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All my poems used to end in sky

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ALL MY POEMS USED TO END IN SKY

but now they end in sleep, and this morning on the radio, the news announcer's voice sticks on repeat cannot be cannot be cannot be found the phrase a needle lodged in some laryngeal groove of his throat. He is talking about children, or rather their parents separated from them at the border. I look into the blackness of my coffee. Upstairs in their rooms, my kids talk through screens to their classmates. I hear snippets when I walk into the hall, a reassurance of voices. Sometimes, the border guards would tell the parents they were taking the children to another room to give them a shower or a change of clothes. Then the sound of a truck leaving. Sometimes, they made no excuse at all. Did the ones who told the lie about the showers and new clothes think they were being kind?

Whose job is it to find the parents now? The guards keeping watch along the fences that surround the already chased down, away, the people who wrote the law the courts followed? All of them doing a job and then going home to a home like mine, where children freshly showered and in clean clothes open their doors at the end of each day to say Mom, where are you? Can we have a snack, a drink, Mom, is there time for a story, can you sing us a song, Mom, please, before we have to go to sleep?