

TIMOTHY PILGRIM

War memorial

No names are etched here.
The bomb-scarred wall
runs scared over the rise

then dives for cover.
Village ruins lie tangled
in vines—charred thatch,

broken bowls, human bones.
Stench no longer drifts in
from napalm spread on jungle

like bad jam. High in kapok trees,
pintail snipes sing of a child
who ran naked from flames

toward her white saviors.
They still hover over her
like fans on a hot night.

TIMOTHY PILGRIM, a Pacific Northwest poet living in Bellingham, Washington, has published several hundred poems—with acceptances from journals like *Seattle Review*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Third Wednesday*, *Windfall*, *Windsor Review*, and *Toasted Cheese*. He is author of *Mapping Water* (Flying Trout Press, 2016).