For Six Months

it is bad–bad and hard
and mean. Your mother whispers
on the telephone to her mother, your sister
watches Fox news even though it’s not allowed, sees planes
like your brother’s video games. And someone is losing,
crashing—and you better pray
it’s not Dad.

So when that black car drives down your street and two men
—one holding a Bible, one
fixing a crooked medal—walk towards your home, don’t
be sad when they knock on your neighbor’s door, don’t
be sad when your mother breathes, thank God.