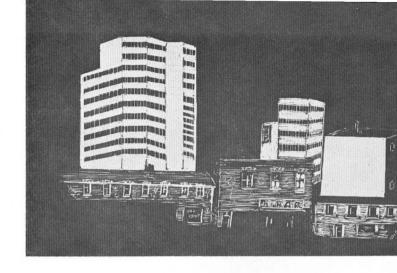
## **WESTERN HAIKU**

On the bomb
Sun blaze over oceans now cities then and then
Prometheus hugs the crag.

On the secular city
City streets go catacombing down the scrapers
disinterring Christian bones.

On modern art

Midas can touch all to gold
so we are told so
we go ignoring the gold.



## On the races

Red earth bled forth the white man dawn the golden sun in the dark cried black on black.

## On capital punishment

—a sympathetic vibration from the echo chamber— The march down the corridor tempering the heart drums drums can you hold your breath.

Timothy Mahoney, O.P.