

The Warning

Arachnes

When I
When I see your empty glances
I feel
All the pain of the war and all the pain of the people.
Normal souls, normal eyes,
In the middle of strange light:
Now the bombs are resting,
And the children are sleeping, now.

AND WE ARE HERE, WITH OUR SHOCKING PAINS,
A WEAK MARKET, A BLACK DAY,
WE ARE STILL LIKE SILLY THINGS,
WITH A LITTLE SMILE.

When I
When I see that leanness, that hands,
I feel
I feel a warning, a warning for all (the) men