They Watch Beds burn. Sheets smolder. Ferocious flames fill the building. They devour. A red orange harvest leaves soot behind. It poisons the ground. This thick black ash. The dreadful dirt of destruction. The desolator of hope. Smoke bellows. Yellow curtains churn. Fan from one window. Blow outward and plots for escape. Powerful pop. Lumber lashes out. Breaks away.

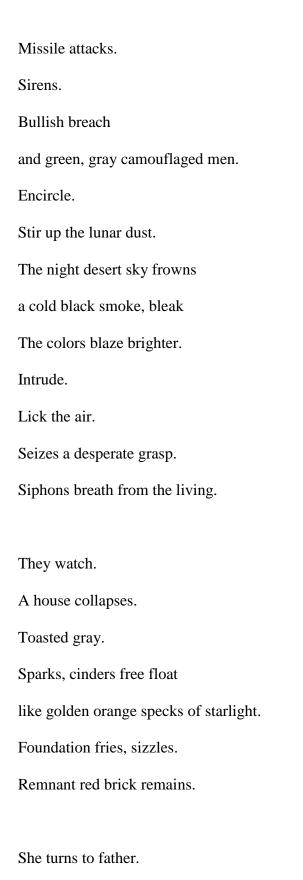
They watch.

Crushes to the street.

A six-year-old holds her father's hand.

Feels the tremendous hard heat

against her face.
Makes her eyes tear.
Her countenance sweats.
Glows a malicious moisture
that betrays.
Grandma peeks within
wrinkled fingers.
Covers her mouth
at the swiping of life's home.
Possessions pissed away
by the water
the small red fire engine hose.
Soot explodes.
Comes down like rain.
Jump back.
Cover heads and faces.
Their veils expose.
Hunch to the ground.
Hands to the sky.
They watch.
War bombs.



Tugs his hand.

Tugs his hand

some more,

"So if the beds burn

tonight.

Then father,

where do we sleep?"