

Wild Waters

By Lisa Millard

Snow white palm, brittle as glass
red wine sky stained with poison.
Flesh falls in fields of violence while
rain taps upon tobacco-stained fingertips

Death lingers, in the shadows of trees
whisps of hair flutter in steel cold wind.
Youth halted in time; age etched into stone

Blood infiltrates rivers like milk,
swirling in tea or coal coloured coffee

The bridge between love and hate crumbles like
sandcastles under thundering clouds,
behind mountains of artillery men break bread

While silken words of homecoming thread
through ears like fish in wild waters.
As the yolk yellow sun sets
happiness is wrapped in coffins
of clotted cotton