

## Small things

You believe small things keep you safe:  
prayers like the Japanese tie to trees,  
clasp of your child's hand,  
angels at the gates of your city,  
schedules of commuter trains.

Until the blasted church,  
machete massacres,  
the rush hour bombs on subways,  
carnage that is the failure of love.  
Clothed in our convictions,  
we feel our brains slip,  
in every bone the fossil of murder,  
illness we cannot vomit up,  
a hurt so fierce it takes more than  
all human grief to beat it down.

We see the exact perspective of  
loss as a fading pencil study,  
loved one's features blur, smudged detail,  
clouds of centuries pass over the image,  
through cross-hatched strokes  
only a wrist in forced memory remains,  
a hand caressing.

In the archives of accusations,  
vengeance and the unforgiven,  
we are nailed together, flying the black  
flag of ourselves.

The farmer continues to till his fields.  
In the city we awaken, turn off alarm clocks,

drink our coffee, kiss our lovers and children,  
begin again at the train stations, at bus stops,  
briefcases in hand.

In deafness to political speech  
the eye permits change.  
You imagine words fit for a newborn.

Touch me. In the burned city,  
we have become beautiful.

Love's no secret now.

