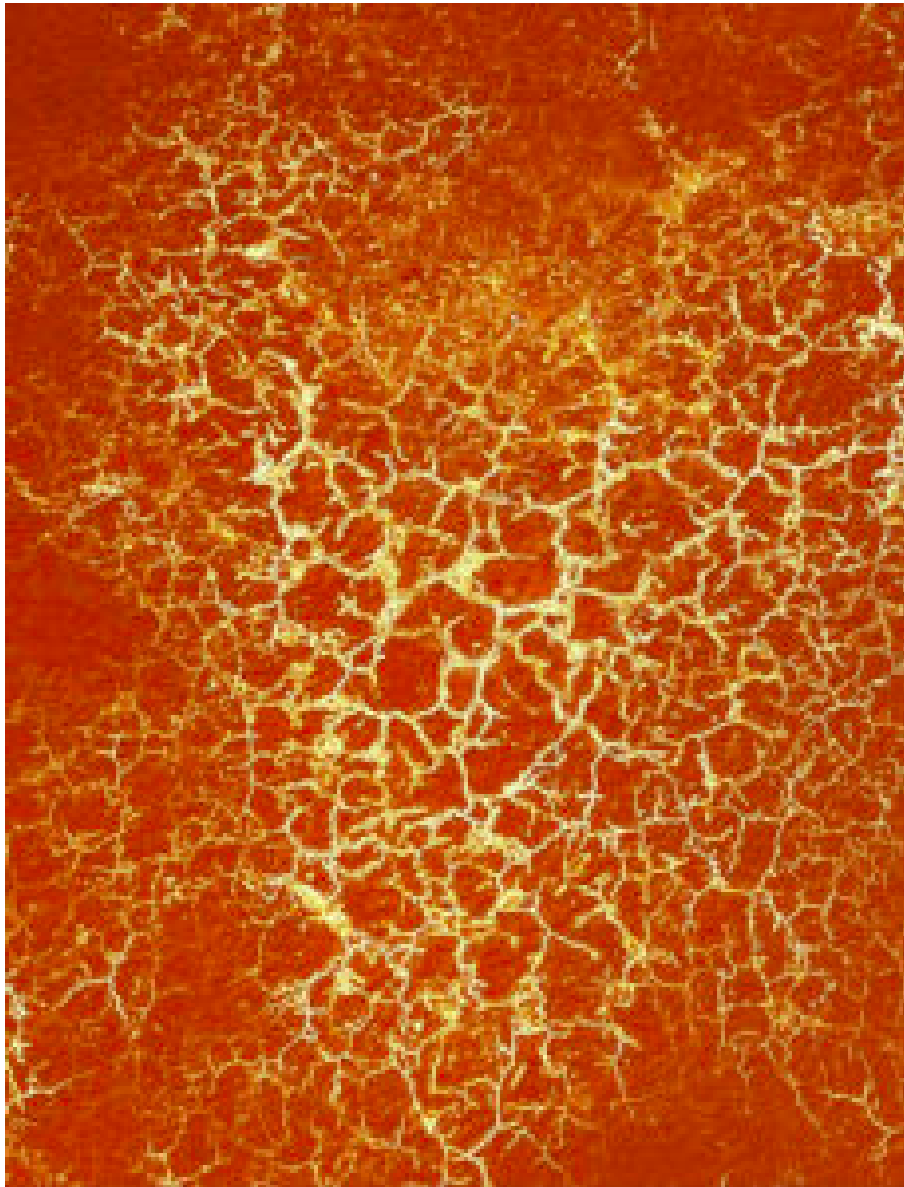


# New Poetry by Kat Raldo: “Blood Goggles”



LICKS THE VEINS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Walter Cronkite left footprints  
in the gravel of Saigon  
but he didn't tell you their names  
didn't show you the morning commute  
of an accountant in Hanoi

they televise bedsheets  
replacing blown out glass  
in homes of blown out people  
but not the Arab Renaissance Bookshop  
which opened its doors in 1966

fire hoses are used  
to extinguish human spirit  
courage licks the veins like flame  
and the only parts of war  
they can't powerwash away  
are the bloody crevices  
under their own fingernails.