

Bloody Soup

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hundred years, and more
 crackling voices unheard, relics flaking away,
 dying,
 tongues tied to swords,
 in time, martyrs on pages weaken,
 histories carried away by the reckless drift
 of tranquil river,
 reflections of dead red eyes,
 stare back.

 as I stand over an unearthly caldron worthy of iron
 My paper ladle
 melts, dripping soup,

sons cut down in half, sisters scared with familiar
 tattoos.

driven,
 land spreading thin under their bare feet.
 children swallow sand, parched,
 hungry,
 untouched by sharp blade
 skeletons weight down my arms.

no one listens.

 no one cares.

We are still searching for our trumpets.