PHILIP METRES

# from "Air Aria"

Adele asks: *is that man crying*
*or singing*? How should I answer?

War takes him in its fingers,
raises his body, a punctured bone

flute, to its lips, and breathes
the living dust
to dust alone—

this is the air we scull & inhale
air of ancestors & ashpits

just five, the child's baptized into this
unhappiness:
she corrects the voices

she hears butcher
the name of the country she's never

seen—*it's "ear-rock,"*
*not "eye-rack."*