

Dolores

This Ukrainian punk band
sounds the way the Earth
shifts while lowering a child-sized
casket into the ground.

There is no thud of weight,
just static and feedback,
falling in handfuls
onto the wood.

The vocals sound a bird
with barbed wire for lungs,
and I try to sing along.
A harsh dialect,
something I fail to digest,
but there is a familiar sound

in the chorus
 /the broken glass
 I collected in the sink from
 the vase I cracked/
splinters and rings
through my veins,
and I am fluent.