



Sing with me – beyond
national borders

Last Play

(Arijit Masri)

I see
Fog in a distance
Covered bodies
I see
Twisted moon
Feeling pain
I see
Pieces of cloud
Wiping her
I know the tears

I hear
Stars mourning
They're sad
Dogs sing along
I hear the dogs crying
I know they're sad

I see
Droplets on leaf
I see tears

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I see snow
I know it is filling the graves
I feel
Wind blowing
Widows whispering
I feel
Chill in air
I know souls are there

I know
Me and my dog only watch the play
I know who's conducting the piece.



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The 'Peace Process' Dies Again

(Gary Steven Corseri)

There is no 'peace process'.
There is peace... and the absence of peace—
The gnawing hunger for it,
The desperation of the vanquished.

Does the peace dove fly with a shattered wing?
The shattered wing is the wing of war.
War is a sieve capturing humanity.
Blood seeps out of the mouths of the sieve.

How does one speak to a four-year-old child
Of processes, politics, quid pro quos?
No mother dresses the wounds of the child.
Her mother's eyes stare in wonder forever.

And we wonder: Do laws since time immemorial,
All proclamations, all declarations
Matter in the eyes of a hurt, dying child?
Have men proven their manhood again in her eyes?

Fools in high places clamor for war; fools follow,

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Fearing not following. Platitudes murder
For the sake of murdering—for fools
In high places and fools following.

No one dare speak the Truth of the soul.
The tax-paying herd takes succor in soccer.
My team, my tribe, my country, myself—nothing
Else matters, no one else counts, unseeing

The eyes of a child looking in wonder:
What did she do to bring on such anger?
What did her mother do, staring forever?
Why is her father so still in the rubble?

War crimes and genocide, honor, dishonor.
Where to begin, where does it end?
All the entanglements—hatred and loving.
The State... The Nation... The People... The--

How does one speak to a four-year-old child
Of processes, politics, quid pro quos?
With all the lexicons, all the professors—
No one has learned the language of children.



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O TEMPORA! O MORES!

(Mladen M. Tokić)

Where to go
time is a jackal
time of river rains
sleepless nights
enraged beasts
of lost loves
it is a time of hatred
in the time of drugs and gamblers
it is a time of poverty

O TEMPORA!
O MORES!

It's pandemic time
suffering
a time of invisible war
animal morals
which pairs under the walls
of this time
under rotting lead
stone wormholes
in bones
in the bosom

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O TEMPORA!
O MORES!

Which is why the suffering of the world
is love hard to sing
in the customs of the human race
and the bastard of the cosmic to live
to stay
in dusty books
on the dilapidated
pages of time
to travel
chase through the night
die at the cells
to leave forever

O TEMPORA!
O MORES!

Where to go
goodbye is death
whether to live
to live is more beautiful

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