

Um

By Chris Johnson

I come here a lot as it reminds me,
Of everything that happened, back at that time...
Across the river, the boys reached that point,
Shouting, "Save us,"...they just wished to go home.

My husband and son cannot come back home...
They were killed at a checkpoint near Mosul...
We hid fifty-eight Shia boys right here,
I fed them and hugged them, their souls came back.

Then the whole world could not contain my joy,
As if those I'd lost had come back to life.
Now these things I have, I keep close with me,
When I'm upset they make me feel better.

I risked my life as, 'bidun hubin'...
The whole world kills... now can I smoke again?

How Are You Today?

By Chris Johnson

Live in Kyiv we now have Inna Sovsun,
Deputy Head of the Holos Party,
How are you? 'Well...we get used to the new...
Reality of sirens and shelters.

At this third day of Russian invasion,
We're getting better organisation,
Some people talk to the media, some support,
And loads do the main job now and enlist.

And what is...again a personal note,
My dad took mum west, he's now coming back.
I said, "Daddy, Why? You are sixty-one,
You can hardly walk," he said, "I can crawl.

I am coming back to defend Kyiv."
What a man your dad sounds! Maybe we can...

A Flame That Never Goes Out

By Chris Johnson

There is a flame that will never go out,
That burns beyond all mortal remains,
To light the dark of the worldwide conflicts,
Where innocents are sent as sacrifice.

Eleventh hour, eleventh day and month,
The moment when peace dawns from the long night.
Then there is pausing, then there is wonder,
What then was this life? What if it were mine?

Would I have run from my too early death,
Shaking with fear but, alive to still love?
Would I have strived for the good of country,
Despite my babies not even been born?

To go to beyond, before a right time,
Unnamed, unknown, but a hero as well.