our love our hope our sorrow is dead
hear loud bang outside your neighbour
empty eyed pounding on your door
she pleads Marina will you bury my
son in your backyard please you have
a big backyard Marina I cannot let
unhinged dogs smell dig for my kin
I will rebury him in a cemetery I will
kissing your hands your fingers she
whispers he was a good boy brought
me tulips for my birthday he was
so smart he spoke English Marina
what is dignity when you watched
a man lay on the ground for days
like a stifled Antigone forbidden hiding
in a cave counting hours to bury bodies
of people I know in Borodianka our
remains lay like a tragic décor pleading
for freedom never forget Holodomor
never forget gulags never forget children
stolen from homes they invade on land
that is not their own to sow death fast
and slow they shot him in the back
he was walking away they say they came
here to liberate us then reload
hope is hollow like a detonated grenade
somewhere it already exploded
please let me bring him and dig
a grave for my first-born a heart
that hurts is a tautology in war