

FADING SARAJEVO ROSES

Roses of blood, the petals drip
And twine with brutal certainty.
Marking souls that stood in line
For bread and life's necessities.
Risen that day, observing routine
With ignorance and joie di vivre.
Zdravo, they greeted each other.
A hug here, a kiss there, shaken
Hand, exchange of tender noted
Moment of unison, touching.
Then the mortar struck -
Concrete open wounds evidently
Exposed now. Peacefully fading.

Lisa Hawkins