

The War in Ukraine

February 2022

Pilot of the blue eyes
In a warm jacket of metal.

You make Icarus fall far too soon.
His golden hair trailing his only sun.

My child
Of the blue eyes
Will never fly. His sun
a cinder tower, raven black.

Our burning son a dark shadow.
Will never dance with blue eyed ballerinas.
Their quivering feet soaked red.

All wars are new.

All death is news.

All talk is lies.

A Moscow man pours a misty cognac.

Ballerinas dance blue steps to death.