

● *A Small Vase of Flowers*

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A SMALL VASE OF FLOWERS

A small vase of flowers, the sun through the window
Walls of white plaster, a small picture frame
Still I can see it - my mind's eye can see it
My harbor, my center, my family, my name

How fragile a thing is a small vase of flowers
Walls of white plaster, how quickly they fall
Pictures will crumble and burn in a whisper
My home and my life can mean nothing at all

High in the heavens a young man was watching
His eyes on a target his soul could not see
His mind on an enemy - faceless and nameless
His hands pushed the trigger - the target was me

I wander the streets of this city I once loved
I search through the rubble which once was my home
I search for my neighbors, my children, my life
But nothing is left, not a stone stands on stone

How fragile a thing is a small vase of flowers
How luscious my garden, how sweet was the fruit
But the bombs fell like rain 'til the screams turned to silence
And I stand here weeping, a tree without roots

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