## **Two Sonnets**

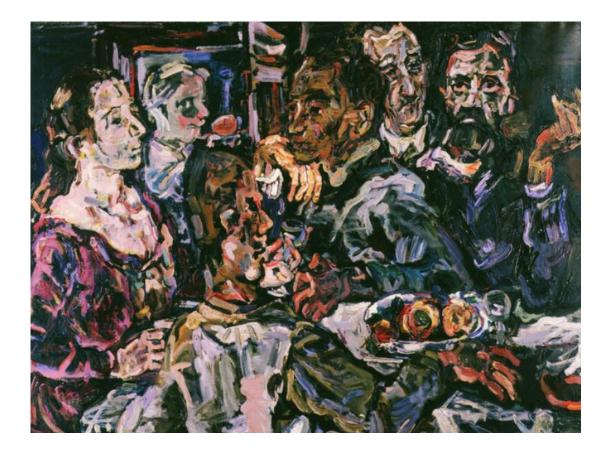
by David Solway (April 2020)



Bird, Oskar Kokoschka, 1972

## All God's Children

I was startled by a sound of thunder. The bird hit the window, disintegrated in a heap of gut and feather. Under the gutters, the deck was blood. Her mate did a kind of jittery dance, bent his head, went still, then raised what remained in his beak and took wing to where birds bury their dead. That's it—another elegiac freak, just a miniscule part of the quota of universal suffering and loss, an infinitesimal iota, a sacrificial wood chip from the Cross. The bird is dead and Nature has spoken. Tell me, how can God's heart not be broken?



Friends, Oskar Kokoschka, 1917

## Dressed to Kill

I see them walk in every walk of life. I see them earn their daily living wage. I see them in the midst of tempered strife or bloody outcomes where the foes engage. I see them at the circus masquerade and at the theaters where all applaud to watch deception expertly displayed.

- I see them grow indifferent to God.
- I see them shopping at the local mall.
- I see them glittering and confident.
- I see them where they rise and where they fall.
- I see them feral and irreverent
- and know there is no "rather," no "instead."
- The ghosts are dressed to kill. I see the dead.

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David Solway's latest book is <u>Notes from a Derelict Culture</u>, Black House Publishing, 2019, London. A CD of his original songs, <u>Partial to Cain</u>, appeared in 2019.