

"Untitled" By Michelle Belanger Moore

Hands will move to mend the cut  
Under the rib  
which Adam so generously handed her

And underneath the war paint  
The battle dress  
The call to arms  
which fixes itself so heavily, between lovers

There is a sap in it  
Running out its life  
In transit throughout the wound  
Moving over a compass  
Rusted away and  
Marking a garden swollen shut

with the history that they were clearing out plots  
Before the war was ever begun  
Before the man was named  
conceived

Dreamed up by a deity  
the girl thinks  
is proud of  
things the brave will do

She will never claim to know  
of noble sacrifice  
But nights now  
When the soldier is gone  
And the thought of miles of empty graves sickens  
And the fear moves  
Like electricity down her spine

She thinks of the older generations  
The quiet women  
And prays to have daughters