**Seeds**

*March 3, 2022*

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A million people have fallen off

the edge of their rickety lives,

landed on trains and vans, carried

away from the walls that held them,

through the silhouettes of hills outside Kyiv

where branches stir the settling fog.

Behind a fence a woman thrusts

words at a reporter: *I would kill him*

*with my own bare hands.* Later,

a thirteen-year-old girl implores:

*It has to stop—pregnant women*

*underground giving birth.* In tunnels

and basements, infants wait for their first

breaths—spring seeds, already buried,

pressed into dirt by a bloody thumb.