

## Somewhere Beneath

Somewhere beneath this rubble  
lie temple shards and tattooed arms  
and gas, but gas drives autos now  
not Nuremberg.

To this collection add Gaza  
and orchards, my daughter,  
her husband, their children  
and peace.

O Ancient must you burrow down  
wrap up in my ruin and retire?  
Will I find you somewhere beneath?

Reconstructed walls  
keep plotting defenses.  
Outside children march  
with sticks and paper shields  
and occasional plastique.

I want to pick these pieces up  
one by one and chuck them--  
send children, running wild  
against Goliath.

Come lull the bulldozers  
wrest these stones from my hands  
from my belly from my head  
help us find our common hearts  
all beating and blood red  
somewhere beneath.