## JULIA KOLCHINSKY DASBACH

## there is no name for this.

we watched for what felt like hours
through the chain-link fence
that fits my son's entire arm
or just his lips and chin
his tongue stretched out to inhale
crushed bricks / wires / roots / someone's
dead plant / mud / bones / pets' or rodents' / maybe / their owner
the excavator's overgrown arm
scooped through grass and soil
as easily as skin making room
for new construction that will tower
at least two stories above most
other houses on our block
yama / pit / hole / ditch / trench / crag / crater / bigher my son asks / ravine / hollow / more / more / his fingers climb
the fence / he is ecstatic / growing / a grave
the man in the backhoe's cab
tips his hat and smiles
waves as he thrusts
the whole machine forward
its giant tires swallowing mud on the brink
thick legs anchored deep to fight the fall
the bluff where silt slips down soil walls
crumbling as easily as skin and in my mouth
I taste the rust
the lines and lines and lines of bodies missing
from this moment when my son's whole face
is pressed against a fence ignited by the other side
and all that lies below
ya/ I / me / myself / / ma / mama / mammal / YAMA
he yells / MAMA YAMA! / they don't belong here / ghosts / bones should have been left across the water / blacker soil / not this / not this /
/ / / red mud / not deep enough / not past
enough / not enough / this / is not enough /
YAMA MAMA! / they don't belong / these sounds / so close to llama / sharp and comic / comma / drama / I'm laughing / crying / gagging / trauma / he can't get enough of it / YAMA! / the word / its earth
sick to my stomach I tore his fingers
loose from the dust and metal
and we walked through fresh puddles and debris
he found a string with two deflated green balloons
yayas he calls them the sound
as far from sharike as this dugout is from Babi Yar
as he is from the ghosts he doesn't know
he comes from
as this house is
from the bones on which it sits

