

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Heath Brougher: Four Poems

Heath Brougher · Monday, February 21st, 2022

Built to Nonexist

I know
I will
never find
her but
every so
often I
catch myself
looking for her.

And on
the rare
occasion I
am able
to see
myself, I
realize I,
too, am
no longer
there.

*

Equanimity

The lucky and the unlucky cat
are products of the Golden Ratio.
The Polish priest and the Tasmanian czar
are products of the Golden Ratio
The infinity within infinity
is a product of the Golden Ratio.

From sunflowers to galaxies
it seems this particular portion
of the Multidimensional Multiverse

contains a cryptic birthmark.

*

Dawn

Good (motionless bodies along the path to Baghdad,
violent religious uprisings, daily bombings, African children skin and bones,
nuclear warheads armed and at the ready, toxic waste leaking into the Pacific,
a healthcare system where one accident will send you straight to the poorhouse,
the skeletal shambles of the economy, melting polar ice caps, the terrorist News stations,
various diseases one mutation away from becoming a pandemic, politicians spouting
nothing resembling the truth, assault rifles in the hands of maniacs, fracking next door,
flammable tap water, China rising, trans fats and obesity,
hospitals full of infected lymph nodes, a prison of toxic food and pills,
this spurious democracy, and that atrocious possible truth in the back of your head
that keeps telling you there just may be no light at the end of that tunnel) morning.

*

Filthy Creatures

I would harm a fly
but only by accident.
For there is already enough apathy
within these mired and trumped walls
to wipe out a nation of magnanimous spirits.

I step among the filthy, cracked
sidewalk as golden bricks
are shoveled into a white house.

The fly in the ointment keeps blaming
the other fly in the ointment.

I, the pacifist, finally decide
to lay down in the middle of this land
and die from the unrestricted greed
and noxious air which has enveloped
the entirety of this Human Experience.

Photo credit: Mish

This entry was posted on Monday, February 21st, 2022 at 7:33 am and is filed under [Poetry](#), [Literature](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.

