

## a poem that cajoles my mother into a smoke as an invaded country

everything that ever exists has a beginning. it begins with an ache below the belly of my country: the first sign of a terrorist invading. & i have come to learn, pain is pestilence. another terrorist sneaks into the country's forehead, then awakens the people in the chamber with an holocaust until twinge leaches out of their bodies. so, who else does not know how bullet rives the bone? for a patient to be saved, doctors must eulogize death with scalpels, & so for soldiers singing their country into song, where pallets fly. before my country becomes a flickering candle, we have become matches solidating bullets into the bodies of these invaders through the mouth of a rifle. in this battle, i trust no one, not even the bullets that backstab me. imagine stoning palm trees, but it keeps growing, & renders your bo(d)y inanimate. who can tell how war will end, if you can tell how it starts? what a pity! my brother says he is strong enough to win a war(d). & i watch ward let him into its cavern, after the war broke his bones, then vomit him as a cadaver. in this poem, we, the soldiers, become refugees. & my country becomes smoke cascading into the atmosphere. we only see her emitting, but we never see her coming back to us. say, those who lose their everything, mother, to the hand of war, may she & you & we find peace. say, may grievance never mold our bodies into abodes.