

JENNIFER HU

Ornament of the Ambulance

1.

When we arrive at the river,
the water is ready. The babies float,
their green bulging abdomens
like beetles' shells.

We, too, empty the war from
rain buckets. Not a cry or
a prayer. We have killed
the children quite kindly.

2.

Illness is easy. One minute, pink
skin; the next, a finger of moss.

A fable: three men—two die. The last
is found at the bottom of a ravine,
clutching a kind stranger's hand,
a lily where his mouth should have been.

3.

In a new village, memory
carries faces on the tombs.

At night, we name the stars
for the neighbor
and his butcher.

4.

I have loved you under the red rubble
even as you wore the general's eyes.

Jennifer Hu lives in upstate NY, where she studies medicine and enjoys hiking in the Adirondacks. Her work has been published in *Hanging Loose Magazine*, *Thrush Poetry Journal*, and *Main Street Rag*.