

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Olivia Park: Two Poems

Olivia Park · Saturday, June 22nd, 2024

### The Aftermath

A dining table, pieces of white fine china,  
blue and red Dutch ovens.

Chairs and a smoker amidst dust,  
rubble and fallen trees.

Try to dispel deepening concern about the challenges  
Nothing is man-made, predictable, and entirely preventable.

How far will he go? When will he stop?  
You know the answer: He won't. He won't.

They need to have compassion for themselves  
You don't think about losing. You think about continuing to go forward.

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### Mistakes later learned

This is one device, and we are calling it the iPhone  
An epic success, an epic fail  
Hashtags that bring fame  
Comment listicles that fat-shame  
Colony collapse disorder, our future in jail

Thalidomide, the wonder drug  
Left the shelves, and profit stacked  
Until the mothers saw their babies  
Sound asleep on hills with daisies  
The pills were taken, hearts were cracked

And still smoke rises from the chimney  
Wisdom's cut in place of paper

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Gasoline poured into our vessels  
To our own home, become transgressors  
To our future, become a traitor

Litter lines the path  
Children will soon tread  
We run without looking back  
But soon the sky will turn black  
And who knows what is ahead

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