

## Materialism

by Sue Babcock

A scarab rustles, a harbinger  
of intrigue, a black ossified  
ballerina on point. It pirouettes,  
it pliés, it dances beneath sands  
quaking from age, a horror beneath  
centuries of guileless screams.

I hear it stumble, I know it is near.  
No fancy attar or perfume can  
cover its scent of death, its  
smell of decay, rotting as it gnaws  
on the knuckles of Atlas,  
destroying a delicate world.

Today I saw it peer from a hole  
dug up from the darkest depths.  
An angry demon bent with ancient  
demands in an electronic world. More,  
more, we cry. Always wanting  
more, always transforming new to  
newer as our hunger destroys us.