

# Ebola



This virus breaks every rule.  
Even schoolchildren know  
blood must stay inside,  
in the veins' narrow channels,  
and not overflow its banks.  
But this death unmakes every  
body, turns it inside out,  
a pocket emptied of change.  
Already, they are only half there,  
white outlines in the dust,  
memories beginning to fade.

Once, we held the dying  
in our strong arms,  
throwing open the window  
to welcome the last light,  
the river, still singing its song.  
Now the dying lie alone  
in their white plastic cubicles  
where no daylight can reach them.  
How will they find the river?  
The fire burns it all away.