

UNDERNEATH US

BY MELODY HENRY

Hidden eyes in plain sight
and filled with gazing daggers.
They scream in silence
birds with broken wings
and blistered tongues - they're perched,
in huddles on dead wood,
governed by deafening footprints
that scatter in blurring patterns
above the surfaces
of shared earth.
Worlds apart in distant reach
they remain unheard and crowded,
and wearing tired faces
decorated in neighbored embroidery
they gather in buried masses,
fading into focus
underneath and all around.

United we stand.