

Kestrel

instead, it is dark

1944/2018

I woke to the dead
and was among them.

how this happened,
who did this to us

unaccountably
hatred glosses

and evidence belies.
ourselves but ourselves.

I'd gone to the corner
when the bakery opened,

mouthed regards
to a rare sun, and then suddenly—

though not—I remember
nothing else.

I feel around me now
and everyone's near

who waited for bread
or God one morning.

it's true I thought at the last
I heard something but didn't think

to turn, nor catch sight of,
nor glean time to.

