
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

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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