

The Beautiful Ones Not Yet Born

If we were made in his image, then call us by our names

Most intellects do not believe in God, but they fear us just the same.—

Erykah Badu, excerpt from On & On

With passion forged upon

Pain, time is the terrain

Of a stubbornly persistent

Technicolor cosmos that speaks

In the tumultuous tongue

Of a mutating Earth under fire

Of myriad blinks of an eye

Manifest in a maelstrom of motley

Mayhem; & love, the heirloom

Of our souls sown together, in spite

Of the media free for all

With its defamations of character

Scrawled on the wall, as we

Bear the wait of dreams to come

Embracing the face of faith

With grace to loosen the noose of angst

That has held us hostage

To a history scraped free of its old

Price, enthralled in the legacy

Of ancestral sacrifice -- by DNA

We are locked into the cipher
Exhumed from the speechless dead
For the beautiful ones not yet born.

Michael David Saunders Hall is a true imagineer of pyrotechnic poetics. He believes when you write how you feel, all dimensions of yourself come to light and cannot help but be exposed as genuinely real. His poetry has appeared in AIM, Black Thought, Little America and and Xavier Review namely.



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