



RHYTHM MACABRE

The contemplation of the horrid or sordid or disgusting, by an artist is a necessary and negative aspect of the impulse toward the pursuit of beauty.

— T. S. ELIOT

by RICARDO I. PATALINJU

1.

The heart of man
Is grieving still
And madness reigns
Supreme
The wish to crush
And the wish to kill
Weaken life's
Vigorous pulsation!
The blinding
Emptiness of souls
The wound that Time
Has made
Turn men into lost
Ghouls
Disturbing the skies
With frustrated cries!

2.

In this our place
Brutal passions rule
As we drink blood
In tattered mugs
The tortured earth
Produces crops no more
Our violence attuned
To the violence
Of a boar!
The spectred flight
Of the centuries
Claws our nights
With cruel fingers
Tears dreams
With maniacal delight
Leading us all
To deepening gloom!

3.

Lost we are in the sea
Of bloody confusions
And our solar system
Is dying soon
The gyrations
Of revolutions
Whirl, whirl forward
Leaving behind
The whispering nations.

The miasma from
Time's leprosy
Wrecks
The atmosphere
Of doom
The world unbalanced
The mind dizzy
Wounding wound
In death's dominion.

4.

Amidst the ruins
Of inexplicable years
The eyes of man
Bloodshot and red
Arms clutching
Phantom crosses
Hurling heaven
With senseless
Supplications.
The vibrating atoms
Will sound off soon
And Time will stop
Forever
The speed of light
We measured before
Will nail our bodies
On tattered walls.

5.

For the fruit
Of the seed
Einstein had planted
Is now in the hands
Of Cain
And we are forever
Haunted
As we shed
Tears like rain.

Listen!
Our desolate fields
Proclaim
The coming harvest
Of corpses
Oh, the dreams
We nursed are maimed
And selfish wishes
Are turning into ashes!

6.

The light that guided
Our footsteps once
Is gone and lost
In our world decaying
Nothing is left
There's no remembrance
Of beautiful summers
Of lovely springs.
The skulls
Of the accusing dead
Curse us to everlasting
Damnation
And parading before us
Is the face of greed
Smearing us all
To speculation!

7.

This is the world
We have made
Dark as a bottomless pit
This is the world
We have made
Black as our conscience
Gloomy as our loss.
This is the world
We have made
Where crime
Begets crime
Where Time is but
A succession of crimes
Where evil blooms
Like a flower
And death
Comes creeping
Like a lover!