



If I were God

I would exceed Artemis of Ephesus with her necklace of knackers
and the handmaid of the Lord, Great Mother though she be.

I would be pitiless,

Punishing to those who desecrate the primal void and shatter my sacred silence.

Nuclear.

Fierce.

Conjuring a cube from which no peep or plea escapes.

Confined, their blood as dust, their flesh as dung,

The Mustang Mach 1 driver, bursting bass notes pounding, thudding, throbbing
buildings on both sides.

The morning walker yelling at a cell phone: *Do you know how hot it is in
Portugal in June?*

He with the two-stroke leaf blower.

Hydraulic hammers shuddering Scrivner Square.

Idling dump trucks queued on Yonge Street.

Real estate developers from Vaughan.

Jet thunder.

Juvenile tuba practice through the plasterboard.

I would wall them in together and let them roar

Roar and roar and roar

Roar beyond demented

Roar forevermore.

*Genevieve A. Chornenki
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