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|  We’ve SeenThe walls, the holes from explosionsBig enough for a soldier to walk throughWith an infant.This is the city. These are its arches,Hungry old stones. OneCould be a woman with an 8 a.m. beer.A few more could be a cause. Another isThe cost of medicine. Sick, sick. OpenYour mouth. Pour this down. Maybe it’sEmpty. Maybe that’s imagined. PryEyes. Stand you up, & keep standing…Standing by, withstanding-----How long? OGood stones, we’ll light a candle, setA plate, have a cemetery picnicTender as a hyacinthIn some soldier’s hand |  |