

## **Anemoia and Perhaps Some Salt as Well**

For whom the cedars sway  
If not for the brown eyed children  
Running with sticky hands  
Mango slices in their mouths  
Into the sea?

For whom the palms shade,  
If not for mothers  
Staving off afternoon fits  
While they tame their daughter's hair?

For whom the sea rises,  
If not to bear its fruit  
For fishermen  
And thousands of hands  
And mouths

For whom Beirut sleeps,  
If not for grandfathers  
Tired from raising  
The children of their children  
And their neighbor's children

For whom the bell tolls,  
If not for the souls of martyrs  
Killed so young eyes so wide  
As they enter the kingdom of God?

For whom the earth swallows,  
If not for blood  
Seeping into and feeding  
The roots of our future selves