

A I L E E N B A S S I S

Vukovar Walls

Fields stretch empty, seeded still
with land mines along the brown Danube.
Bullet holes are all over the yellow peeling walls.

Hungry water like a giant eel
with open jaws, churns ready
to devour all that falls and flails
in a muddy flow down
to the Black Sea.

Along the river embankment stand three
men in caps fishing. A woman holding
bags walks by, heels
click on the hard
stone but there's nothing
in the distance, ahead of her,
no house, no shop, no town.

She shrinks away until fog engulfs her.

Drizzle starts and a puddle widens
before me, holding
an upside down vision
of trees gently touching

in pristine ripples until falling
rain dissolves all borders
and vacant water spreads.

Rain pelting harder now, pounds
holes like rocks falling into the soft fallow earth.



AILEEN BASSIS is a visual artist in Jersey City working in book arts, printmaking, photography and installation. Her artwork can be viewed at www.aileenbassis.com. Her use of text in art led her to explore another creative life as a poet. Her poems are published or upcoming in *B o d y*, *Milo Journal*, *Pinch Journal*, *Specs Journal*, *Spillway*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *Canary*, *Amoskeag* and others.