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Account

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Account

Sunlight sleeps on the hand grenade
The girl by the window holds a phone to her ear
In the form of a flower
This is the hour
Of nothing to see here
When day is merely night delayed

We are all at once stuck in a cloud
We see miserably what the ticking wipers see
The suitcase bomb
Under the sink at home
Frets for you and me
It performs much better to a crowd

What will we tell the children when
Out of the future they ask about days like these
Our faces in buslight
Heads down, contrite
Blind eyes staring at our knees—
How will we account for ourselves then?