## Undergarments

Buildings softened by bombs,
Aleppo is now the wreckage of Aleppo.
At each intersection, four crumbly
piles of essential elements:
glass, steel, concrete.
New monuments to the new city.
Traffic lights lie limp like big dead
birds caught underneath, electric entrails.

Aleppo turns the television into a vista from the early nineties.
There's dad, home from work front and center on the couch.
I sit beside him with flexible bird legs.
Mom comes home to find us reclining in front of the green-tinted war.
It was nighttime over there, and the falling bombs sounded quiet and airy.

Today under a hail of gunfire the Syrian bakers still bake bread. What protects them but their souls' silent plea? The war is on in the doctor's office too, and I watch the screen in the waiting room like watching a fireplace.

My doctor told me he was Mormon.

He let it slip when we talked about the war before we talked about my body.

He always looks away when he's listening to my heart. So then I stare at him if as if I were wearing night vision goggles. I can see through to what I hear the Mormons wear—undergarments they call them.
Underneath, everything glows green, organs churning.

Mormons say their undergarments deflect bullets, even heartbreak. I'd like a pair.

The Mormons—they should drop their garments down over Syria like leaflets, like government corn.

Rain down underwear onto Aleppo.

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