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by Mitchell L.H. Douglas

After days of murder, more bodies  
than nights in a week, you would think  
we'd say *Enough*. Instead,  
more blood. Don't think  
it's just the dealers, that side  
of law not in your nature.  
It's expectant fathers on morning walks,  
it's businessmen minding their business,  
selling denim on Sunday afternoons.  
Yesterday, my poetry student  
who doesn't believe in gun control,  
said he wanted to write a poem  
about parenting & the right to bear arms,  
how slipping on one side affects the other  
(you guess

which way that goes).

& though you won't find me w/steel  
in the small of my back (@ least  
not by my hand), I know the peace  
a poem can bring. So I say, *Yes,*  
*write.* & he goes back to his seat  
nodding his head, the room filled  
w/the voices his classmates  
comparing Dove, Simic & Wright,  
the push of my chair  
back from my desk to stand & speak  
like fingernails  
on a chalk board, like a scream  
when a gun fires.