

so which clock tower  
were you hung from,  
mouth agape in anguish

like the last foliate star?  
this light is one-eyed and  
you believe it is passing. on

stormy days, you can smell  
death besetting the streets —  
the children whisper of late

gods with such soft lips and  
pray to them with such small hands.  
do you feed your fathers? do

you eat after them? come,  
now listen to the neighborhood  
mourning its lost and dead.

listen to their furrowed prayers,  
their heaving sobs, their  
chants fighting back the dusk.

they will not sleep. they will  
not eat. nadir. nadir. nadir.