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| We’ve Seen    The walls, the holes from explosions Big enough for a soldier to walk through With an infant.  This is the city. These are its arches, Hungry old stones. One  Could be a woman with an 8 a.m. beer. A few more could be a cause. Another is  The cost of medicine. Sick, sick. Open Your mouth. Pour this down. Maybe it’s  Empty. Maybe that’s imagined. Pry Eyes. Stand you up, & keep standing…  Standing by, withstanding----- How long? O  Good stones, we’ll light a candle, set A plate, have a cemetery picnic Tender as a hyacinth  In some soldier’s hand |  |