For The Conscriptors...1981

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1981.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1981/iss1/24
For the Conscriptors...1981

When your hand
is raised,

Do not harken
for cries
of
"Abraham, Abraham,
well done —
    you may stay the dagger . . ."

You men of
self-assuring righteousness
have brought your
innocent Isaacs
unbidden
to this barren altar . . .

Look not
for thundering voices
from the clouds
approving
your pillage
of the lambs . . .

For holocausts
like this
the Lord
does not
"provide."

GLARENCE AMANN

After the End

After the end
There are only a few left
To say the blessings and bury the dead.
There’s a stink in the air
That always is there
After the end.

After the end
They all end up where they belong
We’ll all go there before too long
Some with weak hearts, some with strong
A few in the right but most in the wrong.
After the end.

DIMITRI MARKOULIS