

Whispers of Wrath

Last night
a plastic our son
inside a bird enamored with deadly colored liquids
whispered peace dreams to our ears
and glided across the ever waiting seas to feed on unarmed
women.
It landed on sleepy birds crushing their children's dreams.

Our heads disorganized,
we rolled over to other right side and stared eternally at the
lifeless ceiling
wondering when he'd return from Baghdad.

--- Emmanuel Giambi

Palpitations

Yesterday in Chechnya,
millions of hail stones,

hasty rude winds, and a ball of liquid
missiles

came tumbling on things below.

Men raced for shelter leaving unwitting trees, grass and
metal to down their pain.

Yelping, clattering.

I peeped through my glass window to share their sorrow.

My breath halted when women shuffled into tents built
with American flag.

They did not weep or plead for truce.

--- Emmanuel Giambi