

Ask Not For Whom the Bell Curves

What kind of bell would one design today
To sound the dread "Unclean!" of leprosy?
A matron's ordinary dinner bell,
There being now no servants to confuse?
Bright harness bells alert to any twitch?
A little replica of the immense
Tzar Kolokol outside the Kremlin wall,
As if to warn pandemics threaten? AIDS
Mutated, maybe; spore of some typhoid
From drag queen Mary; airborne syphilis,
Or fatal acne. Carville, Molokai...
Resurgent in the place names' sounding bronze
From land to sea the sunken bell of myth
Re-activates its clapper. On our doors
The Xs, death in any bell that tolls.