When the saints went

By Samiya Bashir

what remained: barren stalks bowing heads
    by the field-full. rusty air conditioners dripping
    from warped windowsills. rock formations retaining roots.

hollowed out caves and dog stumps forced ragged, toothy grins.
    all ablaze. a laser show shot hot through the tinny night. every husk
    wore a well lit protrusion. every breath an asthmatic thrush more material

than the silence that surrounds each carcass now: voided prayer: cold
    arthritic grating: remembering notions of breath. saints: offer a hand to a
    wheezing shadow: wish for someone to hold before the sure, sudden twilight.


Source: Gospel (RedBone Press, 2009)