

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Dylan Brody: “Let Rocks Their Silence Break”

Dylan Brody · Wednesday, January 7th, 2015

Dylan Brody is the author of the YA title *A Tale of a Hero and The Song of Her Sword* and his newest title, the comedic novel *Laughs Last*. He has also released five CDs—*Writ Large*, *Chronological Disorder*, *A Twist of the Wit*, *Brevity*, and *True Enough: Dylan Brody Live*. He recently performed on stage with David Sedaris in Pasadena, CA.

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### Let Rocks Their Silence Break

This nation is a shining city  
on a crumbling hill,  
well polished, clean-swept  
skyscrapers on fault lines,  
elegant architecture reaching  
heavenward from cut-corner foundations  
riddled with root rot,  
tremulous and ripe for liquefaction.

This nation is the beauty of nostalgia,  
romantic in a make-believe of memory,  
unsightly wrongs committed, bombs dropped  
like coins through open fingers,  
slaughter and genocide trifles of housekeeping,  
dust bunnies all, tucked beneath tapestries  
picturesque yarn to illustrate manifest history  
as noble destiny woven tight, so dense  
no cold light penetrates.

This nation is radio vitriol  
demanding accountability  
and denying responsibility,  
prodding, provoking, calling for blood,  
while disavowing the dagger,  
dismissing the prints, suppressing  
the irrefutable: talk makes millions  
violence comes cheap.

This nation is a self-congratulatory Prius driver  
on a traffic-stagnant freeway screaming  
into the ass of the herd  
without a compass or a map,  
mistaking activity for action,  
motion for movement,  
anger for rightness

This nation is a thousand denominations  
claiming the path  
howling blame  
pointing and pointless  
in the name of their many Gods  
each the One and none for all.

This nation is warm  
morality plays in forty-four minute video hours  
proving crooks are caught, and good prevails,  
droning bedtime tales to soothe us all  
to sleep on stainless sheets untroubled  
by the nagging alarm of conscience.

This nation is a twelve year old boy  
with a swastika tattoo and a handgun collection,  
a teenage daughter with an eating disorder  
and twenty-four point three million parents  
who never saw an indication anything was wrong.

This nation is sixteen self-loathing artists  
blaming the chain for the shackles  
of their coffee habit poverty,  
staggering to the well of the muse  
drawing up a leaking bucket  
and casting wild the contents because

this nation is parched for inspiration.

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