

The Scream

A man is not screaming.
He lives in the loud world
and, oh, he is afraid.

He has neither father nor mother.
The world took them away.
He has forgotten their voices and fingers.

He has neither sister nor brother.
The world took them away in a boat.
He has forgotten their lies by the water.

The world goes into his mouth.
It tastes of gravel and grass,
the brimstone tongues of the dead.

His mouth will not close.
His eyes will not look
into the mouth of the cave.

Pity his long drawn-out body.
Pity his soul in its ashes and smoke.
Pity a man in the deep well.

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