

DONALD MORRILL

Enemy Infant

The red coals pouring into the infant's mouth

No

The infant's mouth in the raider who pours

No the mother gagged and forced to witness it

Then raped and shot the milk of her murder

No

The coals of revenge and the clans of clarity

The separatists the occupiers the old seeking wise silence

The infant's father staring out from whetted blades

The widower waiting tables for the nation of his exile

No

The infant grown up see how tall the night marching

See the gangs ground into rebels to season distant headlines

Azaleas bursting from palace barricades No

No only the infant

The infant and its wail was there ever such a peace