

My Mother Also Weeps

(9/11/2001)

Today
my sisters were murdered
and though I am childless
I lost also my sons and daughters.
My mother lies in the rubble,
alongside my father and cousins,
her insides on the outside
like the gaping maw of my ache
that my friends and I share
and cannot console.

Everywhere around me I see
American flags displayed proudly
designating us verses them.

My angry brothers did this
have done this
for century upon century
building to a crescendo I fear
and grieve that I too
will be witness to another world war.
Another cycle
of families, countries and madre tierra demolished
destroyed
torn asunder
like my heart
that can find no solace
and makes the day to day living
somehow unreal.

I sit safely on my porch
and even the wind rustling through the leaves
sounds like grief.

I hear the universe wailing in the
thundering sky
and this evening
on a solitary farm in Wisconsin
Gaia weeps with me.