

The time we're living in reminded a friend of Yeats' poem "Slouching toward Bethlehem"
So I brought out some strange beasts I made 20 years ago into the light of day.



What strange beings slouch across the land ...





We are among them,
they are within us
They have names –

Bone of My Bone, strugglers of the same flesh,
born of the horror of culture's collapse – Yugoslavia, Ruanda, Syria





Starbone, alighting from afar bringing stuff of the stars that forms us all,



shaman grin shining with old knowing ...



Standing on the Planet, our hungry hands reaching all over Earth, our boney heads stretching to outer Space, forgetting our roots.



Upright
-- four million years ago
our footprints emerged in the soil of Africa
Here humanity began to walk upright.
Can we continue?

Burned bones trail in our wake,
yet we're all stuff of the stars.
If enough of us can act
lovingly on Earth,
human being can continue.

The sun still shines!

