

Nonviolence

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No one knows why we're at war. At twilight,
a child—I cannot say if a boy or girl—shrieks
at the fire-stars flowering over the city. I close

the shades despite a quarter cup of streetlight
shining on the sill like spilled oil. Why wage
war without just cause—war for nought?

Already past nine o'clock, almost too late
for an evening walk, I carry my telephone
to pray aloud with my blind grandmother.

A change of plans—instead, I shall walk
in the dark as she does, even at midnight,
deciphering the soundscape like scripture.

Picture, she echoes. Rather, scripture this,
I say. In the night, we see with our ears
the sky white in a flash of phosphorus.