

## **Mirage and *Glory, Glory, Glory***

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Rank bodies quietly drifting on currents  
of narrowing waters, dark brown from  
mountain's descent, as tangle brush and  
foliage stand as dark gauntlets in warning,  
and silent witnesses.

Banyan roots dip to drink from black  
stained still-inlets of goo...as water-  
spiders skate drunkenly, skittering a  
predator's dance upon insect morsels  
mummified.

Blood-sucking leeches gorge themselves  
black in blood-rich waters, ignorant of  
approaching waterfall.

Four legged beasts padded silently along  
the root-knotted shore, hoping to join the  
feast no one was invited to.

None of the guests of honor wondered  
who hosted the banquet, nor which  
ideology or offense had placed them on  
the wrong end of the food-chain and a  
*no-frills* glory.