

in Kyiv

I met a young man
in whose eyes water becomes fire
the kind

with sharp features
worked with dark & a pleasing heart
the kind

that would have been sent to the front
in an ill-fitting uniform or
to the mines

without boots without
books – all the bright-eyed boys not yet
grown into

their fathers' suits
snuffed by a gust history sends every once
in the struggle

of men though
it is not history that sends – the type who
would have held

his post before
a bullet found its home in his soft mind
drying the lakes

of his eyes – ah
but he is also the one who today they
haven't yet

put a stop to – whose
eyes begin to build a tiny palace
from upturned

stones of waking sleep – who
lives & breathes water
whose words

breathe softest fire – who
sleeps & breathes
&

lives