

Even the Land Did Not Escape

What the grass witnessed,
what the water absorbed,
what the rocks took in, remains.

Even the air remembers. Even the rain.

There were tears in the red dirt,
rivers running with blood.
Bodies bloated on the lakes.
Flowers opened, closed, fell.

All around, the scars of erosion,
ghosts of mahogany and fir.

In those hundred days
did anyone notice the terraced hills,
see the land alive with beauty and food?

Could anyone love the late slant of dusk,
the clear sea of stars,
praise the dawn, seeping
crimson across the sky?