

Warfare

on the same grass
where i lost myself
i look to a corner of light
the winter is only getting colder
so my mind rummages
who were you before this
engulfing
unfamiliarity
even to your own breath
that used to smell of jasmine

just like home

now withering into
ash

still like home

laying down in pieces
my bones have never felt any
more

familiar

than

this

last time i said
i look up to the sky for
answers
now that same sky is
failing me
i miss my mother
so much that even language
staggers

there is no solace there

i have learned that loss
our loss
is permanent
and that no God thought of us
unlike what we've been told
as Gaza's children
and that the coyotes never left
even though our flesh is still
the same
all my life
i've been lost

where are you, Sun

now that the smell of smoke
somehow
has found its way back home
into my lungs