

WAR GAMES

by Christine Choi Ahmed

Hollowed out spaces between cries
and silence where the veins on an infant's
head is the aerial map and a fresh faced
kid pushed the button.

Fig trees and old stones, cities with
exotic names and each head
adds to your score until TILT.
Lights flash, bells ring and
your hands were filled with quarters

Balding generals are sex symbols and
we all copulate to the new world order
braid our fears in yellow ribbons
and wash our conscience out every night.