

Chris Haven

## Jonestown

I kept wondering if it was an accident  
if they didn't know  
                                  what the  
                                  purple  
                                  held

I kept  
                  wondering if the parents didn't know  
what the children  
                  were drinking

I kept wondering  
          why their tongues didn't stop  
                          the poison

I  
kept wondering  
          why the guy in the glasses  
made up a god  
                  that hated children

I kept wondering  
                  about the rows  
                  the neatly stacked  
shirts and jeans  
                  limbs and hair  
sometimes children  
                  beneath

I kept  
          wondering  
          how long they lay  
          awake how long  
          until they  
                  trickled away

I  
kept  
wondering  
    who the mixers  
who the servers  
    who the stirrers

I kept wondering  
    about the path  
how many steps how  
    long the lines how  
many children how many  
    thought they were waiting  
for something good at the end

I kept wondering how the bodies  
    arranged themselves did  
    the children lie down  
first to be covered or  
    did they slip  
or were they pulled  
    under

I if kept you wondering only if drank you half would the still cup die

I kept wondering what the dust would hold

I kept  
    wondering if God  
was watching  
I kept wondering  
    was it accident  
    it was wondering  
    what was I  
    I was it  
I kept it