

Two Poems

Carol Dine

Flying over Yemen

—after Umhani Al-Wareeth

The woman propels
into the wind, parting the plumes
of white clouds; eyes closed,
her pale neck thrust forward.

Soaring high above
the smoldering marketplace,
she no longer hears the children
with cholera, crying for water.

Draped over her head,
a burgundy scarf, embroidered
with Macowania daisies;
her gossamer dress, crimson
as the bruise snaking the arm
raised by her side,
damaged wing.

Floating above a curve of land,
she sees the barbed wire sparkle,
coiling into silver bracelets.

Over the Gulf of Aden,
she flies into a cacophony
of birdsong:
warbler, indigo bunting, starling.

Escaping Myanmar

—after *Daily Star* photograph

A man wades the Naf River,
carrying all he owns
in a satchel on his back,
a water jug tied with rope
to his wrist;
his collar bones protrude
above a t-shirt emblazoned,
'New York.'

Behind him, hundreds
move along the shore.

The men balance
bags of rice on their heads;
in their palms, compasses
point toward Mecca.

The women's orange burqas
tilt like beach umbrellas.

Lazy clouds float above them
in the cerulean sky.

Rohingya Muslims on their way

to Bangladesh,

they won't be cleansed

in this muddy, grey river.

The water ripples

the shadows of their limbs.

Carol Dine, poet, memoirist, and professor of creative writing and literature, died on March 17, 2020, after a long illness.