Pre-Dawn

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poem	2 min

Half-asleep at the crossroads between day and night,
Before dwelling here, before opening my eyes,
I try to recall where we're we'll be waking up today
And why I feel so lonely and homeless.

I understand this whole war thing isn't a dream or a nightmare.
I'll ask God briefly what we're being punished for from above,
And there'll be no answer from him yet again.
I get up on my two feet. The floor is slippery like ice.

It'll crack like glass under the weight of my grief.
Where I'll roam today, where I'll set up camp,
It doesn't matter to me. Oddly enough, I don't really care,
Not even a morning cup of coffee can help me,
So for breakfast, now, I devour the news.
I read the headlines but can't bring myself to digest half of them.

Kharkiv and Sumy, Vinnytsia and Odessa…
God, can you really see that from your own heavenly sky? And?
Why don't you stop this horde of enemies?
Are you not more powerful than the devil, God?
Do you hear me? Say something, God! Where are you?
Did you know rockets have wings now?
Flat-track missiles, winged like birds.

They fly to people's homes and kill indiscriminately.
They're killing machines, killing adults, seniors, young children…
They fly over in the morning or wait to strike at dusk,
Sometimes even pouncing after lunch or in the middle of the night…
That's not why you created wings, is it, Father?

I'm listening to something beating between my ribs.

I want to relax. But I can't.

I'm brushing my gray hair, looking at my wrinkled cheeks,

Forgive me, God, I'm all about the war now.