

# Two Poems

by [Susie Gharib](#) (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.

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