

**New Poetry by Sylvia Baedorf
Kassis: "Detritus"**



"Bullets 1.0" by Sylvia Baedorf Kassis (acrylic, ink, gesso, rust and found shell casings)

Detritus

You can tell me
that what happens
 upon the soil
 beneath our feet
does not matter

that the violence –
 gunpowder
 bullets
 landmines
 blood spilled
 and rot of bones and flesh
does not affect the terroir

that the terror
over centuries
on land –
 disputed
 and stolen
 fought over
 conquered
 and lost

is not ad infinitum
buried in this graveyard
 called home

You cannot tell me
that what happens
 upon the soil
 beneath our feet
does not matter

that the battles –
 sweeping or contained
 as enemy or ally
are not eternally captured in the earth
 dust inhaled and ingested
 but also embedded

in our collective consciousness
like a rusty compass
nestled in the palm of each newborn child
its arrow clearly pointing
to the forever trenches
of inheritance.