

45 Survivors

The survival of the weakest.
The startled stuff of startled self-arraignment.
Yet I who groan and quail and sleepless toss at night,
Now re-assert survival. Morning. Kitchened. Sipping tea.
A six *a.m.* survivor. The weight of waiting.
Over.

Over. Metallic speakers certify. Authority
Lies light on all who lightly terminate.
Over. Anonymous destroyers dangle
The burden of the mangled mystery.
Auschwitz. Belsen. Dresden. Hiroshima.
- Survivors shuffling towards outraged survival.

Survivors. Suspending our dismay,
We swathe ourselves in language. Languishing.
Words. False fabricants of fabricating freedom.
- And shall I then *survive?* - Presumably.
As you Sir, Madam, will. Presumably.
Weak, meek survivors all. Unvanquished. Unassailed.

Sipping our cup of outrage.

Placidly outraged.