

Over Here, Over There

a spider and I sit
as if nothing is going on
the world is here this corner
my window overlooks a park
a quiet street
here in the western world
I cannot see
destruction's rubble
buildings felled-in-flames
I do not hear the wails of women
in the streets full of gun metal
I pray for redemption from this war

At my corner espresso bar
no suicide bombers explode

my phone rings
my refrigerator hums
my apartment stays warm
I sit and watch
a spider waits its prey
here in the western world
outside my window
I rock in my warm home
I grieve for babies dying
pray for ascension
of my people
so terrifying to me

I turn on the news
wake up we must wake up