

And All Shall Be Well by Pat Wadsworth

eight hundred dead dolphins
off the coast of Peru
a raft of seals and pelicans too
climes once ephemeral as Shangri La
Kuala Lam Pur, Katmandu, and Timbuktu
quick-spun into twenty-four-seven news
shrinking a once immeasurable world

sacred landscapes of the body electric
cat-scanned, MRI'd and sonagramed ad nauseam
remote controlled drones transmit their sightings
cleverly captured on capsule sized cameras
from down the throat or up from the rectum
erasing all traces of once blissful ignorance
any lingering remnants of childlike belief
in the elegant body's pluperfect performance

negating Mother Nature's cool healing hands
or an omniscient Father's blessed assurance
in the face of unendurable suffering and pain
the solemn promise
that all shall be well
and all shall be well
and all manner of things
shall be well

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