

Bless

For my descendants

Setting:: our ancestral surroundings.

The children say– *your fingers hold our names.*

Name us. Dented and limbering
the body folds into cradle

inside the bulletted trunk. The gunshots consumed

by the distance of our horizons.
The future a char.

A silhouette against a vanishing light.

War is a hand fighting the other
for pulse until the throat

flows the tongue with a religion song.

Outside the train, underneath the bled,
the children have begun their day.