

## POETRY

## LAUGHING BETWEEN

the lines, the words, the descriptions.  
Laughing between the frames of  
starving children and tear gas and  
kill the Arabs. Laughing in the little  
crack where silence resides just a  
beat before the mechanical sounds  
of Moluck start up again. Laughing as  
the lungs exhale, between the breath  
and four million Somalis vanishing  
quietly. Laughing between the smog  
and scents of frustration burning.  
Laughing at nasty sounds little  
boys make to get your attention.  
Laughing so you don't pull the string,  
the one that makes it all unravel.  
Laughing so the sound of your voice  
drowns out the words. Laughing so you  
are back in history where horror  
only existed for your neighbor or  
relative and maybe it took three  
months by ship before you knew.  
Laughing so that you can fit  
in the space between loss  
and dreams. And rest. Because you  
know what you must do is not funny.

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