

Who Wears The Mantle Of War

Poems

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I will pick up the dust in
a swift scoop-from where
the stars fell and step out,
of the shadows of light.

A dÃ©tente begins, between
the limbs and eyes, to hold
in check the flames
licking the doors.

How far was the moon
beyond the money's reach? The
man has bared the-
earth's womb, with skulls questioning.

The sucked out blue lake
runs for the shade of wandering
clouds. We divide the thick
silence with unspoken abuses.