

this is how the world works

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hatred runs and buries itself deep,
scorching and salting the earth behind us,
instinctually we scrape grooves and borders into
the cold clay that holds us, desperate
to mark our territory over ten times stolen land.

perhaps that is why humans relentlessly seek
a common enemy, prey to satiate our hot blood,
we feel it oozing and licking away at the ego like lava,
cementing itself in splinters of glass shards between
cracks in the cobblestone, the weathered rock
surviving the cleaves of another fruitless flood.

will we remember our humility and look down
at our reflections, the ones with wool pulled over
every inch of the face but the smoked, blind eyes
that cannot break their hazed stare long enough
to realise that history is repeating itself yet again
and we are complicit by partaking in and facilitating it.

see the charred remains of the trail we have carved
for our children to follow, is it the fate of humanity
to pass on the torch and the bricks and the bombs,
setting legacies alight to kindle the sensation
of our own self preservation and security?
for if we smash the glass ceiling first as sabotage,
nobody else can aim for it.