

**FADY JOUDAH**

**Tenor**

To break with the past  
Or break it with the past  
The enormous car-packed  
Parking lot flashes like a frozen body  
Of water a paparazzi sea  
After take off

And because the pigeons laid eggs and could fly  
Because the kittens could survive  
Under the rubble wrapped  
In shirts of the dead

And the half-empty school benches  
Where each boy sits next  
To his absence and holds him  
In the space between two palms  
Pressed to a face—  
This world this hospice