

Caroline Lavelle, Sleep Now

sleep now, your blood moving in the quiet wind
no longer afraid for the others
hurrying through the tall grass
or the faces laughing on the beach, sleep now
you do not hear the dry wind pray
or the children play a game called soldiers
sleep now, alone in the sleeves of grief
listening to clothes falling
and your flesh touching god
to the chatter and backslapping of christ meeting the heroes of war
sleep now, you do not hear the dry wind pray
or the children play a game called soldiers
sleep now, your words have passed the lights shining from the east
and the sound of flak raping graves and emptying the seasons
sleep now, sleep now
you do not hear the dry wind pray
or the children play a game called soldiers