

Owen Lewis

(from captivity) When living children

return they
don't speak they

whis-
per their words don't

have sound or barely enough breath
their words are hardly

words don't want
to tell

what
eyes cannot unsee cannot tell in whisper-

words their mouths move to make
whisper-sounds

in the dark space
of an open mouth
where words

once were
there

is no telling a word to speak

they are ashamed
have fled the telling
have torn off their telling sounds
like clothes torn off
like pieces of syllables
cannot make words tell

what men
have done

have done
this

if this is man

have done