

Dell Koniiecko

Two Poems

No Child Who Cries or Murders is Voiceless

No child who cries or murders is voiceless.

I wish I'd known sooner that lives depended on
my understanding this simple truth.

Perhaps I could have delivered my message to the world
in enraged diphthongs,

or used brutish syllables to quell the conflagration
that burned uncontrollably inside the too-young me.

With a weapon of words,

I could have fashioned a murderous phraseology,
and used it to begin the autobiography of a better man.

But what use are words now?

What language can raise the dead?