

Gloria Mindock – Three Poems

Reaching

Empty shoes on the road,
clothing left,
death hugged so many today.

Others now will wear the shoes,
feel the garments against their skin
in this poor village.

Dead bodies, just another number of
statistics in this country.
Sad to be a disappearing shadow.

The world has adjusted to death.
Pain diluted into the living.
They are numb, hollow...

Life's boney fingers reach out, but
have been disembodied.
There will be no justice for the dead.
The implication of just not dealing with it
extends from country to country but...

The families weep, remember their loved ones and their
concern for action, buried with a secret longing—
a silence that breaks glass and stabs the unbroken.

Lost

My Mind is crushed, flattened, bruised, banished...
into all the agonies of the world
It is true
I think about all the
inches of rain...
Sorrow does visit sometimes

Now that I am empty,
my dreams exaggerate peace,
where everyone pulls the sky into their eyes
wishing to hear
all the lost mourning

Insoluble

Use all the tools you can for war.
Rape, guns, machetes, knives, grenades,
bombs, children...

What is twenty-million graves in twenty years in Africa?
Violence unmatched, making history.

A blood diamond on a finger—
Is it worth it?
Twenty carats imposed on the hands of the rich.

A seven-alarm fire is spreading and the world
ignores it, sitting back when aid is cut off by regimes.
Efforts of a few, buried.
A cycle of despair.
The savage beast responsible for the killings—

Congo, Sudan, Darfur, Sierre Leone, Mozambique,
Kenya, Angola, Uganda...
How can you cut off a child's arm for voting
for the wrong presidential candidate?
Arms, legs in a pile. Bleeding death.
How many women had their fabric torn?

The world can stop this.
The world can stop this.
The world can stop this.

Genocide is a flower, blooming...
Occupation bearing down.
Terrorism, Terrorism, Terrorism
comes in many forms spreading...
Big words from diplomats fall on silent ears.

The world watches.
The world watches.
The world watches.

Insoluble people cry for help.
Bullets eradicate them.
Escape, if alive... kill, burn their bodies!

No country wants involvement.
No country wants involvement.
No country wants involvement.

Survivors tell stories no one listens to.
Life is delayed.
So many people released from hell
into the afterlife.

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Too many minerals in the soil of the dead.

Gloria Mindock is the founding editor of Cervena Barva Press and one of the USA editors for *Levure Litteraire* (France). She is the author of *Whiteness of Bone* (Glass Lyre Press, 2016), *La Portile Raiului* (Ars Longa Press, 2010, Romania) translated into the Romanian by Flavia Cosma, *Nothing Divine Here* (U Soku Stampa, 2010, Montenegro) and *Blood Soaked Dresses*, Ibbetson St. Press, 2007). Widely published in the USA and abroad, her poetry has been translated and published into the Romanian, Serbian, Spanish, Estonian, and French. In 2014, Gloria was awarded the Ibbetson Street Press Lifetime Achievement Award and in May, 2016, Gloria was the recipient of the Allen Ginsberg Award for community service by the Newton Writing and Publishing Center. Gloria recently was published in *Akadeemia* (Estonia), *Gargoyle* and the *We are You Project Anthology*.