

Life During Peacetime (1968)

I was young still in school
they brought us to the gym
locked us in children laughing
skipping class when they stormed
we heard the sirens
and the roar of the street alive
amidst breaking glass exploding cars
we played
huddled unafraid
as our older brothers and sisters
raged their anger
we were children we did not understand

* * *

Our principal lost a son in 'nam
we held a moment of silence
the class falling to a whisper and I knew
it had something to do with the fighting
he then blew his brains out
in the garage the day
of the funeral leaving

a grieving widow to grieve
her only son she died too
soon taking her own life

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