

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Sabrina Stoessinger
panem et circenses

he tore her down
then built her
back up
with mortars and wounds
bricks of saturation
too bloated to struggle
too docile to
emancipate

bread and circuses, my friends
my countrymen

my Romans

keep them
fat, happy, amused
and they shall betray
you, no more

I took my fight
to her
familiar battlegrounds
and waged
wars against him
in the slovenly trenches
fought for rights
and liberties
forgotten humanities
waving to her
as she ate through
his delicate ditches

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from above I surveyed
the plight
the patrols
it's all for you
dearest infantile
pretty lights and disarming
signs to keep you
(mirrors confirm
your disgusting mass)
stupefied

remain servantile
then, should you wish to
for we, the allies
cannot exhaust further
feigning interest
in the lost causes of your vanities

relegating you
to the bottom
of the list
elbows and knees up
for your own custody

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Push

She never did care
too much for them
and so
she deemed herself
a lesbian.

But instead
of driving them away
they clambered more
to her windows
through her door.