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three bombardments

I gather the words like blooms.
I gather the words. Like shards of
a missile. I gather the words like my
grandmother. My grandmother is shards
of a missile. The missile becomes the shards
of a grandmother. The words are a grandmother,
blooming with missiles, her garden an anger of light,
light, an inevitable meteor. I forgot to accept defeat.
I forgot to bow down like a bloom in the face of a missile. Like
a missile in the face of my grandmother. She houses hard towers,
roses pulled by the fist from her garden — shot from the mouth of a soldier,
a missile of heroic griefs. A tiny respect for breathing, sheer inevitability of
starlight, even there behind a missile's smoke. I gather
the grief-like bloom(s). I put it back in a garden of skin and
angers. They are all that is left of my grandmother.
My grandmother: petty thief. Stealing her homeland in
fistfuls of roses. The tiny crusts of rock she spreads
in her garden as if she can fence in her want, live to express
it in the voice of her grandchildren.
I gather defeat. I gather the petty thieves of starlight.
I put them back in the skin of my grandmother. When we scatter her, roses bloom. I forgot to
accept this. As prophecy. That nothing dead is totally
so. A
grandmother lives vibrant as a meteor, anger as a homeland— a skin
on the face of her
children's children: tiny shards stories they never got to steal from us.

