just when i thought i could rest i see that history is stirred up.
history is moving again.
i see the burning temples and churches. clouds of smoke
and desperate hands striking fires.
the dead are piled up beside deep pits.
birds dropping from tree branches during the unattended moments.
it stops when there is nothing left to burn or no one else is left.
whatever truths can be found here you cannot avoid
knowing it will not stop because imagination
will not be able to imagine it.

birds on tree branches.
wf.h.
2018