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Two Doublebent Snakes

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RUNGS Donna Gors

TWO

DOUBLEBENT SNAKES

Greg McClure

two doublebent snakes
slither out from their father's nest
hand raised as if to say
yield before i force you
oh God hold back the skies
chaos rains from the clouds in metal casings
cursing my house with disorder
and i toiled so long in that garden
my son wakes two minutes before dawn
by sun up his room is barren
drowned by the horizon
he leaves somberly
ill news in official envelopes
and my roses are uprooted
my house transforms instantly
and portrays all else
five years i cry fruitlessly
these envelopes come too frequently
because there never is any
they bear no good news

Poland, 1939