

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/4

Colin Dodds

Who Could Ever Hate Music?

We seven billion
generate seven billion years
this year on earth

Chiseled down to our last prayer
we recite
Enough quantity creates quality

We don't have to wait too long
to be victimized
by that prayer

The global economy
applies to your face
and your mother

Each compares to every in a rigged riot of choice
from which we fantasize being exempt
with our meek heroes – The Unfungible Manager, and so on

The air rebuts our fantasy
and our prayer
with inexpensive inescapable music

Who could ever hate music? we wondered
And when the answer came
it was us