

## For Ukraine

March 6, 2022

Their spirits and hearts say "FIGHT"  
But their heads say "FLEE"  
as the dead offer no resistance,  
win no fights

The Beast is right behind them  
They escape as fast as they can in dirty and torn clothes  
with gaunt faces and empty bellies  
they stumble away from the beast and his conflagration  
Hoping they are headed toward safety  
The Hell on Earth unleashed on their lives  
Turns the world upside down  
Destroys lives and quashes dreams  
They clutch the few treasures salvaged from the ruins  
in the few moments some luckily had  
Those seconds spawned tough choices  
No time to reflect before a dash from madness  
Others escaped only with what filled their pockets  
Still others didn't escape at all

All knowing that the land they love will live only in  
photographs and memories now,  
will be forever changed  
if they somehow return someday  
Too many know not the fate of those they love  
Others wish they didn't  
Abandoning all they own that can't be carried own  
along with hope for tomorrow  
Is not as bad as losing your community and  
leaving members of your tribe unburied

Whether the dreams and lives have been disrupted  
delayed or  
destroyed  
the refugees only hope to live long enough  
to see

They stumble in the fog,  
arms extended for help  
Their prayers are that God hasn't  
turned away from them

Though in the darkness  
all they think they see  
is His back

Ordinary life turned into a tragedy  
By the deranged deeds of a dictator  
Power crushes the powerless because it can  
Tears and blood flow, carving into the Earth like the Colorado

