Carpe Residuum

—With a nod to Robert Frost

Sal Cetrano

Something there is that *loves* a wall
And celebrates extravagance of roots,
Cares not to venture far at all,
But instead fill a moat with rancid soup.

All otherness shills its Eden apples on Satan's wire,
Yet we here who've been and done want only to stay,
In this realm where the good witch of the shire
Clicks ruby heels at dawn to keep epsilons away.

Alas, sour winds channel Babel's anthems,
Twisting thrum of angry, ashen birds.
Their lingua franca democratically random,
Every jack in Babel fancies he is heard.

Still mark, lest you love us more than we do you
Or grow a tad less nauseous at our sight,
We're mostly cheek to jowl just for the view,
And pummeling each other for spite.

Helen, quit launching all those ships—
You never know *what* they'll bring back,
Till for every thought forbidden lips
A pickaninny pops from Lincoln's hat!

Rain, then, shiny arrows of correctness.
Blanch as they splinter on the stones.

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Beyond stalwart gates, none can infect us,
As freedom returns to being left alone.

Something there is that loves a wall
And celebrates extravagance of roots:
Those who came early, stayed for the haul.
These are my brothers. We are truth.