

## Rizpah

They cut the nodding barley down, it falls.  
Those men there swung their scythes into my sons  
And opened them like sacks of grain, for Saul  
Killed first; in this way men call justice done.  
Kings weigh what grief they cause and say they've won.  
Words mean nothing to a dead man's mother,  
Now kneeling in a field beneath the sun  
To keep away the crows that hover.  
Men fight and leave the women to suffer.  
Their God may sanction any vulgar thing:  
This shroud, a torn burlap bag to cover  
My children's corpses, killed in offering.  
The harvesters sing in their rows, and laugh  
As flesh falls from bone, seed loosens from chaff.