

BLACKHILLS 1993

The humming of the bees
 in the rhododendrons
 displaces my wild imaginings.
The exotic scent from their flowers,
 multi-coloured, pastel-hued,
 allows me to loosen my many expectations.
The dappled sunlight
 on a hundred shades of green
 softens my agitations.
And the myriad of sunlit ripples on the lake
 wash away my thoughts
 so that today I can find myself at peace
Here in this garden.

Today they declared peace again
 in the green hills that were once Yugoslavia.
Now they need to find it inside of themselves.