

Waiting in Ukraine.

A row of beds, close packed like paving stones,
Lined up, wall-straight, stretched tight,
Marching across the room.
She stares;
So little space to call her own,
Yet little stuff to hoard;
And little air to share.

The gap between the beds is paper thin.

Beyond her land, beyond her reach,
She builds a dream.
There waits a room, with bed laid bare,
Primed with the promise of smooth sheets:
Wide empty shelves, with outspread arms
To hug her things, and give her settlement.
An open window with a view,
And air to spare.

The gap between the beds is Visa thin.

Joy Kohn 3rd April 2022