Amman, May 2014
By Sarah Hunter

War will occupy spaces it does not rent.
It will leave behind whole histories that hide
pain and couch evil inevitably meant.

From the taxi my eyes took in the thin tent,
yet red desert, blue sky continued outside.
War will occupy spaces it does not rent.

Years ago a Middle Eastern country went
to grey shambles and the soul of the world died
again, I was holding letters to be sent
home, because I was there. Sixty miles lent
me distance to deny the screams, all decried
war will occupy spaces it does not rent.

My unformed self a foreigner lost and spent
in Amman, incensed at life, bitter to bide
time looking at it, willing only to vent
to the air and long that each refugee’s tent
be a good sanctuary in which to hide.
War will occupy spaces it does not rent.
Painful it is to live only with lament.