

Two Poems

ISHION HUTCHINSON

A Memorial

And for short time an endlesse monument.

1

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.

12

2

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 girn, 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.