

## IN THE DUST OF LIVES

We saw an old man fall down,  
shot by alien troops  
just outside his home.  
A rotten coin sank in his life  
and the women ran in from the fields  
to bear up the ruin.

In the noonday,  
in the doorway of his house—  
the well was small but it yielded  
and the land provided,  
always enough—  
the women ran to him,  
hands first and mouths awry.

We came from the town, not far,  
where we stopped and rested  
along the way.  
We were given food and drink  
and honey in the comb,  
our journey blessed.

The young men were all gone.  
Everywhere in the green of the fields  
the grain was fully ripe.  
The sky was clear.  
In the dust of lives the women ran to him.

He fell.  
His breath—  
his blood was not his own.  
In the doorway of his house  
his blood was not his own.