

RESURRECTION

To undrown

"The Youngest Child Separated From His Family at the Border Was 4 Months Old"
-The New York Times

Summertime, and the walls peel
stucco, consume the ripe talk
of refuges and reveries: *I know*
America and *When I leave Romania*—

Months later, the father clutches
the youngest: a talisman, searching
for his wife and eldest son on a train
in Mexico. Only the father and son
reach the border.

America plucks the son from the father,
pulls a river from the father's eyes—

Tears cling to the walls of the cell
as the father whispers to America.
Oceans away, water pools on the floor
of a monastery. The mother whispers
to Romania still, *When will we leave?*

"The father and daughter lie"

"The father and daughter lie face down in the muddy water."
-The New York Times

By tomorrow

we will touch the land of milk and honey,
a father promised his daughter

before tucking her
underneath his shirt.

Before the mouth of a bridge closed

off in some *God-given land*.

Before headlines unearthed

generations of ignorance.

They touch the muddy water, they read.

There is a complexity to this land, to the country
priding itself on lies and wrought dreams—

America resurrects the father and child
to watch them lie again.