

Input, Output

Play it by hand and by heart-----
Through static, censored radio, some
tambourine
Jangles, interprets a crayon illustration
One child scrawled after his village
Was wiped out.
The tanks, the shattered slats,
They're all reassembled here where
This crayon, this simple tambourine
Designates the origins of no particular
Culture. That's why the child sticks with us:
Eyes, shiny olives hardly suggesting deeper
torment.

Instead, cocoa skin goes running wearing
imported
Light cotton, a stained glass window
array-----
Pinks which gesticulate, buttery yellow,
startling
Purple and Indian turquoise, dispatched as
wings
Across this barbed wire play yard.

Yes, where such breathing frequents,
Little cymbals begin tinkling, rings for passing
Palm unto palm 'til the crayon, the child
Pulses brush fire amid jingles for soda.

Eavesdropper, hear what undercurrent
trembles?
It's cause and effect strumming in and out of
each other,
A million tambourines shivering, a million
crayons
Squeaking, scratching mere paper to
resurrect life
Across the power, the power
Falling like his city.