

## **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.

Crushes to the street.

They watch.

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

Feels the tremendous hard heat

against her face.

Makes her eyes tear.

Her countenance sweats.

Glowing 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.

Missile attacks.

Sirens.

Bullish breach

and green, gray camouflaged men.

Encircle.

Stir up the lunar dust.

The night desert sky frowns

a cold black smoke, bleak

The colors blaze brighter.

Intrude.

Lick the air.

Seizes a desperate grasp.

Siphons breath from the living.

They watch.

A house collapses.

Toasted gray.

Sparks, cinders free float

like golden orange specks of starlight.

Foundation fries, sizzles.

Remnant red brick remains.

She turns to father.

Tugs his hand.

Tugs his hand

some more,

"So if the beds burn

tonight.

Then father,

where do we sleep?"