

# I the Body of Laos and All My UXOs

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It's been forty years of debris  
turning stale, and submunitions

still hunt inside the patina of my mud.  
I'm stumbling with ankles steeped

in my little wrecked chimneys.  
A foot wedged inside a sandal.

The bandage wraps my chest and I  
sense the new branches of a cypress

within me, waiting to tear open  
the gauze. Where are the high verandas

that once guarded elephants.  
What ends the deepening numbers,

resounding into night, a planeload  
releases every eight minutes forever.

Left only with cistern walls dismantled  
in this era of widows, this is no way

to be lived, clawed and de-veined by  
steel splinters concealed. The ground

knows more than a child will ever.  
No way to seal the gaps, when a smuggled

climate spills over my body, taints me  
with cobwebs spun from overseas.

