

*CHARBEL DAGHER*

But, as soon as he steps onto the promenade,  
He clears his throat,  
Adjusts his tie,  
And sneaks into a recorded videotape

An altar for the martyr in the size of a camera  
If not aligned with its screen he'll adjust the headband around his  
forehead,

The martyr speaks on my behalf  
About what happened before it happens,  
And I follow him on the news broadcast;

The martyr beats me to the poem,  
Receives condolences  
On my death,  
I am the martyr Charbel Dagher after the sentence ends,  
Not before the interest in it expires.

She buys the TV guide week after week  
But does not change her clothes every day,

She shut her window tight against the noise of the persistent  
crowds,  
And made reservations for predetermined appointments.  
She would receive in Hawaii and see off in Venice  
Those who spent dollars extravagantly on whoever they ran into  
when they happened to pass over the promenades of the air;

The screen is her neighbor, and records stories for her when she  
is away,  
Her lit window is to guarantee her safe nightly arrival to the  
Salon.  
She kept it lit on the morning of September 11,  
She went out, but did not return:

The news of her death arrived before her at her destination,  
While the television did not record her picture.