

REALITIES AFAR

a toddler cradled	how do we live
no clasped in desperate arms	distance relegates the wise to words while our actions afar drop a coin but never a tear
his bicep quakes	
he knows how ill-suited his talent, his skill, is to pierce slender veins	the page, the tube, each muffles the anguish fixed for feast
the screams mingle in your dreams when they pile the tears in our ears	sisters and brothers bombs don't hold prejudice all blood smears
her bones glisten under folds of red	shells splatter metal scatters the drums thunder the chorus of war the pleas of dying dreams
out the dusty window she doesn't see the crimson sun beseech the shallow moon	the ratings feed this regime to entertain the loss of pain
once again sleep falters night sings the shells throb	shinning on our crystal screens to tempt our apathy
the toddler thrashes in a basket crib for potatoes	her fingers clench a doctor's cuff asking the question every child should
she knows no other song these drums to the dead spit concrete and dread	why