

MARY MOLINARY

Burial of the new law / bird singing in moonlight

Thus are there but so many bones in a foot or hand
Thus do they break in degrees
Thus did simple moonlight fuel paranoia
Thus were the wrong battles fought
Thus was commerce & trade
Thus did we bury our shame shallow & our dead deep
Thus did *torture* enter the common tongue & pop culture like a yawn
Thus was nevertheless a bird heard unseen in the weeping willow
Thus a cool breeze at precisely 9:22 p.m. on the 8th day
Thus did we number & count nouns & casualties
Thus will the unseen bird continue its song
Thus will a new moon rise
Thus will an unseen breeze
Thus will the hand & foot
Thus will the graves
Thus will the book