

# New Poetry by Amalie Flynn: “Strip”



CROWN OF LAURELS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## **Strip**

On my computer screen terror  
Attacks and kills and shifts into  
What comes after  
This strip of neighborhoods or  
Houses a hospital hit  
Like carved out carcasses of  
Dust and dead bodies bloody  
And gray bloated flesh

An eyelid stuck a skull cracked  
Open  
The close weave of a sweater  
Knit into the charred skin  
Of a child of a child of a child  
How this happens  
Again and again and again  
Arms and legs twisted back  
Or out of socket  
How this cannot be unraveled  
Because war wears  
A crown of laurels made out of  
Eye lashes tiny teeth  
Dead lips a corsage of  
Brain matter soft and shot point  
Blank or bombed this  
Bombardment  
Of matter  
What should matter but doesn't.