

Speak no more, speaker

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about wars, or disasters,
elections, deceptions,
much less show us footage
of pompous dinners or speeches
at state visits, summits -
they
are not what matters

say: the day was. and here's how it was:
there was a light wind, and the fragrance of earth in the forests
a child has been born, a friendship
a passing wrought grief, something
was moving and something was moving no more
grass grew out of dirt, cow pastured the grass,
man ate cow and sowed anew
such
has life been on this day.

because subject we are, speaker,
and dedicated to life itself, nothing else
but the growth and decay, the rise and the fall
and at best the eternal cycle, but that is
where it ends, nothing of
that rotten stench that creeps
from the wizened crotches of giggling dotards

has ever
a fruit seen its root?