

S O F I A M . S T A R N E S

O Vivifying Bones

For all that's well and done, a mask
might mar their peace, though nothing should it be,

but hope of pure, fine faces—
For all they understood, their backyards beckon, new:

a hosta bed, the woods, then silvery eruptions
of incendiary seeds... from there to grow a flower,

a flame-dispensing vine, whose stems bespeak of spears
and the return of warriors.

For all the prayers they said, their fighting ceased
to be; the trenches veered to truce,

and in the truce they worshipped as children made
of earth. For all that's done—unsaid—

at last, they're coming home to fresh-raised, fresh-
tilled hillocks, stepping with barefoot toes,

stepping with fears of crushing
—O vivifying bones;
young boys to every abode, over the crimson mountains.

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