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DON HARRINGTON

THREE SHORT (POEMS)

O, thick sweet smoke
Whose abusive charm
Depends on those
Who depend on it.

Unforgettable chains ^{Hand}
of organic destruction
Wave over pathways
cluttered with dogshit
Leading through a world where
There is no more room
For any more graves.

We'll know ^{OK}
The end has come
When all the world
is Calcutta.

undated (I
forgot)