



BRUCE BOND

Monument for Another Country

Inside this black rock there is another.
It bears no name. It is a man gone blind
who stares at the Mekong Delta at night
and sees a little farther. No star. No lantern.
No vigil of clouds mirrored on the surface.
Passports are useless here. As are numbers.
Thousands turn to millions and then, well,
who can swallow them. The rain that falls
makes no sound, like a sniper in the arms
of the mangrove branches. He cannot sleep
because he must; he does because he mustn't.
He figures, a body can take just so much.
And then some more. The fire that falls never
touches earth. Like a mother far away.

Museum

On earth once, they placed a moon rock
in a glass case so it would not float away.
Or so the child explains. And as he talks,
the stone he talks to pulls him to it. Hey,
he has seen his mother do it many times,
talking to the father he would not have,
to the rock he would. All the way home,
the orphan stars flutter from their graves.
They come so close and no closer, thanks
to the force out there that pulls them back.
A boy is like that, his hand in his mother's
whose grieving is a foreign thing, whose stare
asks do not ask. And so he does in silence.
And so his silence rises under glass.