

Waiting for a Terrorist

by Lori Lou Freshwater

Tents staked in desert land, a muted building
of parched earth, in a thirty year old city with a napalm
birth, they wait among gravestones in the sand.

Gypsies don't roam, children play in dust, illusions
of home. A woman teaches without books, invisible
unless sand floors turn black, turn into liquid money.

The thousand-mile wall holds. *We want to go home,*
not until they own oil or terrorists. Nations clamor
for phosphate and fish, families live a barren existence.

In a London room an electric guitar screams Saharan
poetry across the street from a market waiting for sardines,
gathered from stolen sea. Seven hundred miles from a Saharawi

woman who rations water for children too large for her breasts.
Eighty miles away the sun has moved, a tourist turns her back
for a more exquisite angle, as ocean laps a canary island.

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