

Madness of a Dying Age

By David C. Brydges

There is a voice that doesn't use words, listen.
Rumi

The true word of eternity is spoken only in the spirit of that man who is himself a wilderness.

Thomas Merton: *Cables to the Ace*

Singular, solitary voice streaked with anger
echoes through the vanishing point
where sanity once stood alone.
Sincere words spoken in the wilderness
from someone who is wilderness.

Food for the Gods delayed in transit by angels,
whose rusted wings are broken from inaction.
Once golden age, heaven, and earth had a high
way of transcendental traffic.

Raids on the unteachable, holy perfume
bottles leaking madly in modern minds,
unable to erase the scent of secular sewage.
The solitude of ironic intimacy knows more
about the world by not being in the world.
Your books' latent lightning rests in dark corners
of impotent libraries burning with irrelevance.

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Someone invents a new app to design a soul.
A correctly computed algorithm developed by
Google engineers in secret “Sinicon Valley” laboratory.
Robotics, Virtual Reality, and Artificial Intelligence,
Techno-Frankensteins unleashed into the human zoo.
Merton screams, where is real intelligence?

World one big megaphone of inhumanities
rioting, protests, ills of injustice, police brutality,
bleeding black communities to death.
Another deceased father never to take his
daughter to the swimming pool.
Merton weeps for the fallen innocent,
raises his blazing words in social solidarity.

While nature vacations from capitalism’s noisy busyness,
it emerges post-pandemic looking for silence.
Merton’s ears know white whispering winds,
blowing through the cells of someone in a cell.

Hiding deep in rare white pine old-growth forests,
waiting for the teeth of chainsaws to teach submission,
trees once towering in magnificence have only
stumps to mark their graveyard and grace.
While mercy never left, the earth counts its deaf casualties.