

# (VIII) war

final agreement to settle the bill  
with bankers decrepit and reeking of death  
abstract counting of figures all red  
on books made of paper the wind  
turns to wind white words are the names  
of people as gifts to the sight of honest  
snipers inanimate statues for broken tombstones  
planted in blood of vain hopes  
left to dry up between hymns of peace  
and speeches – packed with nothing

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