

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

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## 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](http://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.