

Calexico, Woven Birds

The plaza in the village
where mission bells used to ring
is now crumbled to a pile of stench and ruin
even the swallows have spring
all the blossoms are buried
neath the waste
out of the shadows grow hatred
along the corridor crawls fear
crushed by the promise of hope
that never returned
watched with a hawk's trained eye
trees grow silent fruit
neath a suffering sky
those who have stayed, keep a flame
in memory of the fallen
and pass on the old rites despite the risk
but many more have left here
on mended broken wings
turning to see your reaction
a tear drop fills your eye
but you protest not to give up as give in
heading straight for the wreckage
picking up a shovel and a hoe
start putting back the bricks one by one
numbers come out of the woodwork
curious to see the rebirth
above the swollen clouds
a strange sound fills the air
a silence never heard
falling like blessed rain
and the swallows return
as the mission bells ring