

Gallery

Tsunami Notebook by Margo Berdeshevsky



Margo Berdeshevsky

Mere Islands

Where water runs beneath the graves,
she washes stains of living.

Where the green bird sings, who knew
the time of orchids, opening.

Ask me about mouths of ginger. Ask
about night, that learned forgiving.
or
ugly to beautiful—changing.

We have no roost, mortal, and majestic.
Are mere islands. In our ears, the blood of dawn.

There are cock screams—competing.
The sound of stitches—in the cloths of flesh.
What can be learned from angels? Ask me.

There are skeletal hands—that want to write.
There is a truth of what has happened. There are
helpers. Are small dragons, baby-voiced in the trees
that are left. There is heat, turning to rain.

The sands of sorrows cursing the religions of surrender.
There is another child, being born, anyway, tearing another
tide. Another grey and golden cloud. Another bag of rice,
hunger's softening.

Does peace have as much blood as a body? Ask.
Ask how long will it take—for a field?

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