HAVEPOETRY.COM

DANIEL BORZUTZKY

LAKE MICHIGAN, SCENE 3

The bodies are on the beach
And the bodies keep breaking
And the fight is over
But the bodies aren't dead
And the mayor keeps saying I will bring back the bodies
I will bring back the bodies that were broken
The broken bodies speak slowly
They walk slowly onto a beach that hangs over a fire
Into a fire that hangs over a city
Into a city of immigrants of refugees of dozens of illegal languages
Into a city where every body is a border between one empire and another
I don't know the name of the police officer who beats me
I don't know the name of the superintendent who orders the police officer to beat me
l don't know the name of the diplomat who exchanged my body for oil
I don't know the name of the governor who exchanged my body for chemicals
The international observers tell me I'm mythological
They tell me my history has been wiped out by history
They look for the barracks but all they see is the lake and its grandeur the flowering gardens the flourishing beach
The international observers ask me if I remember the bomb that was dropped on my village
They ask me if I remember the torches the camps the ruins
They ask me if I remember the river the birds the ghosts
They say find hope in hopefulness find life in deathlessness
Locate the proper balance between living and grieving
I walk on the lake and hear voices
I hear voices in the sand and wind
I hear guilt and shame in the waves
I have my body when others are missing
I have my hands when others are severed
I hear the children of Chicago singing We live in the blankest of times