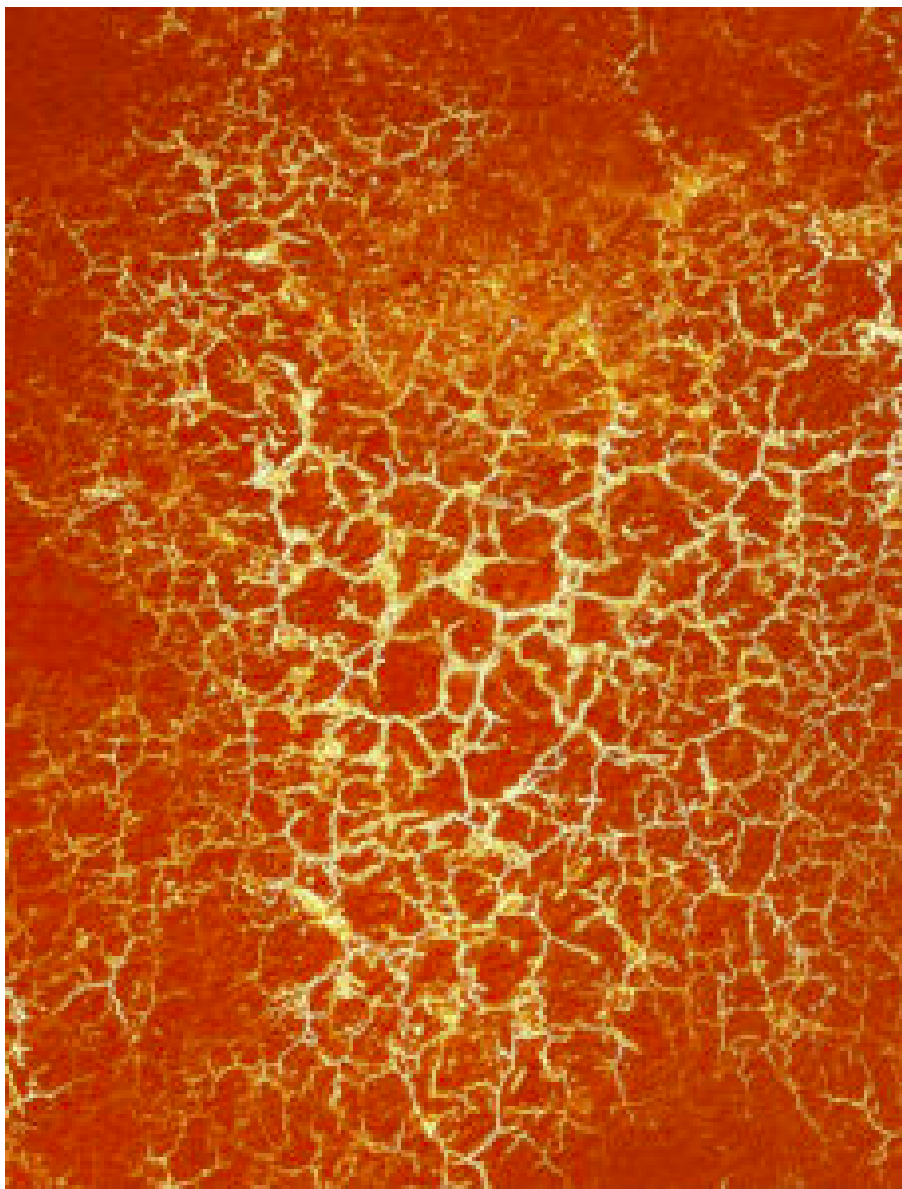


New Poetry by Kat Raldo: “Blood Goggles”



LICKS THE VEINS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Walter Cronkite left footprints
in the gravel of Saigon
but he didn't tell you their names
didn't show you the morning commute
of an accountant in Hanoi

they televise bedsheets
replacing blown out glass
in homes of blown out people
but not the Arab Renaissance Bookshop
which opened its doors in 1966

fire hoses are used
to extinguish human spirit
courage licks the veins like flame
and the only parts of war
they can't powerwash away
are the bloody crevices
under their own fingernails.