

## Peace Talks

We sit across  
The round table,  
Wearing our standard uniforms:  
You, in a dirty wife-beater,  
Me, a coarse cotton dress.  
Behind our backs,  
Flags fly  
Our separate nations,  
Our separate worlds.

The talks go well,  
Every word stilted, bleached,  
Then a bomb is dropped  
And our table cracks.  
We lash our tongues,  
Bare our teeth,  
Spit acid,  
Recite insults like prayers  
In a book of launch codes.

Before we could wage  
The final blitz,  
My cry of "Cease fire!"  
Rings out across  
The void of no-man's-land.  
We lower arms,  
Mumble "Truce,"  
Exchanging flags for  
Silk and lace.

There,  
On our mended table,  
Between our cries  
For God,  
I pray for rebirth.  
For your ravenous hands  
Grip my flesh like fate,  
Until I wonder  
Who was really fucked?

--Marieke Davis (2013)