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September 1

We prayed.
(And there was an answer:
Beslan must be a wrong name.)

I still go back to the school
where we died. The phantom ball
should never stop.
Let the tune blanket the hollow roof;
the tapping be the verses of the
gun-born flowers on the obstinate
walls; our tears wash away the
greed and hatred of those dark silhouettes
crushing dreams for dreams.
Let the start be a start.
The harmless sprouts couldn't even spell
Chechnya. Was it a wrong name too?

I still go back for my bro.
Sleeping alone now in his immaculate
skin. The cushions between us ooze
my scent still. We'd hugged under the
same pulse. Each breath a stab in the
chest now. I'm buried alive.