

## Sewing

*such eyes the widows in Corioli wear*  
—William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

Behind headlights drawing darker  
night against the snow  
he regrets saying *Kind of like*  
*Afghanistan* aloud.

How to explain to his mother  
and grandmother in the otherwise  
silent heat of the car that suddenly  
it had been spring for days

he heard the water running out,  
dirty snow returning to mud,  
Humvees crawling thick tread  
into the cliff road. Helicopters always

close—far—thrumming  
hornets caught in the valley's  
cupped hands, and Steve Prescott  
swiveling the mounted Ma Deuce

and saying every so often  
*feels like I cheated on my wife and*  
*now I gotta give her flowers—*  
even though the hit had been another

team, and we were only stacking  
sewing machines outside houses  
with un-glassed windows  
like blank stares accepting

a world where widows sew  
their children clothes with needles

left behind by the men  
who killed their husbands.

*It's just—we had to do a lot  
of slow driving at night in the snow.*