

# All That is Solid – March 2020

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## Catherine Heath

March 2020

Things fall apart.

All that is solid melts into air--

Unbridled hedonism,

(A crooked deck of cards).

The shards of your values

Cascade in rainbow chaos.

When things fall apart,

Like cemetery rows,

The prose we took for granted

Is something more morose.

We shout and rail at them,

*Fury lashed in lines*

*On hateful twisted faces,*

Evil slumbering no more.

We reap what we sow,

Or so the saying goes.

When flowers burst in black

*(From bloody soil grows.)*

Was this evil in my garden?

Afraid to wait, if something answers.

Our tattered protest banner falls,

And all I had was you:

Cracked teacups, sticky spoons.

*Reflections muddy in the glass*

*Won't let them pass.*

For sorrow marks their faces--

Puts them through their paces,

Like fuhrers shouting lines.

He who pines for mothers

Grows in brittle landscape.

Rocks, and stones, and mud.

No poets to be found here,

Just the thud of armies marching,

Row, on row, on row.

And so it goes,

The endless marching,

Of puppets loose without a master.

Faster! Faster!

Hear their cries.

*Nothing matters anymore.*

Not like the things we did before?

A cold pale glow on frightened faces,

Like sails cut loose from a broken mast.

Vast, endless fields of dust,

Love and laughter, gone to rust.

Only protest, fueled by anger

(Some would say they're blind to danger).

No one cares, no one cares.

Somebody who once was there

Is not.

Cracked conversations,

Dalliances over tea,

Were all I ever wanted—

*From me to you, or you to me?*

It doesn't matter now.

Look at them march,

On they go,

Organised in moral rows.

Upside down in crazy worlds,

No truth in logic anymore.

Just swords that clash,

And tattered books lay on the floor.

Fire! Fire!

The pages are lit,

Some may even welcome it.

For knowledge is a burden,

And your back is cracked.

Let loose the chains and fly-

Never had a chance

To say goodbye.

Only preachers know,

As fire lights their eyes,

-Never crossed my mind to question-

Just let them lead the way.

Things fall apart,

(Only the broken know).

No one looks like heroes,

Only you know how it goes.

Flames lick, and curl, about you--

No need to lose your head, now--

One step forward, one step back.

Is that a welcome mat, by chance?

It is an endless dance.

No chance for stopping—

Only hard-won eloquence.

Recall the dusty welcome mat

(It might be nothing more than that)—

*The countless preachers shouting at*

*The youth*

*Are not your problem.*

Love will show the way,

You may not think it, but it's true.

No need to grope for answers,

Trembling like the coffee spoon.

Just fix your eyes ahead—

*Oh there are so many dead!*

That's true,

And also not.

Unholy alliance,

Money and love,

Falling down from up above

Never can disperse our reason,

Only scientists and scholars save the world.

Only time

Will tell.

Like the phoenix from the ashes,

All will be well.

**Credit:** Photo by [Jeremy Bishop](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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