

Grieving

It's possible that every imagined figment
in my head has trickled down in the heritage
of my dead & buried lives, those of this
same soul. I see myself—or someone's

self—wounded at a battle front, unfolding
in a moment-long collapse, though I sense
a century of exacting gravity pressed
into this vision. His extremities lay

branded in the tinted cruelty, his lungs
barely limping past the limit of life.
The strength in his one body found
itself dismantled before the unveiling

of a violent face. From muscle to marrow,
he was torn & worn by this tortured, weary
war. He knew pain as his waking hours,
knew how shackled strife made us all,

lives past & predicted. He looked like
he was screaming, but the sole vacuum
of silence eclipsed his voice. In my head,
he was screaming one of two words:

“Please” or “Peace.”