

Poem for CNS
by Jake Vermaas

wake of earth
after Claude McKay

no thought for history
no blameless Vestal jewels
ever forgetting we
pray persist to still mar
that spotless shine
marbled white clouded
over a tiny blue glass
free in the void adrift yet
we wretched few once
kin to many now reduced
& divided we bands of
scattered marks varied in
hue & cry try to breathe
beyond the pale miasma of
philosophies & indices to
take & assess penned
against inglorious walls