

Emlékek
Sarah Breckenridge
Junior Poetry

I have seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by the madness of nations
Screaming and writhing and screaming to be heard¹
Huddling in shacks while guns pull out their neighbours
Bleeding and bribing in grassless fields
Surrounded by branded letters again and again, ghosts rotting on tongues
False cards holding their breath staring at glass screens
Emptied of gold and cards and native tongues
by guns and boots and civility
Pressed into closets and haystacks and every dark and empty space, surrounded by the other
vermin
Wading upstream and somehow still sinking
Hiding on rooftops smoking vanilla into the night
Running endlessly and shoelessly
playing guessing games with friends with shacks
Marching and screaming and jeering back on the street and still praying not to be noticed
looking up at bland words breath caught in throats and choking
Choked on the street on your throat hands on throat boots on throat
Blood mingling with dirt in the home you live in knife in her throat in your throat
ocean of reeds brushing flat hips and fleeing from sharks

And there are only shadowpuppets now of boots and bonfires and dancing and weeping and
of those who remain underground with many others, cold on cold and rot on rot
Glistening and blackening and mushening and
feeding those worms.

¹ Ginsberg, Allen, and William C. Williams. *Howl and Other Poems.* , 1959. Print.