

sunflower 9

by Bobbi Lurie

he paused and groped
put the glass back safely in its place
i tried to release my hand from his
his grip grew tighter hands a replacement for eyes
no necessity to break it so gently
i mean i barely eat
he detected my uneasiness
the loss of self-image
nameless grave is this life
my end would be violent
no time for confession
he spoke as if reading aloud
born to be mistreated by beasts in human shapes
racial hatreds
remembrance of times past made me feel weak
the boundless arrogance of survivors...
movement so pathetically helpless
boundary of light and shadow is an inner façade
unreal insubstantial
earth peopled with mystical shapes
soothsayers and fortune-tellers
we drove past vast fields of wheat
all the way we could hear their screams and groans
conversation full of stupid phrases he had taken from newspapers
prisons filled with murdered men
there were deaths
on the pavement was the body of a woman
two children one weeping
carefully preserving all her prescriptions

