

Refugees

by Tim G. Young

The war wouldn't be described in traditional terms
its stench, though rose all too familiar
clinging by its fingertips
to ruined limbs

It's dark night when cannon blasts
shatters all other sounds
robbing even the rich
of their peace

Look out the window
take a deep breath
and senses will
descend to the dungeons

Somebody left CNN on all night long
until the news cycle flipped, crashed
and burned
in its own ruins

Voices carried into the dawn
and lodged themselves
in cantaloupe breakfast ears
wringing with sweat
melting wax like candles
in the rain

It was far too late for
conversations, it was far too late
for observations, it was too late

to be early so late, so late

Mama looked into the mirror
and smoothed her hair
her eyes sore and bloodshot
the reflection cracked, ragged
and washed out

Running up the stairs the
younger brother tripped on a million
lost memories
packed away centuries ago
when the air was clear

The older brother ran his fingers through
his hair lifting the dust
and detritus gathered there
and washed his hands
in the toilet

Households vanished like stars at dawn
families carried burdens on their backs
more than a million miles
and not a dollar earned

And yet earth still spun
sun still shone
rain still fell
heaven still hell

