

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1

Gloria Mindock

SPEAKING OUT

The birds of El Salvador speak to one another wondering
if what they witnessed is a dream.

They don't know.

Bodies aren't moving and they see a feast of food waiting for them.
Maggots, flies, bugs of all sorts feasting...the birds swiftly dive in.

Today, when a refugee told me of the slaughter, I wrote a sonnet...
a love poem for the dead. Something for their souls to take
as they part with this earth.

I feel so empty because this harsh world doesn't speak to well.

ORCHESTRA

I don't think I understand who I am.
Bohemian girl who never sleeps.
Can I speak to you about my poetry?
Listen and you will hear new words
coming from my voice.

Such restless power taps at your window
on a quiet evening begging to be let in.
Curious, you sit down and read my dreams of regret.
Can you hear me screaming as this world
kills one another?

El Salvador, Rwanda, and Bosnia, I am your messenger.
A girl who talks every night to the stars.
One by one, they listen and are confused,
they die out without solution.
Four billion years and man is still igniting the shadows.