



National Lachrymation

by Maria S. Picone

verge of: realization/bed-wetting/growing pains/2020/
intersection/traffic light/say go/duck duck
go/purple mountains/crowning you with headsets/
webcams/protective fashion gear/out of stock, out of
justice/I bought it all/America, the lie.

majesty

the lilies are sublime tonight—won't you lead us
through the grapes of wrath? I had to Google:
the military isn't allowed in the streets of *Rome*.
The Republic, before she stumbled, caught
the crowds with the light of Her torch. *I can't*

watch fires/a hundred circling marches/camped on the Lincoln/2020
'tis of thee/I ask/the choir to perform rapture, rapture
calling the holy mountain/write ten bail funds on my
tabernacle/Maker, shine a light/*breathe*

afraid

for the city on a hill, fighting nameless
battles, snarling swimming monsters
underneath. The groundwater runs
bloodstains into the sea, into the sea.
Nine minutes almost.

pouring Canaan's milk/in our burning eyes/
take out our contacts/to see him on God's altar/
"nothing to hide"/a fleet of blue birds scream/
insurrection: consecration/resurrection/nine
muses sing conflagration/reclamation/

inhalation

