

IMAGINATION'S END

Michael O'Hollern

Bodies rest in motion
Beneath the remorseless notion
That everything ends in death.

We seek a newer feeling
While the Empire's paint is peeling
And poisoning all of our breath.

The stale clash of isms
And manufactured cataclysms
Grasps for the profound.

We shrug with boredom
Sunk in consumering whoredom
We are lost and don't want to be found.

The apocalypse has come and gone
Igniting nothing but a yawn.

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