

# New Poetry by Michael Carson: “Politics”



BLAME OUR BRUISES / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## Politics

Every 20 years or so boys dress up  
And kill each other for fun.  
It's the way of the wrack of the world  
The wind of our imagination and our love.  
To blame our costumes for our beauty  
Is like to blame our bruises for our blood.  
The chime is what drives us, what ticks  
Our tock forward to the next spree.  
The foreshortened humiliation,  
The immaculate imprecation,  
Is neither what we fear or what we covet.  
Man is. Rats are. Take what you can  
While the day is rough

Move lengthwise into the past  
And blame god for never enough.