

**Spring**

*On Uighur internment in Eastern China*

In Xinjiang, hands collect unfelled promises  
in government compounds and the wind picks up  
dust and leaves from poplars that give

and give. The trees open like an orchestra,  
and their branches, fluted ribbons, thrash. A man down  
the corridor sews ashes over his body. No one remains

the same. No one predicts how hunger whittles citizens  
into dancers. No one knows they only spare the dead.  
See: a mother handed her infant son's corpse. Guards return

another girl to the cell in the cavity of night, her skin  
stamped black and black and blue. Electricity: the silk  
of muscle and bone, a flowering of fiber optic cable bulging

at the throat. A forest of tiger chairs earth these paper bodies.  
They are your brothers and sisters. They are mine. The wind  
is picking up speed. Like orchestras, the poplars open.