

## On the Murder of Five Amish Girls

*Elisa Pulido*

We wanted, want quiet.

Next door the milk soured.

Heaven is, was simple.  
Skipping, oh skip, skipped our daughters.

We think, thought in a spirit of  
handshake and glad to meet.

Our sons pull, pulled only balls from the air.

Who knew the dairy brewing brewed?  
Who knew from his truck?

He delivered bone builder.  
We drank, drink from his cup.

We wanted, want prairie.  
The sparest syntax possible.

Our harvest: bullets  
to our backs. An eye for five flowers.

Where wast, art Thou?

Children run, ran over the prairie  
with news of the invasion.

Quiet? The lynx  
in the schoolyard. A snakebite  
to the heart. In our plain eyes  
everything blurs,

blurred.