splayed palms

splayed palms, psalms flood
splintering stillness: would that you
denounce that hidden den, and we
no longer blush shame at food stamps,
and mama – blind in her right eye,
bed-ridden – may she rise again.

destruction runs rampant again.
the city drowns, burdened with flood
tides of slain men’s blood. last night, i
cried when the clinic nurse said you
are a boy, who will scorn aged stamps
on scrawled letters from home, while we

expect the army check; and we
will see our words censored again;
and we will abandon these stamps.
enthroned, you examine the flood
which uproots trees but the vast yew,
still victorious, reigns. and i

ravage the ripe berries, and eye
how they ooze apologies. we
suppliants pray our pleas to you
so finally we may smile again
when released from the savage flood
of frenzied, grievous wrath that stamps

our kind. like always, when they stamp
the epitaph – rest now – i eye
the mother: her velvet dress flood-
damaged, stone-faced with her son; we
enjoin our calloused hands again.
i murmur we will forgive you.

but all the kings of earth shall not praise you.
we shall not pilfer books of stamps
nor stamp dates into logs again
at the crude memorial i
shall not drag forth regrets for we
thrived after the ruinous flood.

i pray the psalms you long forgot,
guard discarded stamps, and now we

await the flood again with war-torn palms.