Sound of Home
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The sneering snake hisses at its
Invisible, intimidating enemy.

A dog barks at
Nothing seeming to
See what we cannot
Fathom. Inconceivable,
Unincorporated hate rallies
At the cool blue crater of
A pool of crass exclamations screaming
“Boo! You crude, corrupt, corroded animal of
The sad system out of which you were birthed.”

A fish filters water through its gills yelling about
The ills that are plaguing our
Insufficient hours of sifting through media like
Instagram is a grain of sand and
Facebook is the filter. Filtered out and
About. Society rounds the astounding
Mounds. Piles of shit
We animals are climbing like
Our menial lives depend on it. The
Denial we are all in that
Life is a lie. But God IS
Real. What we feel comes out of instinct, and
We make up a precinct of flat Stanleys’ trying to
Find our purpose, but
We never will. Will
Is power and
Power is knowledge and
You don’t ever know what
You’re talking about. A tide rising on a
Shore falls back lacking the
Wit it needs to stay put. The door is
Wide shut. Eyes filled with grit. And,
Crawling out of your gut is
A sprawling, silky spider only wanting to
Weave a dome of web that we can
All call home.