

Song in the Shape of the West Bank

This is a new language in which *home* makes no sound.

Violence whimpers his tune, hollow,  
and inside, story-caked hands push muddied  
earth into mounds tall enough to be  
temples  
which will burn before there is time  
to fall to our knees  
as we thought we would.

Something between a monument and a gravestone  
is a song,  
Somewhere between a country and a family is an  
army.

There are ways to rewrite a song from memory,  
but only if it is made slick, made to glisten with lush pain,  
only if it will slide through war's graceless chasms

and return,  
triumphant as spit in  
the mouth of the desert,  
and sing what we knew  
before to be true,  
but have since forgotten.

Someone between a mother and a child is an  
accomplice,  
Someday between war and peace is a  
battlecry:

I will lie in wait forever and  
I will scream my throat bloody.  
The song of home lives inside this small temple of myself.  
This is an old language in which death has no  
nation.