

The dream of the magi

They are asleep like us, under the same
motionless stars (out of the urban glare
starlight survives), wearily unaware
even of birth and death (Bethlehem became
Bosnia before they woke unrested). *Go*
(a blazing finger points) *this way. Beware*
(a distant lion roars) *the road you came.*
Home you will find the way you do not know.