Adele asks: *is that man crying or singing?* How should I answer?

War takes him in its fingers, raises his body, a punctured bone

flute, to its lips, and breathes
the living dust
to dust alone—

this is the air we scull & inhale
air of ancestors & ashpits

just five, the child’s baptized into this unhappiness:
   she corrects the voices

she hears butcher
the name of the country she’s never

seen—*it’s “ear-rock,”*

not *“eye-rack.”*