

Editorial

R E B I R T H

mother ship C-130
 touches the tarmac
 and the metal womb lifts open:

out come the ransacked museums
out glide the small lives destroyed by forced entry
out pour the dogs of abu-ghraib
 barking naked prisoners into wet corners.
then slip out the chained and shackled men
 of guantanamo / hoods and all /
 do they know / now / do they know?
then slither out the metal boxes:
 young bodies coming back home
 formerly born of wombs of flesh and blood
 are reborn: no warm lifewaters gush out this time.
 they slide out of the metal womb C-130,
 reborn, to be buried.

peers / potentates / prophets / presidents: soured testosterone
encapsulated in evangelical metal missiles.
we watch the mother ship C-130
 give birth to burials
 its metal womb spitting out
 weapons of mass instruction.
we watch lamely and learn:
"Deeds, not Words".

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