

## Boulevard

An apology for a drunken typo is  
Just a symptom of our weaknesses  
We stay up too late at night and alone  
Hoping to still live forever  
Letting loneliness, alcohol  
And wondering where God went  
Confound our reach for the firmament

So, I'll call myself "we" in my writing  
Hoping someone out there will hear me  
Suspended twixt insufficient  
Introspection and  
Unbid glimmers of futility  
Now that  
There's unending war  
Despots galore  
International kleptocracy  
Openly molding our fates

We fit in, abandon  
Our most humane traits  
Inured to the plight of the weak  
Instead of helping, look away  
Thinking only of Us  
Spell Boulevard "Boulevard"  
While others won't feel what I fear  
The number of the Beast on Fifth  
Murder in church  
America in bed with evil for Mammon  
So, print something, see  
This could be my last chance--  
No longer nigh, which Yeats did plead  
Maybe the rough beast is here

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