

# 7 MARCH 1991

by **Will Inman**

March 7 in southern Arizona, where blue swallowtails suck heaven from a radiance of apricot blooms, where bees make fertile the tiny fruits under the blooms, where air shivers with a brightness of sun, a darkness of low wind and wings, and where the hum in my ears joins bee sounds and heartbeat and dark star strokings from under swallowtail wings.

Inside the desert dunes of George Bush's proud tongue, thousands of Iraqi youths are rotting; thousands more, in the forest of Saddam Hussein's moustache. Americans wrap their emptiness in Safeway flags, and I'm an alien in a country occupied with blindered patriots, Republicans, and sellers of t-shirts.

Tonight, Tucson temperatures are predicted in the thirties, and that may mean here, outside town, frost on the apricots. If so, I'll see tiny fruits fall under the trees, wasting the work of blue swallowtails and bees, and I'll read the ice-scorched flesh for bodies of nameless young men who for aeons have overpopulated the earth with lusts of terror and groinheat. I'll hear under the eager hum of bees, cries of fatherless children, mouths agag with clotted red nectars of hate.

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□ **Will Inman** lives in Tucson, Arizona. He corresponded with Thomas Merton in the 1960s. His poem, "reachers & bringers," appeared in the Autumn 1986 *Merton Seasonal* and he was a contributor to the *kentucky poetry review's* "thomas merton memorial issue" in the fall of 1988.

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