

# 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.

