

# POETRY by Warren Falcon

HERE IS THE SHOCKING CABLEGRAM

STREETS AT NIGHT, LOAD THEM INTO  
DARKNESS

I

EXTREMELY RARE  
I SAW HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN SCAVENGING AROUND IN THE HUGE PILES OF  
ROTTING GARBAGE

JUST A CUP OF POWDERED MILK  
MILK TO BE TAKEN TO THE CHILDREN AT THIS DUMP  
THE MOTHER WHO WAITED  
THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS,  
THIS  
AND SAPHIRA?

THE RUBY-RED CITY WHERE WE BELIEVE  
WHEN THE BLUSTERING WINDS ARE BLOWING  
WHEN THE 50,000 WERE PRESSED AND  
THE MASTER WAS DESTROYED.  
WHEN THE TORRENTIAL RAIN IS FALLING  
WHAT SHALL BE MY END?

I'VE LEFT THIS PEAPATCH MY  
CART, AND A DEAD MAN  
THE WEAPONS OF OUR WARFARE  
BUT WE CAN'T STAND  
STARVE, CAN WE?

AND THEN?

II

NEVER BE ANY MORE LIKE THIS--EVER

REBUILDING THE WALLS  
ERE THE LAMP  
LAST TIME  
MOST EVERY DOG AND CAT  
FROM CALCUTTA  
FOR HEAVEN

GUARANTEED RESULTS

THE RISE AND FALL  
GOING DEEPER WITH  
THE WORLD'S BLACKEST  
BLIND, BOUND, BEGGING  
MISSING GOD'S LAST TRAIN  
WE WILL AGAIN STAY IN THE LOVELY

WARREN FALCON, a former UNC-A student and frequent contributor to The Rag & Bone Shop, lives in Hendersonville and is currently working on a series of aleatory poems, in which chance, rather than conscious design, shapes the work. Falcon insists that he is not the author of "Here is the Shocking Cablegram," which he randomly crafted from a shoebox full of phrases cut from an Evangelist magazine.

