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An End

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An End

*for all that remains of the children,
their eyes,
staring at us, amazed to see
the extraordinary evil in
ordinary men.*

Lucille Clifton (from "sorrow song")

And when they stop
being amazed,
when their divine spark
is finally stomped out
by all the marching,
is that growing up? or
hunkering down?
children will have children
like war will have war
but where does that go?

Children,
be like children.
and never forget the shock
of your birth. never forget
the way you screamed,
out of the womb, naked,
and seeing for the first time.
remember how frightening it was
to be covered in blood. remember
the bitter taste of fluids, and
the way you gasped
for your first breath.
remember
because the unison cries
of the newly born
are the only end
to this sorrow song.

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