

TABLES TURNED

Bless the refugee...

and her child.

May they find pillows
and a blanket, and may
they find a place to lay
them down for tonight.

And may she see a star—
one her child is too young
to understand, but that she
knows represents her hope.

And, under that same star,
may we treat them the way
we'd hope to be treated by
those like her when the U.S.

turns to a string of Walmarts
with big bomb craters all over
their parking lots that we burn
tires and trash in to stay warm.

May we find it in our pantries
to scrounge her up some food,
since we're indeed getting a little
pudgy around the edges anyway.

And if the nights become too cold,
may we take down our starry flag
and drape it over their blankets,

since—even though it took us
a while—we've finally begun
to understand what matters.