

## Mariupol

A city park of blasted trees,  
rubble, stones, and bricks, and plaster,  
buildings windowless and leaning,  
and papers blown all around.

What words are written on those shreds,  
and where are those who wrote them down?

What is the fate of innocents  
now trapped in bombed out ruined homes?

The crying woman on the floor  
at the railroad station in Lviv  
holds her child close in her arms,  
but mourns two babies dead at home.

Her hero husband stayed behind  
to fight in Mariupol streets,  
perhaps to die a soldier's death,  
leaving her to carry on.

Her stricken eyes now stare at horror,  
demanding that we look in them  
and see the price that she has paid,  
then give support to brave Ukraine.

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