

## FAITH

Picture a city  
and the survivors: from their  
windows, some scream. Others  
walk the aftermath: blood  
and still more blood coming  
from the mouth of a girl.

This is the same movie  
playing all over  
the world: starring everybody  
who ends up where the action  
is: lights, cameras, close-ups—*that*  
used to be somebody's leg.

Let's stop talking  
about *God*. Try to shut-up  
about heaven: some of our friends  
who should be alive are no longer alive.  
Moment by moment death moves  
and memory doesn't remember,

not for long: even today—even  
having said  
this, even knowing that  
someone is stealing  
our lives—I still  
had lunch.

Tell the truth. If you can.  
Does it matter who they were,  
the bodies in the rubble: could it matter

that the girl was conceived by two people  
buried in each other's arms, believing  
completely in the world between them?

The commanders are ready. The guns  
walk everywhere. Almost all of them  
believe in God. But somebody should

hold a note for the Earth,  
a few words for whatever being

human could mean  
beneath the forgotten sky:

some day one night,  
when the city lights go out for good,

you won't believe how many stars