

Dandelions In Bullet Holes

Sarah Harmer

Kaleidoscope,
Wheel of hope.
Place to start out from,
Although it started long ago,
The world's work has begun.

A hula hoop,
A human chain.
To warm our hands,
And find our way,
When all the lights go out.
A raincoat and a French beret.
The rolling hills of past mistakes,
Like quiet under cloud.
And I will long look to the churning sea,
This call to arms means wrap them,
Around the first person you see.

Dandelions in bullet holes,
We stand in our civilian clothes,
On blankets laid out on a lawn,
Clouds of rain will all move on.
And when the mist clears we will see,
Both of our names on a marquee,
Across the ocean the same day,
And then washed ashore a block away.

The windmill is waiting for the same thing,
As the slackened sail,
At the core within something like the wind,
Is blowing at the veil.
And I will long go on this inner sight,
This call to arms means hold to it,
And hold tight.

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And when the mist clears we will see,
Both of our names on a marquee,
Across the ocean the same day,
And then washed ashore a block away.
Ah come on, these streams of light are not so subtle,
All along the ditch signs of life in sinking puddles.

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