

HEIDI WALLIS

Gaza

it sounds like a prayer rolled out—
like our father who art in heaven,

but if you close your eyes, it is barbed
wire and bombs like apple blossoms,

weeping women and the gnashing
of teeth. it is a tale of woe

in 12 pt. times roman and the serious
tones of the tv anchorman, who will later

line up brown soldiers—empty bottles
of beer—on a white linen tablecloth

while he tries to explain
to one young thing or another about the line

in the sand, a strip of land by the sea.
but it is hard to understand

and she wants another pinot anyway.
so gaza is lost on white linen, the empty

bottles cleared away, broken
soldiers laid one-by-one to rest.

but everyone knows
war is more ruthless than that.



HEIDI WALLIS' poetry has been published in *The Critical Pass Review*, *Existere*, *The MacGuffin*, *Pennsylvania English*, and *Watershed Review*.