Violins

By Rowan Ricardo Phillips

He never saw a violin.
     But he saw a lifetime of violence.

This is not to presume
     That if he had simply seen

A violin he would have seen
     Less violence. Or that living among

Violins, as though they were
     Boulangeries or toppling stacks

Of other glazed goods like young adult
     Fiction, would have made the violence

Less crack and more cocaine,
     Less of course and more why god oh why.

More of one thing
     Doesn’t rhyme with one thing.

A swill of stars doesn’t rhyme
     With star. A posse of poets doesn’t rhyme

With poet. We are all in prison.
     This is the brutal lesson of the 21st century,

Swilled like a sour stone
     Through the vein of the beast

Who watches you while you eat;
     Our eternal host, the chummed fiddler,

The better tomorrow,
     MMXVI.

Notes:
FOR POL STUDENTS: In regards to "MMXVI" either the Roman numerals or the year may be recited.