

*Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2*

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**Black Hammer**

Those with the Black Hammer  
on their hearts offer no pity, no mercy

The whirlpool of life swirls into them  
empties into a rage of words that sluice

Across stones of bad dreams  
the foam of loneliness is like acid on salt

The Black Hammer pounds a hard beat  
like a Roman warship with slaves

who row to the beat, row to the beat of their lives  
row to the beat of imminent destruction

the weight of the Black Hammer  
sinking with the ship of hate