

# Götterdämmerung

**... a blearing light  
bewails the Son-visited earth  
    parched tongues of dust  
                                lap up  
    blood in trans-  
                                fixed hands**

**putrid flesh,  
    pendant on bones  
cover-blown by  
yesterdays newspapers, lies  
                                buried on the sidewalk  
(headlines telling a better world  
                                to come:**

**It came & went)**

**childrens laughter  
                                echoing faint  
    thru garbage-rimmed alleys  
mocks their silent graves**

**october leaves rot  
    in empty eyesockets  
which no longer must look  
    into the Sun**

**but worry not, o son of man,  
yours is the earth  
    and everything thats in it  
so sleep now your millennial dream —  
    in the twilight of your nightmares ...**

**Gregory R. Wise**