

War Zone

Poems | Marcus Liljedahl



WAR ZONE

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lost paradise I sink through you as black rain

among footnotes a religion flowers and spreads

stained glass the grip of a stone reopens the scab

war zone an ancient god's disfigured face

still waiting for skulls to blossom the promised land

pushing stones the tug of dreams and compulsion

between borders the hunger of stitched mouths

floating down the river of hands a fleet of baby coffins

stained glass some of the faces are mine

black flags a boy points his finger towards heaven

no word for paradise the language of Kalashnikovs

when they fall they fall as empty armors

still deep in my bones the night's thrust

winter thaw blackened leaves in all my faces

flowering tree my mind shaped like tomorrow's rain

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