

In a Bar in Chicago

I'm eating in *The Winds*, waiting
for my son to come home
from work, and let me in.
It's a mighty steak they've given me,
the special, huge as a country.
I chew and chew.

Up there on the screen, our leader
announcing the start of a war,
and yes, we have our "game face" on,
and yes, we're going to "take them out,"
and yes, we're talking "surgical strike,"
and yes, we learn soon, the Oscars
will go on next week, but "muted"
(the speculation is "less jewelry").

Dark in Chicago, dawn in Baghdad.
I'm waiting to see my boy. (I support my boy.)
The way home, says a young soldier
(somebody's son), lies through Baghdad,
"we've a job to do," he says,
"it's time to rally behind the policy,"
a citizen (somebody's Dad), stopped
on a sunlit street, says.

Abraham, Father of Faith, could it have been
what you *thought* was God's voice, commanding you,
then only with Isaac bound, the Divine hand
dragging down your wrist
to halt the war on your boy?
And Sarah, what of Sarah? Did the two,
did the three of you, speak again, ever,
of that or anything else again, ever?

Dark in Chicago.
This steak goes on and on.
"Father. Father."
"Here I am."
He should be home soon.