

Forbearance

You broke the bread,
it jingled like glass
the water ran off,
mercury over grass.
Straw of life, gasping for breath
breeze, a gentle breeze of death.

They were there before you.
marked, red, yellow, blue,
and drank the same water
silence after the slaughter.

They came at night,
went at night
full of grief.
You looked at them,
in unbelief.

Somebody calls in the wilderness.
You stand in the doorway
count your fingers.
while the passers-by linger
move crushed rocks to the valley,
with bleeding hands
while soldiers march the alley.

For your boots someone gave skin,
sheep are shorn once a year,
stones collected from the lynn,
shingles made from grown pear.
Who paid for you?
And, who will you repay?