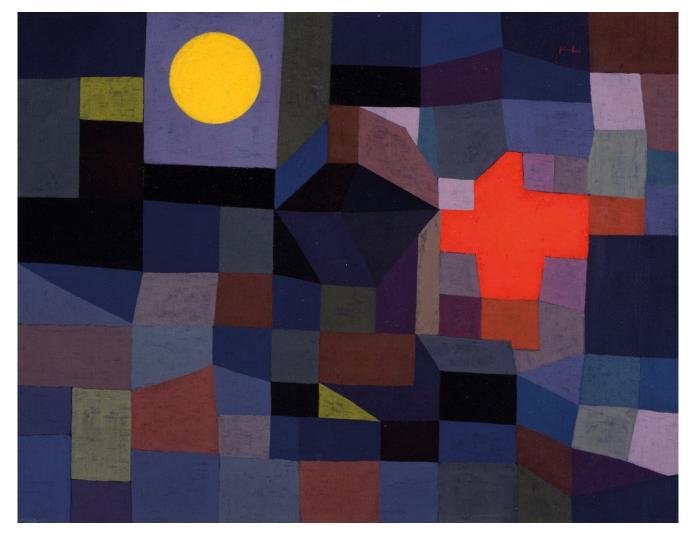
Two Poems

by <u>Susie Gharib</u> (September 2020)



Fire at Full Moon, Paul Klee, 1933

A Lament

A full moon in our narrowed sky cannot comprehend
the absence of gazes at her bewildered visage
since eyes are now bent on gadgets and visual gossips.

The stars lament the litter that now mars their studded skies that teem with satellites, with morbid gas, with terrestrial trash.

And birds that traverse miles and miles without a guide now need traffic lights to avoid collision with military mites.

Body Snatchers

I first heard of body snatchers
when I was in Edinburgh on a bus tour.
The guide spoke of grave-desecration
at Greyfriars Kirkyard in Victorian Scotland.
The bodies suitable for dissection
were those of prisoners, foundlings, and orphans,
the second-class citizens,

but the shortage in cadavers
made doctors and students resort
to theft of the exhumed corpse.

To protect the dead, watchtowers were erected, yet in our modern world, the bodies of the living are daily snatched in sexual slavery and trafficking organs.

«Previous Article Table of Contents Next Article»

Susie Gharib is a graduate of the University of Strathclyde with a Ph.D. on the work of D.H. Lawrence. Her writing has appeared in multiple venues including <u>Impspired Magazine</u> and <u>The Ink Pantry</u>.

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