

News Agency

Reports of a fracture come I know
As more in those endless variants
From a new schismatic group,
Whose island is mid-estuary.

What they map, they say, is the 'mental
Meteorology', the state of physical or tensile
Man, who as time ticks on is in the qualms
Of his own upsetting. It's true they can,
Through the fiberoptic nerve of news,
Within nanoseconds have us all worrying,
And worrying.

They don't care for my polemic (all my neat
Arguments ranged against them),
My fullest dialectic, as that absorbs
Political fire, political lacerations. Away,
I say, these who sully our centuries
(For let us begin our life of integrity): away!

I know, I know, I know
I can't quash this social pestilence.
I just know.

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