

Dump at the Bardo

Climate talk is ardent but familiar.  
Injunctions to love one's neighbor  
as oneself are too heavy,  
the wisdom needs some levity.  
In the Bardo one slides around the afterlife.  
Angels can be amiable and avoid strife  
Or exterminating angels can crash down  
to earth to ease the passage past renown.  
Dump at the Bardo seems surprised  
His bloody hand keeps getting reprised.  
Jilly of the mob presides near his deathbed  
and oil tycoons urge him to quickly cash in.  
We keep vigil hoping for good news  
To arrive in time to help those  
Who are on a Dump list to go to heaven  
Before Dump goes down sinfully leaven.

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