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5,313 mi

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5,313 mi
Malina Infante

In Bakhmut, I have not hid,
but in Granville, I nailed down my curtains.
There are Russians outside the city.

Two fingers, I tug the fabric back – I swear
soldier shadows loom in low Ohio clouds.
In Bakhmut, I have not hid,

but I hear metal groan in these sleepy
small town streets – it must be the tanks.
There are Russians inside the city.

Each week, they test the tornado siren
and each wail haunts me. *You have no bunker*
in Bakhmut. I have not hid

enough. My sheets cannot guard against
exploding thuds in the apartment above –
there are Russians inside my building.

Drunken boots collide with hallway
steps. In the top drawer, my pocketknife.
In Bakhmut, I have not hid...
there are Russians inside.