

*Moment*

Just now, as I'm listening to the rain plink off the rim of the down-spout,  
she is walking toward the embassy,

the explosives hidden beneath her clothing, swaddled against her belly,  
warmed by her heat.

As I riffle through pages and pages of poems in Machado's *Times Alone*  
in search of the golden wind

that quickens words like *jasmine*, *lemon*, in Tuzla a young girl watches  
a man stumble to his knees

at the edge of a field, his hands tied behind him, and already she hears  
the clink of the shovel

that will uncover his bones and those of the other men two winters and one  
harvest hence.

Listening and muttering, riffling and watching, I look up, startled to hear  
soaking into the stones at the edge

of the woods, *Cocoon! Cocoon!* the call of a dove, so murmurous and clear  
I could follow it gladly

into silence and green shade. *Not now*, I tell myself. *Not now*. Ask first  
what it is such silence mystifies.

Who it implicates, who protects. What it refuses, what construes.