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Colors of the Beast

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Colors of the Beast

Green fields march around Zagreb
golden pastures, oceans of sunflowers in riotous bloom
chalky bluffs hang from the Dalmatian Coast

and the kaleidoscope turns...

to Vinkovci's walls, crying pockmarks complements of mortars and
grenades[compliments]
to the stiff blue berets at every corner
strolling calmly past the white petals stretching out of the church walls
rubble since last month, calling
to the camouflaged man-child, black weaponry slung over a shoulder that made
pink marketplace rivers flow, deadly Sarajevo bread lines
pool in red
drool from the black beast that swathes the little ones in white
steals them away, bids them eternal goodnight
and forces them to earn their wings with one bite

—*Helena Jasna Oroz*