

WE WATCH

If you have lived your entire life dedicated to a thing ...
and that thing,
for whatever reason,
slips away ...

I'm not talking trivialities.

At 19, I joined a group,
just three of us,
but dedicated,
determined,

we swore to await the call ...
one which never came.

Years passed.

I met a woman; married; two girls; raised a family ...

Yet even today, my will
bequeaths all that is left
to, first, yes, those of blood,
as is rightly so,
but, if they are gone,
to continue the struggle
until it is done ...

And, no, thank you - I get to define when it is done.

So, peace was made ... or so some would say ...

Yet I have to ask myself the same which she had said:

Is there still this invented place?
Do ghosts still gather in that granite building on the hill?
Does She, the lion rampant, still make claim over any part of this,
the home, which my grandparents fled,
in fear and dread
of a death
nurtured through the indifference, hatred, of a foreign state?

Peace was made.

But we watch ... and grow old ... on these, the surrounding hilltops.