DIALOGUE: YEAR 2010

Where are the animals?
Their multifarious, mellifluous voices?
The rumbles and bays
barks and moos
meows and hisses
and whinneys
honks and squeaks
and songs and clicks and squawks and bellows and trumpets and neighs
and all that glorious howling?
The cries and the whispers?

We made them scream in terror, groan in agony
until the only whimper left is ours
and ours is the only scream.

Where are the animals?
Their multitudinous forms
furred and horned
cuddly and sleek?
the colors of rainbows and of old leaves;
padded, cloven, flippered, clawed, fingered and webbed and hooved;
the clowns and the majestics?

We got rid of them for fun.
We ate them.
We wore them.
We hung them on our iridescent walls made of artificial board.
We ground them up and fed them to
the ones we ate,
the ones we wore,
the ones we hung on our iridescent walls made of artificial board.

Where are the animals?
Their loving-wise, haunted-hunted eyes?

We bloodied them,
blinded them,
in-toxic-ated them
and one by one
we put them all out.

Where are the animals?
We are lonely.

Yesterday, in the mirror of Creation
we saw only ourselves.
Today, there is only ourselves to see.

Where are the animals?
Are we left then with only our own voices?

Not to worry!
The screech and the grating of our machines
drown the sounds of our own whimpering.

Where are the animals?
Are we alone
with our own image
staring
back
at us
from the pool in the Wilderness?
Where are the animals?
Why aren't the species speciating?

They are there:
terror-free in un-bound repose
in the womb of eternity,
their eyes being their own again,
they watch us;
they wait
for us to finish our own destruction,
when it will be safe for them to be born once more.

PAULETTE CALLEN