

Poetry by Amalie Flynn: "Ours"



EATING AN ORANGE / image by
Amalie Flynn

Ours

*first written in March 2012 upon hearing the news of a
U.S. soldier
who, while deployed to Afghanistan slipped off of base,
went to a
village in Kandahar province, and massacred 16 Afghani
civilians*

When I hear the news
About the massacre in Kandahar
About how sixteen Afghans were killed,
Shot, in their homes, in the middle of the night
I am standing in my kitchen, eating an orange
Peeling back the skin, and then tearing it off
In pieces that are as thick as human cartilage
And when I see the photograph of a boy
This boy, who is wrapped, in a blanket
Lying, there, in the back of a pickup truck
Lying across my computer screen dead
His face turned to the side eyes closed
And his feet, bare and still and resting
Side by side like he is asleep
I cannot breathe
And it is the middle of the night in America
And I know it should be dark, here, by now
So I am turning
Turning off my computer
Turning off the television

A light left on in the living room
Turning at the end of a hallway
To stand watch, between the bedrooms
Of my two sons both asleep
Safe, their faces facing doors
And roads that are far away
Far away from war
Or later when I cannot sleep
How I will turn over in bed to face him
My husband who was sent over there
To fight this Global War on Terror
And how I will always think about it
A pickup truck that boy and this globe
Half covered in war bloodied and ours.