

# Poems

by [David P. Gontar](#) (August 2021)



*The Atheist Viewing the Dead Body of His Wife, A. B. Clayton,*

## To My Atheist

It's simple  
When you're dead you're dead  
Unless you're better read  
And know the empty state you contemplate  
Is a me that cannot be

## The Bug

I saw a bug upon the ground  
Heaving silent body bound

Heedless of the destiny it served  
Dim procession five limbs made  
The sixth bled brown  
When I beheld the vision of the blind

## Unforever

Unforever smite the drum  
Still the drunken glade  
leave befallen rush and reign  
let jealousy be jade

In a box to wander  
Unpeopled through charred skies  
Naught but all be hidden  
Revelation wry

## Sunday Song

There was a song to sing then  
When o' Sunday there were birds' bright words  
Wings that noticed us more than we them  
Each a stem to grow

If you dug dark dens beneath black wings,  
Beyond what knew the birds would come  
A Sunday calm and fed the sky,  
The earth as rich as cake that spake  
Our tongue of curd, o' Sunday down  
When in our nightstar way we knew  
White shadows, merde and sperm  
A song rose up in sodden birth

—and heard

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