

**John Unger**

*Trying to Change the Cadence*

I was dreaming of you again  
about the days we spent far  
from strips of bars  
perspiring  
in colored lights and Martial Law.

We were high up in the mountains  
taking long walks through terraced fields,

castaways

long ago bitter,  
healing in a sky of green rice.

That last night I saw you,  
you wore a soft yellow sweatshirt,  
brown shorts, and wooden sandals.

Mischievously, you kissed me  
with eyes open,  
peeking just a bit.  
I closed my eyes for a moment;  
the last kiss vivid as stars.

My eyes opened to a thick sea  
of drunken sailors everywhere.  
They stuffed money into  
hungry, outstretched hands;  
then about-faced,  
with harsh drunken smiles  
welded to their cheeks,  
and marched to steel chambers.

I slept in all the next day  
trying to change the cadence  
of long forgotten footsteps.

*Rohingya Truth and Facebook*

Truth, oh Truth  
come back please.

Our minds and bodies are  
savaged and ravaged  
by so many lies  
so many lines  
by so many, oh God,  
so many.

Mangled cries and heavy dying sighs  
or maniacally violent  
bloody manic memes  
covered in flag-draped scenes,

thousands of twitter snarks;  
wasting facebook pastes  
cobra-hissed sendings  
hundreds upon hundreds  
to thousands upon thousands  
to millions upon millions

to their screaming deaths,  
which no one hears.

Dead Rohingya here  
Dead Rohingya there

or running to India  
or Bangladesh  
to be

swallowed by the sea  
of international indifference  
and bureaucracy  
from the rest of humanity,

as Everybody prays  
to Allah, Yehwah, God, a golden Rangoon statue  
or whoever and whatever  
squeezes  
love, hope, and care out of the air  
forever and ever,  
Amen