The sun rises over a distant jungle
Ryan Woods

The sun rises over a distant jungle;
A child cries in the dead of night;
A tree falls in a distant forest, killing the only man who could have heard it;
Does it make a sound?
The sands of time whip around in the wind, across the ruins of ages;
The annals of the world are destroyed when a river overflows its banks;
The gnomon falls;
Pick it up again and set it down;
But it was set down wrong!
A mechanical clock falls backward through the ages and makes its argument;
(Time is not an argument);
A man and a woman make love,
But their child miscarries;
A lion wraps its jaws around a city, and the city burns;
Atlantis sinks into the sea;
Aristotle, Plato, Socrates,
Drown.
A leopard leaps upon an infant;
(The leopard was starving; what else could it do?)
The infant is torn to shreds; a simple meal on a simple day,
A simple life that has gone away...
Two giants step upon the Earth and kill millions;
In Eden, Adam steps on an ant;
Many thousand voices cry out in an instant,
Many thousand eyes light up with flames;
(Many thousand are not even aware),
Many thousand are, in an instant,
O b l i t e r a t e d
In a moment, the Earth is scoured and poisoned;
In a longer time: the same;
Death hangs over the jungle for half a century,
(Some places for even longer);
Malignant cells overwhelm their own body, and it perishes;
A worker slips and falls
twenty-five
feet
off
a
bridge;
In a distant nation, a child dies from diarrhea;
Another, not so far away, is terminated in the womb;
The soul as an idea dies;
God dies in the intellectual mind -
(Perhaps He has risen again?)
An anxious man sees his dreams alongside him, but never holds their hand;
In a long life a man can even live: not at all;
Childhood ends (before it began);
Childhood ends (as it must);
Life ends (and what next?);
Is it Hell that lives on Earth?
Or is Hell, indeed, much worse?