

Desolation Works
(In memory of Frank Rutledge)

The mighty engine
That churned through days and darkness
Now is still,
Its billowing steam reduced
To rivulets
Of sorrow.
The forge that wrought such work
With smoke and raging fire
Stands cold,
Black
And empty.
A great door is rolled to,
Like a rock,
With a groan,
Slammed shut,
And padlocked.
We mill about
Murmuring tearfully,
Lost children
Looking for our cheerful homes,
Listening for the voices of our loved ones.