

When Hadedas* Sing Sweetly

The canyons amp the mechanical howls, the whirls, the groans, the rasps, the putts
So many pieces of precious Earth devoutly given to transport the untold tons again and
again

The ancient rhythms and angel sighs
of African Dreamtime
are soundly smothered
choked and clogged
beaten down
by the tedious crush
the going home
the rush, rush, rush
to get
to do
to go

And still, the caw, caw, cawing
exacerbates the discontent
the rasping echo
reminding
grating
“All is not Well.”
“This is not Right.”

Do you remember, in the beginning, the Eden we made here?
Where now is left a speck of that Idyll
the soft perfection
the quiet sky
the loving glade?

Where is the murmur of God’s little nyad?
Where is man that we have fallen so far?

Will Adamastor never arise to crush the anguished asphalt
to smooth the curved beak
to soften the stale cry?

When hadedas sing sweetly then will you know
the second, or first, or, at last, the final Coming

Then you will know the Earth set right

*African birds that emit
the loudest, most raucous,
grating cries imaginable.