

A poem for Ukraine

A Child's Last Colours

Spring was in the air
this morning in Ukraine.
Our play was fair.
Friendship -our gain.

We kids were
joyfully playing.
Out of the blue
came down a dark thing.

Our bodies fell
like little sand towers.
Yellow turned into red.
Can you sense these flowers?

My baby sister was
asleep, breast-fed.
Her smile was lovely.
Where's her head?

Out of the blue
a dark thing appeared.
All our lively colours
suddenly...

Tarık Günersel