

Kosovo Polje

by vuk Monday, Apr 8 2013, 10:00am

international / poetry / post



it was on the field of blackbirds
i was born, died
and was born again

a huge toll was exacted
on the invader,
the sultan fell to stealth
and a poison dagger
the noble prince fell
in the field
with his fearless fighters

against overwhelming odds
the cross finally succumbed
to the crescent
but the invader
never forgot the price
paid for this victory

century after century
the brave souls of the dead
take to the air
above the field
of blackbirds

the pagan succumbed
to the rightful owners
the land was restored

when foreign invaders
attempt to steal this land
the blackbirds take to the skies
and lay claim to this land
forever

invaders of today forget
the fight continued
for six centuries
until the pagan was routed
what hope the star-spangled
brutes of today?

the sheen of black wings
darting eyes watch
vigilant

the soul of Serbia guards
this land forever
the noble prince reigns
with his six million
strong

the usurper cowers in fear
knowing his time
is fleeting

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-476.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-343.html>