

Fallujah (11/8/04)

by [Janeal Turnbull Ravndal](#) in the [November 4, 2008](#) issue

On lines near maple's blaze I pin our flowered sheets.
Spilled gold speaks, crisp, under my feet.
Above: bare branches, birdsong, blue.

Today in your streets our blasts of *heavy metal* boom,
drown out all calls: to arms, to prayer.
And I am so ashamed. Brave Sister,

Are you still standing, hanging out white linen, black robe,
putting on the line what is clean, lifting it
into whatever sun shines there today?