This morning, a light
so full, so complete
we might ask why

the god of sun
is also god of plague,
why the god of healing

also god of archery.
The children under trees—
unaware their hearts

have become targets
red and inflamed
as the eyes of men in thrones—

find sticks in the grass
to fashion into guns. Some brandish
a branch-saber. They are sniping

the golden light
with squinting faces.
And everywhere

they do not look,
fences and more fences.
There are no arrows

to point the way
as they scythe
through a woods or dart

between cars in parking lots.
The miles of fence-links grow
more & more impassable

even as the children try
to follow the voices
calling them now, at first

with tenderness and then
with fierce intensity.

Source: Poetry (October 2019)