

Ghazal IV: Body

What breed eats its young? My flesh
constricts at footsteps above:

I've seen bodies in the pool,
tongues, swollen from thirst, smooth

as polished granite just before
carving. Immolation by

gasoline. Eyes
flame on the rack of civilization.

Lunchtime digger sits on the edge,
contemplating his work—he

speaks with the mute earth
as with a friend. Behind the curtain

dust-wreathed hands. Eyes. Two
coins. A thief's swift fingers.

—Leigh Faulkner