

CHILDREN IN THE NIGHTMARE

Wire clouds
Twist and bend
In the smoky wind.

A glass separates
This scent of our common breath -
Our yearnings too soon blemished
Vandalized by an ambiguous matrix.

A young limb screams silent
Torn from the trunk.
It taps its widened fingers
Frantically on the glass.
In the darkness
Human forms twist and howl
In painful anguish.

