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## Rhetorical Question

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frothing

dizzy  
calls my name

dizzy  
never left

dizzy  
dreams

## Rhetorical Question

Alexander Knightwright

Do you know me  
    Little Apes?  
I am old  
Old as life  
Old as death  
    (Which should be obvious if you stop  
    To think for a second).

I have walked with you  
    On the path of life  
    Walked it with you  
    To the end  
        And kept on walking, leaving you behind.

Seen but unseen,  
Heard only in those rare moments of clarity  
    In your requiems  
        In your screams  
            In your final breath  
Felt in your heart of hearts,  
    But never truly known.

I have walked with you  
    In your cities  
    And your fields  
        Silent man  
        All in black  
        Silver scythe  
        Upon my back  
Swinging a briefcase with the rest of you  
    And whistling a merry tune

Because I *know* your cities  
    I was there  
    When the first ape  
    Laid one stone upon another  
        And called it Home.

(And I was there

When that same stone  
Fell on that same ape  
And broke his toes.  
He screamed a lot  
And ran off a cliff.  
He died, of course,  
And I was there to see it).

But I digress.

I *know* your cities

I am in them

In fire and gas and gang and

Out-of-control-taxicab plowing onto a busy sidewalk

And all my faces

Waiting

Watching

Working

And walking with you

Swinging my scythe

Singing my song

And smiling all the while.

I walk with you

In fields and far places

In desolate spaces

All natural

One-hundred-percent organic

Zero carbohydrates

Zero grams trans fat

Zero survivors.

Run, run as fast as you can

I'll keep walking

With you every step of the way

These boots were *made* for walking

And walking's what they'll do

One of these days these boots are going to walk right

Over there, over there

Send the word to beware

Because I'm not bound by fences

Or oceans

Or lines on a map.

I walk with your rulers

A plague a' both your White House

None are beyond my reach.

I walk with them

Step by step

Side by side

Singing, smiling, and swinging my scythe

A metal smile and a bone smile

Together with you walking.

I walk with you

Among my walking field

## Knightwright: Rhetorical Question

Seven billion stalks of wheat  
And I the old farmer  
    Scythe in hand  
        Bringing in the harvest  
            Little apes howling their sorrows  
                As the blade cuts deep.

Hewn in twain, they rise  
    Borne aloft on the scything wind  
        Then fall  
Down, down, down, down  
    To earth  
    A shower of dry stalks  
    Set aflame in sunlight  
        Sparks of gold  
        Upon the cold  
            Dying into earth

Trod beneath the Reaper's feet  
To rot beneath the field  
And rise again,  
    To fall again,  
        Again,  
            Again. . .

*But what a fall!*

The russet tassels cast skyward by curved steel  
    Reach the zenith in a blaze of light  
    The sun's warmth upon them  
        In them  
        Sustaining them  
            All the way down to the cold, cold earth  
            Burning inside with life.

That is beauty,  
    Little Apes.  
I live for it  
    (or do I? I digress again)  
I live for it  
You die for it, of course,  
    But who's to quibble  
I walk with you  
    Through the field  
        And you fall in beauty  
            And I keep walking.

Beauty is deathly  
    Death is beautiful.  
Do you know me,  
    Little Apes?  
I am the smiling one  
    The singing one  
        The scything one  
            The Reaper.

I walk in beauty.