

REMEMBER THAT

There is a poetry of light,
the sparrow on the branch
flicking up and down
and behind it in the garden
a girl just now picking a daisy.
There is a poetry of night,
the moon spilling on the snow
and the mountains glowing.
But the poetry of cities—
the ruins, the smell of death,
the burning bodies—
and the poetry of civilization—
men who think the world is theirs,
stern, admonishing, words like acid. . .

Remember the meadow by the river,
remember the sunlight, how it warmed you,
and the tall grass blazing in the afternoon
and an eagle thermalling into the silence.
Remember that.

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