

**they're still here**

but not quite

just scribbles of faces hair hands  
etched and tethered memories passed on  
through hair eyes hips or knees random  
DNA they're famished for news of their  
dough-faced offspring's children

who blitzed by light stumped by  
hunger almost smile nearly want to  
play their broken city stares empty-  
eyed behind them crowned with fire  
their words are become less than dust in  
doorways trickled down rainy windows  
blown about in the air no more than  
ancient and wordless particles donated by  
purple paint scraped sparely onto canvas

they're all still here

they peer through this darkened place  
want to know what we'll do with the  
lives we've been gifted the peace the  
medicine the food

yes the food