

the war is on the kitchen table

Myrna Garanis

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waiting to be read,

I brew the coffee black as buildings,

charred, collapsed,

I load the toast with butter,

chew my way through cluster bombs,

smear raspberry jam on screaming headlines

which do not disappear

I flip the page to guaranteed results:

hockey scores, ice dance competitions,

there the gains and losses

line up in soldierly columns,

no wavering parades of souls,

filing down disfigured roads,

walking, falling, left behind,

long after the page is closed