

Lines Written in a Low Mood

Henry Greenberg

We live black forever in a hate
So blinding that it kills all hope:
A hate that makes us bleed
And scream in an anguish known
Only to the bleak regions of dark.
Why are we not what we ought to be?
Why, like foul farm animals,
Do we claw and dig in a filthy yard?
We are the decayed teeth of time;
We are a dream unfulfilled and dead.

