JULIA KOLCHINSKY DASBACH

there is no name for this.

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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 / higher
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
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he found a string with two deflated green balloons yayas he calls them the sound as far from sharik 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