

2 Poems by Gary Beck

Sour Note

We heard the song of morning,
hummed it in the afternoon,
felt the echo in the evening
as the pace of day subsided,
acts of night began.

Burglars breaking and entering,
robbers, muggers disrupting,
polluting drug transactions,
random acts of violence
the syncopation
of a confiscated city,
slowly overwhelmed
by forces of darkness.

Vital Signs

Before history kept a record
everyone believed in omens.
If they were favorable,
good hunting and gathering
fed the tribe,
evaded predators,
survived crises.
Unfavorable omens explained
everything bad that happened,

hunger, illness, disease, death,
because there had to be a reason
why disasters occurred,
otherwise the tribe
would be forced to accept
the unfairness of life.