

we're already at the movies

by M. F. Sullivan

israeli flares light gaza
casting incandescent nudity
upon jumbled puzzle piece buildings.

helicopters and arabic murmurs
and the blowing of desert wind
are paused by a horn, a singing voice.

people there are bracing
and i brace with them
from behind the safety of the cosmic consciousness
as transmitted through wireless routers.

i brace with them,
because sides don't matter.
people matter.

but the best i can offer
is empathy
because america and i
would rather sit comfortable at home
in the light of television,
instead of rockets.

america and i
would rather hear through the news
see in a stream
the tragedies of second worlds.

america and i drain a beer,
and prayers give way again
to the stifling hum of silence;

later broken by the streak of a jet,
the crescendoing bursts of an airstrike,
and my exhalation of gratitude.

