

LOVE POEM TO A PRIVATE

You lean against that wall, my love,
inside that cell alone –
blinded with red –
blinded from white –
blinded by blue stars of war.
A lullaby approaches
from the place that can't destroy.
I want to grab it, mold it
and whisper shrapnel out of your flesh,
the embedded wounds around your heart.
Let me sing to that
and wish it out of you.
Let me touch your leg, my love,
the flesh and bone exploded
beneath a youthful soldier's valor.
Let me work it back in dream of hope
that seems so lost to you.
Let me carry your loneliness and despair
down the winding roads imprinted in your mind
and lay you upon our great Mother's earth
where she waits and breathes and births
fresh dreams.
There, I'll take your head and place it gently
upon the bed of moss I'll make for you.
I'll carry clear water from the river of your childhood
and wash your wounds, all of them,
and we'll watch them float away.
Then, I'll lie next to you, my love,
and we'll look through the trees,
up to the stars and into the night,
I'll listen to whatever
you want to tell.



LEILANI SQUIRE

I have been involved in the arts since dancing the hula as a toddler on the land of my birth, Oah'u, Hawai'i. My educational background is more eclectic than certified. I studied film at UCLA before it was the hip thing to do. My poetry and short shorts have been published in *The Sun*, *Gentle Strength Quarterly*, *The Taylor Trust* and other journals. I have been featured and a facilitator at Beyond Baroque in Venice, California. My second screenplay was optioned for its edgy subject matter. I write daily. This is my second year as the Director of the Hollywood Outreach Program of the Scriptwriters Network; also serve on the Board of Directors. For the past ten years I have been on the jury for The Humanitas Prize. I believe that peace will be created through dialogue, education and culture.