

# Thy kingdom come

by Tom Keene

*We are the world that has.*

This is how we dream:  
along everlasting assembly lines  
we put ourselves together  
suited to designs of fashion  
to fit intentions of entrepreneurs  
who follow leads of markets  
that care not to know what we do  
so long as doing gets done.  
We dream of machines that mold us to fit  
to become interchangeable parts  
till obsolescence or wear  
send us to recycling bins.

*We are the rest of the world.*

This is how we dream:  
Fitfully, amid babies' cries.  
We harvest colonial garbage cans,  
ponder melting into mountains with machetes and guns.  
Poets, we celebrate our desperate hopes.  
Painters, we color our future and wake to a cold gray now.

*We are the tribe of dreamers.*

This is how we live:  
Becoming a people to make a people of all who dream.  
We wear on our faces the blueprints, store lumber,  
brick and mortar in the basements of our minds.  
Seeds, dormant in winter's dirt, we wait for spring.  
Yeast set aside, we wait for the wheat and the fire.

april is  
**national  
poetry  
month**

## Cry of the Savior's Martyrs

(for Jennifer Casolo)  
by Tom Keene



Who will be our voice  
and speak to our killers' consciences,  
remind them that someone,  
someone/all is watching?

Who will be our hands  
to touch the hands of our torturers,  
naming their work the cruelty it is,  
deeming it more hurt than our own?

Who will ask our interrogators  
the questions that turn their hearts,  
hearing their confessions,  
granting them forgiveness?

Who will cleanse with pain-hardened truths  
the eyes and ears of blind and deaf,  
the nameless who pay our assassins' wages,  
buy the bullets that pierce our bodies?

Who will nourish initial doubts and whispered thoughts  
into growing convictions and stubborn resistance,  
broadcast the seeds of critical mass  
till stilled hearts rise and cry as one?

Who will hail us from our graves  
to hear our cries transfigured  
into choruses of justice, symphonies of grace  
when we come, bright and sure as morning suns?

—February 5, 1990