ADDED ENTRIES

Inaugural
by Peter McDonald

Ask not
why in the subway
the old man sleeps in the cold

Nor why
the child’s back
is pocke[d with phosphorus burns

Ask not
why bloated fish die
floating on rivers of foam

Nor why
a nine caliber bullet
ripped rapper Ray-Z’s throat

Ask not
why the leopard pads
through stumps by a dry logging road

Nor why
nine body bags
lie rain soaked by the troop plane home

Ask not
why the convict tycoon
smokes hand-rolled cigars in the exercise yard

Nor why
in bleak February
pipes freeze in the projects impoverished

Nor why
such a cold rage seers
the heart with self-inflicted burns

Nor why in the end
the thorn-crowned man
hangs so helpless on a gibbet-splintered pole