

# Refugees

by Tim G. Young

The war wouldn't be described in traditional terms  
its stench, though rose all too familiar  
clinging by its fingertips  
to ruined limbs

It's dark night when cannon blasts  
shatters all other sounds  
robbing even the rich  
of their peace

Look out the window  
take a deep breath  
and senses will  
descend to the dungeons

Somebody left CNN on all night long  
until the news cycle flipped, crashed  
and burned  
in its own ruins

Voices carried into the dawn  
and lodged themselves  
in cantaloupe breakfast ears  
wringing with sweat  
melting wax like candles  
in the rain

It was far too late for  
conversations, it was far too late  
for observations, it was too late

to be early so late, so late

Mama looked into the mirror  
and smoothed her hair  
her eyes sore and bloodshot  
the reflection cracked, ragged  
and washed out

Running up the stairs the  
younger brother tripped on a million  
lost memories  
packed away centuries ago  
when the air was clear

The older brother ran his fingers through  
his hair lifting the dust  
and detritus gathered there  
and washed his hands  
in the toilet

Households vanished like stars at dawn  
families carried burdens on their backs  
more than a million miles  
and not a dollar earned

And yet earth still spun  
sun still shone  
rain still fell  
heaven still hell

