

# Glass Envelopes

Emny Moghrabi | Poetry

It is a cold anthem dying halfway off your lips

the orchestra whose already feeble notes could not survive a journey across the ocean could not survive

It is ships piled with heaps of a Mother country's soil

empty and cluttered with the ghosts of home and spilled dirt

that leaves a murky trail of sludge and soldiers boots

(not just the boots, in fact anything but the boots)

It is the washing of heavy boots to shore, heavy foot prints that leave scars

they built down and down and down over lungs, in mines and caves, over hearts

and they still never found the ancients whose graves put to shame so deeply these english pits.

It is a storming army of clumsy clay conquerors who move only with the rigidity of their origin

they were not meant to be explorers

Moving in time to Beethoven, deaf to the orchestra and imposing all the same.

Mother did not raise us to venture further than the raspberry patch past the neighbour's house  
an english mine

a resource that gave us bloody mouths and red hands speckled with fine seeds

The dogs are chasing bears from the sand cobblestone streets.

The trees are starting to look like over-qualified bankers

(a financial institution that provides its own paper)

Obsidian barbers nick sea worn salt leather and they dress in their Sunday best

(knowing God can't make it)

despite the pagans and the weather, and their rapidly fading english crest

It is a stationary boredom sharp enough to cut the rope on the guillotine hanging over the infernal ocean

in hopes that by the time everyone gets here this land will have been broken

It is a message in a bottle

a pale refracted sand-worn envelope