

## Craig Czury

### Diary Without Names

*the dead have no boundaries no borders*  
*the dead carry no flags*  
*how can the spirit when released have nationality*  
*what language does the disembodied soul speak*

while they won't show us the dead  
or the weeping and mangled faces between the rubble

while they interview the heroic pilots  
talking about having *met their objective*  
with the ease of just having flown back from the video arcade

i want all you 5th graders to crouch down under your desks  
for the next 15 minutes (15 days 15 centuries of saturation bombing)

i want you to think about all the 5th grade-aged iraqi poets  
at this moment huddled under *our* bombs in bomb shelters  
struggling to find the exact words  
we have struggled all week in our poems  
to express what is happening to us now them in their lives  
under our bombs

(at a time when the world is speaking guns and missiles  
we have the balls to speak poetry? only children)

i would like to dedicate today's poetry class  
to the 39 year old iraqi poet who made love last night  
to a young iraqi music student  
between the zippers and torn buttons of their clothes  
in a crowded bomb shelter (muffled implosion  
with the last spoken tremor a sigh)

friends  
there is one of you in every corner of this earth

## **In My Silence to Justify**

we're sitting in dark corners smoking  
the middle of the day  
sitting in dark corners talking in low tones  
middle of night  
in dark corners filled with our dead  
hours into centuries  
the dead who are also tucked away in dark corners  
as if they're thinking  
as if they're quietly reading the situation  
as if almost an air of self-satisfaction  
walking our women home at night  
confident nothing's wrong  
our women who're acting uptight  
nervously pretending nothing's wrong

## **In My Country**

once night falls  
there is only room for so many  
night makes sure of that  
soaked with adrenalin  
by morning more of us are gone  
some weird twist of choice  
where one is born or being born  
your horoscope reads arm yourself with that look  
beyond language your shadow crosses over  
mother leaves you the persian rug in her dream  
you know she's really not just sleeping  
roll it up  
music carries its own gunshots and weeping  
once night falls our bodies convulse

## **In My Country**

we are a village  
flying toward one dream of wings on earth  
what you try to keep to yourself  
when you speak without opening your eyes  
we breathe from each others lungs  
even when you smoke with your eyes closed  
staring at the face that becomes our face of sleep  
under your dark eyelids  
your leg with my leg  
your head with my shoulder  
the way we've known each other all our lives  
stranger  
one of us jerks and cries out *here*  
*here stop here*  
we all jerk and cry out  
and what if this bus were to stop  
who will remember whom  
at the moment of stepping off