

## Wailing In Baghdad

Silent beneath the women's wailing  
the boxed dead lie like unwrapped gifts  
to the god grief waiting beside open  
unmarked graves.

Caught in their sorrow-sound  
these photographed women  
sway their silent voices slowly  
like bent minarets of black.

Their eyes sad as charred craters  
in the market street. Mothers, wives,  
and daughters their naked hands  
raised in skeins of grief.

They twist and mourn their  
consumed husbands, sisters,  
brothers and children.

So many counted and uncounted  
dead they blur a tear-drained land  
against a daylight bomb's  
killing darkness.

In noon's blood-stained  
smoke-lingering light  
graves that keep on filling.

[Ed Higgins](#)