

Rain Storm Vigil | Anonymous



I often lift my face to the sky when it rains
And taste the sweet drops
That whisper down my cheeks
And land on my tongue
But on the days when we stand in the shadows
Of clouds and hate and death
The rain dripping down my face
Just tastes like water

The Core of Conditionality | Sarah Koros



Blood spills like oil

Pooling it glimmers slick

Its metallic stench making a home in my nostrils, my pores, my temples

My aching crowns and backs.

I'm pollen: casualties in growth itching the throat.

While your bullets pierce flowers like us til we go
away in memory, name, words. . .

But I will never forget. As for you

I'm not so sure yet.

Your silence is deafening.

That's why I'm not fucking surprised.

I remember gunmen threats at Jewish day school. Relentless anti-Semitic graffiti. The
constant Holocaust jokes. The denier, comparer, relayer. Generous uses of Nazi and Hitler
as adjectives. But the names of those lost remain without narrative.

Hearts broken. That's all there is.