

## **Recalling Yeats, Learning of the Mass Shootings in El Paso and Dayton, Rocking Our Son Back to Sleep**

by [Josh Dugat](#) in the [September 2022](#) issue

The lips of the angels  
Blister and flame.  
Their mouth pieces painful  
From trumpeting name

After name. They lay down  
Their horns and the dead  
Still arrive, dying to drown  
Out the hush in their heads

That would crush paradise.  
You have their hymns  
In your skin memorized,  
Spilling your lungs and your limbs.

You don't sleep. You don't sleep.  
Your delicate chest  
How it wails and it weeps  
That overcome angels might rest.