

fires will rage on
in sacramental dove
ashes, his heart on
thier hearth

II

There was a land
of doves in trees cooing
they sat in branches
of olive in Mediterranean
sun they basked fulfilled
and full of sunlight

Then fabelized they
out of thier wombs
a crow that pecked them
and from then on they
warred the light gone
the sun disappeared
into blackness of war

And from then the
doves flew only in fear
and love thier
lighting place disappeared

III

And the earth burns
thier feet they cannot
land anymore the
war birds peck thier