Al Wat Kind Is

They took all that was child
and in the dark closed room
visions of a ripe split melon
were at the tip of a knife
they held to the child's dry tongue.

All that was child
lies on the tarmac;
the intestines spill
like beans from a sack,
seaweed from the winter sea.

The bird of state has talons
and shit that drops like lead.
Its metal wings corrode the streets.
it hatches pools of blood.

A stone against a tank is a stone against a tank
but a bullet in a child's chest rips into the heart of the house.

But when in time the single stones
compact their weight and speed together,
roll up the incline towards the lamvanger's lair,
crushing sand into rock, rock into boulder,
boulder into mountain, mountain into sky.
then the lungs of the bird will choke.
the wings will blister and crack.
at last the eyes will glaze, defeated.

And this torn light,
this long torn light
will repair itself
out of the filaments of children.
and all that is child will return to the house,
will open the doors of the house.