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Pippa Little

Sleep steers missiles
bluer than stars
true into flesh

unstirring but to dream

tracer neon writes our names
low in the orchards where
the dates explode, ooze their oily blood.

Things called by easy words
cruise, tomahawk –
each more costly than hospitals

rip hourly through soft-breathing tents,
disgrace the curled human sleep of children,
redraw a landscape, digging in tombs.

We sleep
unthreatened
but we are not innocent
when
we cover our mouths.

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