

A Body Loudly Marking Time

I feel like a crude pipe bomb planted by madmen with no agenda what I am about
to prove I do not know, nor care
in the instant for which I am created I will cease
the despairing words they would have me speak have no meaning
and the lessons I will teach
spiral down through smoke and ash to instill a hatred I cannot feel
in people I will never meet

My head aches with weeping that cannot see light
with longing for the future I am sent to erase
with jealousy for those fortunate enough never to have known me
My heart beat rings like an anvil
so that passers-by turn to stare either with concern for me
or fear of the one that does not fit
the one who came from somewhere else
the one whose body loudly marks its time
It is not anger makes me what I am
a pathetic parody of those destitute ones who wait on me
nor desire for freedom's revenge or harsh intent has left me so
but just the weight of history upon my unprepared spirit
the pressing crush of a nation in heat to spear cruel death
at those who are never seen whose land-mined existence put me here on this busy street
to interrupt your contemptuous prideful goings

