



The Rising

After "*Mother Rachael Weeping for Her Children*,"
by Martin Spett

**There is beauty even in this abyss.
The sky, a woman, sings her soulful grief—
red aria of rage, sorrow's ochre,
purple lends its dire light of defeat.
Train tracks merge in the shrouded distance,
journey to a country known too late,
each sleeper* a man, a woman, a child
crushed beneath history's iron weight.**

**Here in the heart bides the boot-black fact:
the soot of bodies darkening the air,
their Mother weeping her ancient despair
for children consumed by flame and by fire.
Up from the earth, the dead gather and rise
from the heart's abyss to the breath of sky.**

**The word "sleeper" is a term for a railroad tie.*