

Laws

The peasant has wisdom
He knows defeat is inevitable
Where are my animals now, he wonders
He remembers the smell of his barn

His wisdom is that we are flesh
the animals we eat are flesh
the animals that serve us are muscle
the projectiles that speed toward us
are metal

The peasant earns no wages
Neither is he a slave
but when he conscripted
grabbed by the scruff of the neck and thrust into a uniform
his ties to the land are cut and he is lost

Everything comes out of nothing
The Big Bang was an expression of rage
The Big Bang set us against each other
man against man, woman against woman
The peasant tried to mind his own business

We were born
and never made any agreement
The only reality is animal
The weaker animal is eaten
or exploited by the stronger

That's how it's always been

There's a thin tissue of laws somewhere
but the peasant has never heard of them
He pulls stumps and cuts roads

Mary

If I had my babies I would lay them in a crib
They would glitter like diamonds

My legs would splash through surf
sending droplets of pacific gism
to sparkle in the sun

When they fall on me
I am pregnant again
I am whole
I am the essence of female-animism
I am invulnerable
to murderers and rapers
I am the Virgin Mary
protected by God

I am hitch-hiking to my babies

I will arrive soon

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