

For Brussels

Emily Bradley

Fiery heavens beckon fowl back to nest
In budding boughs and breezes to sing their last,
A sweetest prelude to the evening rest
Drowned by echoes of a hellish blast

Daybreak glowed with ordinary dreams
Of ordinary dreamers on trains, at airport gates,
When serpent trails through blooming fields were
cleaved
And hissing embers buried twenty-eight

What separates, in blushing twilight of time,
These eyes extinguished from those that read their
names?

A still victorious King, whose love divine
Knows man and beast and songbird all the same.

Spring lambs don't hesitate to prance while free
So will my soul dance now and eternally