where is the plague… i am worried.
the plague is coming and the locking bolt on the gate is broken.
then i see the flagellants
in a grim festival
arriving and weakened
with exposed backs smelling of darkly ecstatic infections.
addicts trapped in the raised scars.
under the bridge demons following the unmedicated in celestial manhunts.
sideways death swimming of human porpoises in dirty oceans of self and deceit.
people arguing with different versions of themselves.
kitchen table gun loadings of one round absolutes.
by now you get the idea.
in the square an opportunistic motivational speaker shaking everyone down
with a message of inspiration and hope…
surrender your worldly possessions and be shown the path to salvation.

i am not sure who the bigger fool is. is it the one who stays to say this
or the one who stays to listen.
i am not sure about all that salvation stuff but i would recommend
leaving town before the church bells begin to ring.
and when you are a safe distance away then you can pray.

i see the flagellants.
wf.h.
2019