

Glass Walls Do Not a Barrier Make

Put a glass wall to hide the truth; you can still see it.
Tear out the windows like black eyes, empty our sockets;
we are not blind to our situation.
Prop up the side of our house and declare it safe;
it will fall on us with the next light wind.
Chain the glass to poles, thinking it will stop winds;
the winds will simply cross over and topple us.
The island can rise up into the air, but it takes more
to help an island to repair itself, takes more
for people to pick up the splinters. Open a box,
and misery will go in the winds, perhaps, to you,

and if you wake up devastated, you will understand.
I would not wish this on anyone.
Tragedies do not make anyone stronger.
Tragedies are not some test of faith.
If you want to do something useful, do it quickly.
Otherwise, do not pretend my house is invisible,
when it is clearly behind a glass wall.
Do not pretend my house is suitable living conditions,
nor mistake the broken wood scattered everywhere
as edible, practical for repairs.
Certainly, do not think this is just a diorama
representing the worse of conditions.
Our lives are torn, blackened refuges.
As the wind goes so too goes the sand.

