

KNUTE SKINNER

AN OLD LADY WATCHING TV

The old lady watches TV,
mouth open, nodding her head.
She sees Khomeini's soldiers
following orders.

She sees the screen fill with bodies
no match for the heavy machinery.
She has seen it before and before,
and she nods her head, mouth
open, attention fixed.

She would let her thoughts scatter if they would.
She sees a disfiguring world
on the other side of her set.
She believes it doesn't have to be like that.
She knows it hasn't always been like that.
She holds on tightly to her chair,
to her souvenir cups and spoons, to her walls
full of grandchildren.
She wants it to stop.

