

final draft

for Aleppo and other ruins

sewing the days
with a thread of sobs
the tarnished human voice
the people name but never call themselves
all you need is some ID
to pay for the storm's thousand lashes

blade in the skin of the left-behind
the world that embraces me is the one that wounds
it wounds
acid ink that haunts the margins

the world wounds
it oozes
when the soldier's palm caresses metal

tears on the house
sadness in Aleppo and its crop of eyes

shore of hacked up hopes
we are crossing an era
that writes itself out
with clumps of mad grasses
dreary seasons
hailing our retinas' fall

The dreams sleep naked so the graves have clothes.
Tomorrow is ashamed of breaking its shells. Hope
is hot beer poured onto a hangover. Tomorrow is
for the young, they say. But hush up. Children are
dying in the day's soft chop, children are dying from
a fiery hunger. From cancer of the brain or cancer of
the mind, they're dying. They die totally frozen
inside the sun of a vicious world.
There is no parenthesis for death.

rainbow lanes
through the rough waters of history
we are not the nightmare's sperm
in humanity's pupils
not just a clod of earth
our heads
aren't uncomplicated pebbles
our heads
aren't pebbles without speech
but
the world swallows us
like an army of dust
that only finds safety
in the hands of the wind

We drink up death with no glass spasm, ignoring
all the while however the taste of carcass. One
carcass, two carcasses, some carcasses. We love
taking account, we are learning how to count. One
hundred people disappeared near here, a thousand
killed over there, three thousand collapsed in a
distant island cliff. It's forgotten instantly if it's not
forgotten soon. We spit on life, pare the skin off
history with the blades of ego, we really only know
how to spit.

(lineation change)