In the murdered peace

We shall be buried to the silent breeze
under the closed eyelids
of absence,
in the entrenched color between the eyes of freedom,
in the waving rags of lost peace.
With the face extended to the defeated sun
and our mouths drained of words.

We shall be dead when the birds’ song stops,
and ravens come to party to the battlefield.
The germinating seeds of anger flourish
and the graveyard
asks us the price of our uncertainty.

We shall be lost in the past tense,
swinging swords into the blindness unsuccessfully,
wishing for the one we’ve lost in shadows,
paying high taxes for the mending of our broken wings.

Jael Uribe