt florins’ heads. Cephalophore. Savings then, as now, meant another grace, for which they suffered the ultimate wage.
Where the sun conceded to never light, 
now lit. Even still, belated justice 
does not reflect where it must show: England: 
leave room for the beloved below; 
recover them all, for belated praise. 
A whiff of incriminating cherries 
holds asunder the meridian blue, 
raises choppy flatlines of the Atlantic 
into vertical columns, heavenwards, 
which is the earth. Earth which is their bodies 
that have crossed, above deck, the sea-earth, 
and give the earth a lasting heritage; 
and the sea, the broad church of night and day.
Ancien Régime

Renewable energy, the guillotine, now.
A harpist strikes a chord,
glimmer turns to girt, night
into neon; slick stuff you can video,

but watch out, Sanson’s own son
ghosted off the scaffold;
an acute mistake that, falling
for the crowd’s serrated cheers,

a head still in each hand,
mystified: so, hold applause
and curtains on behalf of
an air-trilling echo that equals

mute-looking. The show goes back on.