

Manson Solomon

Bureaucrats!

Months, years, days, nights of
remorseless dedication
painstaking
devotion
tough
tender
healing.

Breath restored
life reclaimed from
barren
rock,
from bare stone,
rescued, resuscitated, revived.

Yet
all the asses' jawbones,
all the fiery foxes,
the honeyed lions,
as nought
before the onslaught.

In the dark of night they came,
lumbering mediocrities
pursuing
mindless
paper agendas,
pillaging and plundering
butchering
the babies
trampling the gardens,
crashing about
obliviously, heedlessly,
bureaucratic bulls stumbling through the lilies
blind oxen loose among the hyacinths
stomping
uplifted petal faces,
crass polished wingtips crushing
the nurturing earth.

Delicate blooms

stuffed willy-nilly into manila folders to
smother alive,
asphyxiated.

Eyeless,
eyeless as Samson
in Gaza
at the mill with slaves.

Philistines!

Manson Solomon emerged from the womb with a burning mission to be a writer independently sustained by a generous trust fund. Said trust fund being inexplicably m.i.a., he perforce took the road more traveled, sustaining body and soul by engaging in various academic, artistic and entrepreneurial pursuits in New York, London, Jerusalem, Johannesburg, Nova Scotia, Wellesley, Cambridge, and other such locales, while also taking the road less traveled, producing priceless poetry and alliterative run-ons, as well as mellifluous music from his lovely lair in the wild woods west of Boston.