

garden of accidental memories (a new dawn)

it's a new dawn
when all shall mourn

for no rivers will flow
into the seas we all know

for where once there were vines
there now dangle bitter fruits

where once there were fig trees to sit under
now there are condominiums lost to the wanting

wander through the vast killing fields
and you will find hanging gardens

the twin towers of babylon
will multiply in the resurrected bush

tongues of prophecy will knot
and words will forge new swords

birds alone will celebrate
the freedom of their flight

unhindered by the false sovereignty
imposed on their eternally open skies

it's a new dawn
when none need mourn

for what will be in a name
but a blood-spattered word game?

eugene skeef
london - 200906