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This is No Place for Moths or Men

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This is No Place for Moths or Men

by Shari O'Brien

Home from the oncologist, my husband lies,
trying not to retch, knees to chest,
upon the couch. I sit beside him, holding the puke pan,
staring vacantly at the television screen.

Mortar fire has turned a swimming hole in Lebanon
into a watery tomb for tots.
A man who rends his hair
shouts to the camera crew
but my little girl, she was no terrorist!
His eyes plead with me, half a world away.
I want to ease his pain, but we are snared
in the same plastic lantern, our scorched wings
in unison flapping in frantic futile fury.

