

seven thousand satellites

10.29.92

nobody knows what to do with war -
but these tears fall from confusions clouds
because this is out of your control -
there is nothing you can do
so there is no cause for blaming yourself

no - war is something little people do -
i've got an inside joke with god
and together we giggle at the
seven thousand satellites
thrown up to dispute borders
drawing lines down to the inches

blood shed over shades of skin
~~fighting~~ our culture's ~~staying~~ flailing arms
swinging but making no contact
more than ~~to~~ flesh
the problem is 50,000 feet below
what we try to fix is what shows
but if you see more than one problem
you are looking on the surface

