

Year of The Child

shells still rip
the fabric of night
light rushes through holes
with a voice of storm

the rain
that has pursued us
now for months
falls lifeless at our feet

The night is filled with tongues
there are no ears

It is slow

like this

These arms that drape around my neck
are sticks
 brittle like kindling
The hands
thin like bird talons
 without that strength
no longer reach for the tin strips
dangling from my ears

It is slow

like this
his head is heavy against my breast
my empty dug
He does not even touch them now

His eyes
grown large in skin
shrunk tight to his skull
stare always at some point
I cannot discern

He does not cry
and only his chest moves
sometimes
with little breath

It is slow

like this

—*Hugh G. Anderson*