

Poems by *Martha Collins*

One called Nightmare Wishing

called last night
on the quiet phone

nothing on the other
end of the line

and then you died
again, the doctor said

we would have to be
examined before

we came for our
next visit, you were

so fragile
in your new state

First published in *Subtropics* (Summer 2010)

FOR GAZA

for the woman who cooks on a fire of sticks and boards beside her shell of
a house, her bag of clothes on a tree

for physician Awni al-Jaru, his wife cut in half, his year-old-son *turned to
pieces*

for the 30 dead Samouni family members dug out of the rubble, for the
living, including children who clutched dead mothers

for the schools and mosques and thousands of homes destroyed by bombs,
for the graves disturbed by tanks

for the more than 1300 dead, including those who walked from their
homes, as directed, with white flags

for those going home to water their trees, lemon and almond and olive, and
for those trees

for Gaza, for Palestine/Israel, for ourselves, for hope for peace

January 30, 2009

first published in *Human Architecture: Journal of the Sociology of Self-Knowledge*:
Mahmoud Darwish Issue, Vol. 7 (2009), 3

OUT

of the way out
of doors open

once for all
of us then shut

for some out
of as in work

for the night
out of time

out of as in
ingredients

as in what
you have

or don't as in
you're out

first published in *Explosion Proof* (2013)

BIO

Martha Collins' most recent books of poems are *Day Unto Day* (Milkweed, 2014), *White Papers* (Pittsburgh, 2012) and *Blue Front* (Graywolf, 2006). She has also published four earlier collections of poems and three collections of co-translated Vietnamese poetry—most recently *Black Stars: Poems by Ngo Tu Lap* (Milkweed, 2013, with the author).