

Terroriste

There are eight bones in your wrist. Northern Crown
in the night sky above the birches. Yours are scattered

in the dirt. Coronation of some man's headship over you.

I'll keep these little joints from your hand I'll keep them
in my purse, in my pocketbook with this pistol, engraved

with all your names. It was all worth it. Even your blood
spilled from the gash under your rib, you would still say

It was all worth it. We will pour and pour, like fear
from Adam's mouth. I'm a partizan now and I hunt

with you in the thickets and through the crosshairs, turning
from slogans to murder and I have no regrets. What they say

about revenge is all wrong. We know this. The women who killed
went on to live a good long life, drinking brandy in the village,

the chickens running around her heart-shaped feet
Digging her toes into the dirt, under the shade of the apple trees.

Monster

I was looking for Golem. He stood round in the middle
Of the intersection and the sirens were calling as a man's
Voice echoed from the loudspeakers, telling us where to go
How to surrender. It was just a childhood game, you said,
A monster created by us, and let loose from our own dreams,
Not real. But here we are now, running the thoroughfare
Between my body and yours, trying to escape a country
Now at war. Again and again, bombardment of the same
Building, reconstructed in the image of God, dismantled
And rebuilt by hands that survived raid after raid. Imagine
You are an angel, standing at the top of the radio tower
And you could save us, would you? What would you say
Through the waves riding under the banked clouds of radio:
I loved you. Did you love me, too? Would you please stop
And let the monster be free? He only wants to sit beside us.
He only wants you to look him in the face and say, I believe.

The Stop

I thought there were four corpses of noblemen in the basement
Of the church But there are many times more than that. I can't
Remember each name and title, but I doubt they're all noble.

A woman drives my tram, #4. She has long brown hair, smooth
And reflecting the lights. She peers into the dark, careful
On the curves not to hit any pedestrians or passerby, I daydream

That I work this job. The country would let me, beg me,
But imagine what a mess I might make, stopping for everyone
Left behind and running to catch up, and then distracted by a rat

Swimming across the pond, who knows what I'd hit. His tiny
Paws were treading water and his whiskers bobbed above the algae
Like little antennas . I love the tram wires that intersect in a web

From building to building against the sky, one day roiling
With a storm, another day bright blue. And the people who live
In their apartments, well, you get to know them by sound

Their cough grown deeper in the chest, the baby's cry more
Frantic than before. When the people gather at the stop,
You can't tell who is who, each gripping their ticket, each one

Waiting for the weather to turn, the marriage to end, the tumor
To shrink at last. Where are we all going? An elderly woman
climbs the steep steps and we all get up to give her our seat,

gasping for breath.

The Fireman's Ball

In the cinema I was the only one. It was a comedy "Banned Forever" by the communists. I can never laugh at old movies,

Except when the room is full and everyone else is laughing.
My flat is next door to the prison where the Nazi's executed

Their prisoners, shot them against the wall of the inner courtyard.
I recognized it from history. The communists liberated the city

And then they did the same. Now it's covered in art, a man
Blowing bubbles from a wand, and you can see the outline

Of his penis behind his tight jeans. The bubbles say, *Everyone Invited! And come to the party, it's free! And Let's dance!*

There is a certain anticipation in every good comedy and tension
Builds to unbearable when you are alone and can't let it out.

The doctor called and said I have a rare genetic disorder, ligaments
in my neck are turning to bone, which may be the cause of my fainting.

Like Madeline in the childhood story, showing off her scar,
I'm most proud to tell my friends, *It can cause INSTANT DEATH!*

What do the living know about anything at all? Oh how we love
The suspense. Oh how we are dying to find out what happens next.