

Song of the Earth in Suburbia

William Graddy

She named her daughter “Geetha.”
Her garb was browns and greens.
“Holistic” was her watchword,
Organic all her means.

She held that serial killers
Would gentle souls else be
Had they dined on kale, not nachos,
And forsworn MSG.

She loved the curves of Sanskrit,
Was charmed by astral lore;
She yearned for intuitions
From Night’s primeval shore.

She cared not a fig for Newton,
Thought dogmas cramped and small,
Judged syllogisms specious,
Sought Ishtar’s starry hall.

To ooze she traced her being,
But in spas she spent much time,
Soothing limbs and conscience
In geothermal brine.

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And though transcendence beckoned
And lights of some sort shone,
She could not long from mirrors
Or men remain alone.

So hoping famished Chronos
Would for distant seed relent,
She went on dreaming of lovers
In whom yin and yang were blent.