

decant desperation

there are no words for
a mother in mourning
her cries are
swans' calls
seeking swift shelter
no bonfire can warm her
she floats,
aimlessly
as wayward winds transpire
to annex
all that is stainless,
and wide-eyed
and safe
we sully each strand of sureness
delegating those who wish
to wield walls
of lax laws
as paragons of purview
whilst those who hold tender
the prospects of purpose
the benign benefactors
vying for vicious venom
of the ravenous rabble
are swayed into
submission
as if one could
defeat despair
why must we wield wounds
as weapons?

Bio:

Marie McKessy is a poet and artist based in Chicago, Illinois. Her work focuses on the feminist perspective, gender issues, and sociopolitical context. She is also a library science master's student.