

Duck Season in Babylon

Too many words. The utter uselessness
of internet discourse. Language slung like hash,
cheap and nasty. *In principio* the Word
but, *finalmente*, words: a toxic slurry,
a pool of sludge from some refinery
that's breached containment walls and hurtled down
steep slopes to sweep away the villagers,
bouncing on its foetid back the joys
of vacancy incarnate, bearing Trump
and all his minions, but, even worse than they,
the susurrus of ill-formed, ill-fed minds,
who yammer like not the brightest chimps in the trees
and traffic in love-hearts, likes and massed re-tweets.
The rational soul retreats, like ducks too late
aware of shotguns trained from secret stands,
of tidal waters sucked into the maw
of some great wave now gathering itself
over the edge of the sky to whelm our towers.