It is as if inside the holies
is the holy of holies, that second
moving tent of fellowship that
strangers make in a city when
it rains; the umbrellas pop
open and then the bodies move
in the way of the righteous
and unrighteous enacting
the shifting tent of those who
have suffered together, starved
together, betrayed together,
and grow in the calluses of scarred
wounds together and in secret.

Today, I read of the refugees
who are constantly fleeing their
villages in northern Africa,
and returning, how casually
they have learned to abandon
the half and old, those they
love deeply. But this is normal,
how to survive. We call
the pragmatics of survival
a shelter—like these umbrellas
cover the just and the unjust, alike.
When Light Leaves Her Eyes

Who owns you?
There is in the eyes
of those who have
lost the bodies
of their impossible
loves, the young
uniformed perfection
of youth, dead
before the inevitable
corruption of time,
there is in the eyes
of those who have
lost this love to
the vagaries of war,
the drugged look
of those whose
light has faded.
What has been
taken from you,
it is this that
owns you, and
you, shell of all
joy, must walk
through this city
as beautiful as
the last summer
flowers.