

Children of War

by [Robert Morrison Randolph](#) in the [August 2025](#) issue

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Their hands reach to you
through the rain. All their horizons are lonely.
Their bones are made of broken light.
Their fingers are made of forgotten distances.
Their breaths go thinner than all colors.

There is a stone full of fire opening
into the cold night. This is the world of their death.
Their heartbeats fall through the moon.
Now you can never hold them in your arms.
Now they cannot touch you.