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Does God Have Words for This?

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Those eyes said it all.
Perfect stranger,
on 22nd and Pine among the
smell of stale exhaust,
every radio
playing the same thing
and his face said
“I don’t believe it,”
but his eyes
his tears said
“We are broken.”

Bad dream
bad joke—
no joke.
The next morning,
the scene remains.

It has sunk in.
Taken root.
I feel it scratch at my heart,
eat at my sense of reality
and bring me to my knees.

I am groping for a reason,
a logic,
an up and down.
But I am so
exhausted.
I try to write it off
as part of life,
part of this world.
The whole country
turns red
with anger,
white
with fear,
and blue
with patriotism.
“This is not over,”
says the person
in the radio
on the TV
in the streets.

As the giant is awoken
once again
we smile and say,
“May God have mercy on you,
because we will not.”