

In Iraq, no one can hear Kasim - by Lee Russell

The blast still rings in my ears as I crawl through our wrecked field to find you.

Our bedroom is a mangled morgue. Rafia, as faithful in death as in life, you watch me. But your love litters the floor in small, bloody chunks.

Bands of sunlight slip guiltily through holes in the broken walls, illuminating their crime:

Truth...
Lie...
Live...
Die

My flesh is weeping. My tears spatter in the dust.

I will be cold when bold soldiers come to check the vitality of their crop.

I am sorry I could not protect you, my love.

I was always just Kasim,

a farmer.