

Sunday morning in Mariupol

no words for *the flattened-* for *the bombed-out-* for *the about to give-*
for the interrupted, compounded, portmanteau-ed families pushed to the
border, to the wings –

those who stay get new words like *boarded-up* and *buried-under*,
invented words like *she-was-my*, *it-was-my*, and *it-was-my-but-they*;
hospital means *pile-of-the-broken* now, the stage of Mariupol, *a-place-to-hide* –

in a *theatre-of-war*, Sunday mornings are re-scripted and re-staged,
an involuntary ensemble of boys and girls and teddy-bears cast upon broken steps,
where a mother sits and delivers someone else's *ruin* sentences –

the no-words and new-words of a scrunched-up page –

Brent Cantwell