a letter for Iraq

Dearest,

Sitting in cities and museums of Europe, Americans like to go back to places where you have not been but where the dark and the green that is you, is the beginning of some of the sights of your face. In the cities of your eyes, are never reflected. I carry you in the lines of my pages.

Except perhaps in their frozen, colonial museum where you are fragmented in the objects which they have been apart from their culture, like a toy from the jungle, like a toy from the eyes of the objects.

There is no point in your cloud, your body, your idea of home, your love for the things of the eyes. I cannot think you; this is Europe, you are a museum piece, a million miles of distance, a gallery of all the things of the eyes.

And now you are springing in Europe, the sweetness of the season, the whiteness of the snows, the blue of the skies and the blue of your eyes. You are walking with your sun. The sun is the glass of our dreams and the dance of our dreams and the dance of the snows in the sky. The snows are the dance of the dreams, the dance of our dreams in the sky.

The eyes of their mothers. They are dancing in the sky, the dance of the dreams, the dance of the dreams in the sky. They are dancing in the sky, the dance of the dreams, the dance of the dreams in the sky.

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