**Boston Bombing**

*May 8, 2013*

Two Bombs ring out in Boston.

An easy Spring day hit. Count Coue .

Marathon derailed and City down.

Looks like our Cocoons and Ivory Tower are counterfeit.

Joshua’s Horn sounds ore our walls.

Circus has come to Town.

Shock and Awe in duffel bags.

Army of the Streets.

Why weep for Martin legs eyes and arms what yield to powder ball and nails.

No more than Ten Pens in the Night what fall as all their

Brothers Sisters must when Winds of War prevail.

What blow all Leaves to Earth with no note of who or why or should

So haphazard and so deadly without fail.

Splash back has no conscience face or name.

War cares not where it feasts and eats.

Terror never sleeps.

You're on the Line if you're in the Game.

Drones what fly around the Globe may seem

With righteous wrath to cast our wrath.

Shield our Homes and Shores from Infidels Raw Horror of War.

From Hermetic Rooms we launch and guide those faithful Wings of Death.

Why care for collateral damage babes women innocents.

Another Mission. Another faceless score.

Why heed the dying child's last cry of why with ragged breath.

Yet therein Lies the Serpents Forked Tongue and Fangs.

For on this Orb what cycles round Old Sol in vast void of

Time and Space we All be One.

Each Time Bells Tolls.

Soul passes from this Realm.

Dirge Ore the Dead of War Wailed Mourned Sang.

Within our own store of selves such touch and

Knell of death have struck and dark carillon rang.

So All will know the Pipers Touch.

For All the Hymn of Loss and Grief be sung.