Woven Birds

Calexico

The plaza in the village where mission bells used to ring
Is now crumbled to a pile of stench and ruin
Even the swallows have vanished, no longer return in another spring
All the blossoms are buried 'neath the waste
Out of the shadows grow hatred along the corridor crawls fear
Crushed by the promise of hope and never returnedWatched with a hawk's trained eye
Trees grow silent fruit 'neath a suffering skyThose who have stayed keep a flame in memory of the fallen
Pass on the old rites despite the risk
But many more have left here on mended broken wingsTurn to see your reaction teardrop fills your eye
But you protest not to give up or give in
Heading straight for the wreckage, picking up a shovel or an hoe
Start putting back the bricks one by one
Numbers come out of the woodwork curious to see the rebirthAbove the swollen clouds a strange sound fills the air
A silence never heard
Falling like blessed rain and the swallows return
As the mission bells ring

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