

Two Poems

by [Susie Gharib](#) (September 2020)



Fire at Full Moon, Paul Klee, 1933

A Lament

A full moon in our narrowed sky cannot comprehend
the absence of gazes at her bewildered visage
since eyes are now bent on gadgets and visual gossips.

The stars lament the litter that now mars
their studded skies
that teem with satellites,
with morbid gas,
with terrestrial trash.

And birds that traverse miles and miles
without a guide
now need traffic lights
to avoid collision with military mites.

Body Snatchers

I first heard of body snatchers
when I was in Edinburgh on a bus tour.
The guide spoke of grave-desecration
at Greyfriars Kirkyard in Victorian Scotland.
The bodies suitable for dissection
were those of prisoners, foundlings, and orphans,
the second-class citizens,

but the shortage in cadavers
made doctors and students resort
to theft of the exhumed corpse.

To protect the dead, watchtowers were erected,
yet in our modern world,
the bodies of the living are daily snatched
in sexual slavery and trafficking organs.

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