

FRIDAY

A Russian winter snowfall.
Flakes falling like white bombs
but no one is dying.

I'm inside watching
writing these flakes
of words, feeling helpless.

I watch sparrows
flutter about my feeder
pecking and chattering.

What else can I do?

Maybe make these birds
into jets on their way to you Ukrainians
and turn their shit into missiles.

And record that on this day
I declared war on human evil.
Again.

February 25, 2022