Notes from the dividing line

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Notes From The Dividing Line

At the edge of everything
a sniper, hidden
behind old ironwork, lines up his shot.

In this country the days lie heavy.
We wait for dark. In the evening we cry around braziers
and stamp our feet.

Somebody’s careful aim,
between fires and smoke,
from a balcony,
is a single movement.

And a figure starts to turn,
slowly along the axis of the earth
and falls. His lips facing
away from his death. Then
I hear a cracking sound.

The guts of one man lie dirty, and the shoulder
of another turns away, deep in grief again.
I’ve tried to send you a sketch of this;
but the outline, like a pilot’s
false horizon, twists. It was supposed
to be clear.
That’s how it is at the edges.

The days are heavy, but they do not last.