

Between Wars

A silver crown of flies turns above the mare's head.
Her ears twitch, each on its own, at the least touch of wind.
Fire burns us all, but some more slowly than others. Than the next.
The sky, reflected in a tire track's blank and stagnant water, is
poker-faced.
If a thing can be thought it can be invented. Go ahead and say it:
The bodies in the mass grave look like bodies in a mass grave.
You are embarrassed for them: the entwined limbs, this one face-down
In the crotch of that one, that one's skirt hiked up around her armpits,
The haphazard, unseemly tumble of it all.
Like you, I am dismayed how the unthinkable is always thinkable.
Like you, I am in the midst of a long convalescence. Would you like to
redress them?
Comb the girl's hair? Cover up the boy's gouged skull with a cap?
I will say nothing about how the mud and blood are interchangeable,
about the stink.
Horseshit dries in the sun: grainy, sage-tinged oats, savory like a
shovelful of turned earth.