

Sacrifice

by Gary Hardaway

Try as I might, I cannot keep
the bodies of the murdered buried.

They rise up, a sullen, sorrowful
army of reproach, staring,

stone-faced but eyed with fire.

They return to remind me of my heritage

built on the backs of orphans,
slaves, and concubines.

The towers rise atop the driven piles of corpses.
A smug arrogance solidifies as skylines.

