

Birdsong in Kharkiv

Said the Ukrainian robin
to her Russian kin,
“How are you, dear cousin,
how have you been?”

“Not well, not well
this war has been hell
a bomb shook my nest
and my little ones fell.”

“Oh no! I am sorry!
I, too have been sad,
A building collapsed -
took my little ones’ dad.”

“Why must they do this,
to fight such a war
to wreak so much havoc -
not settle their score?”

“They think not of us.
nor of rabbit or flower
all victims we are
of their misuse of power.”

“What then shall we do, cuz?
This cannot go on.
By bullet or bomb soon
we all will be gone.

We do what we can, cuz,
We sing at dawns light
pray that they listen
and postpone their fight

to realize that others –
beloved – cry too.
“Is this now the best
that God’s stewards can do?”

“Loving takes courage
and life’s never fair
I wish humans knew this
I wish they would dare

to become more fully present
to listen and to care,
to know all life as kindred
at all times and everywhere.”
WBRH

