10 litre box

stacked like cordwood

our futures lie

each to his own box

and dreaming his paradise

or Valhalla, where

we tilt at the windmills

of the lives we have lost

for there will come a time

when there is no room for the dead,

the speed of rot

will not accommodate the species

and we cannot afford the luxury

of not being

while the price of power

is less than the price

of a next

last

supper.