LAUGHING BETWEEN

the lines, the words, the descriptions.
Laughing between the frames of
starving children and tear gas and
kill the Arabs. Laughing in the little
crack where silence resides just a
beat before the mechanical sounds
of Moluck start up again. Laughing as
the lungs exhale, between the breath
and four million Somalis vanishing
quietly. Laughing between the smog
and scents of frustration burning.
Laughing at nasty sounds little
boys make to get your attention.
Laughing so you don't pull the string,
the one that makes it all unravel.
Laughing so the sound of your voice
drowns out the words. Laughing so you
are back in history where horror
only existed for your neighbor or
relative and maybe it took three
months by ship before you knew.
Laughing so that you can fit
in the space between loss
and dreams. And rest. Because you
know what you must do is not funny.

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