

Denial Fog
by Donna Mccaw

Cozy in the village fog,
Pillowed, unaware of water thieves,
Baby killers, woman butchers,
Big black dogs
Playing golf with those greasy bones.

Smiling, hat tipping,
Safe sleeping in sterile beds
As the heat creeps up
Backyard burger flipping
Over The Fire the Next Time.

Cashing cheques, eating peaches,
Swiping plastic for Botox dreams of youth
Cutting pesticide laced lawns
All pawns, the king's castled and gone
Where fish bones and plastic bags cover beaches.

Buy Buy Buy the advertising cry
Images of model's skeletal bodies, make-up masks
Bloody diamonds for fairy tale weddings
Quicksand debt holes, slavery roles
Quell the fear, play the game.

In a fog of their own
In a box house in town
Built where the trees were cut down
To make another sub standard division
This safe vision subject to sudden revision.

Pompeii ignoring the tremors
Senators lounging at their baths
Preserved in magma and dust
In their magnificent resorts
No one believed such strange reports.

Water slowly cooking frogs
In stupidity soup and denial fog.