

Not Here

Awake. All at once.
Middle of the night.

Hot and humid. Quiet
except for the mockingbird.

A hard on. Ignore it.
It will go away.

Through the cloud cover
light from half a moon.

And then the rain. Softly
drumming on the roof.

June, It doesn't rain
in June. Not here in this

desert. You don't leave.
Innocent people aren't

locked up without hearing
put in solitary

forever, interrogated
by unconventional means

in the name of freedom.
Elections don't get stolen.

People don't disappear
or blow themselves up

or let themselves be led
into atrocities

by petty dictators
small minds and big oil.

Not here. And then the rain
beating on the tin.