

The Elders

by HR Harper

... smile insouciantly,
though they sweeten the day
when you walk by and mostly
ignore their slow movements.
You catch their eyes briefly
and you both nod as though
some recognition were possible.
They've tricked you.
You think their smile is a form of ignorance.
But behind your back they gather
to laugh at your own end,
at the destruction of ego
to come in the fire they fuel
quietly.
They move slowly
so you will not notice
this rebellion
in their disappearing bodies.