

Colin Morton

Woman on Her Way to Market

No matter what negotiators said
It cost her life to walk across a street—
A sniper put a bullet through her head.

She left the sidewalk and was targeted.
An inky pool of blood grew around her feet
No matter what negotiators said

Around a table with the best intent.
She wondered what to give her kids to eat
And then he put a bullet through her head.

Shells flew over where she lay and bled
Her last words out into the empty street.
No matter what negotiators said

No time was given to remove the dead.
None claim victory, none admit defeat.
A sniper put a bullet through her head

Then went home to supper, children, wife and bed
To lose her memory in dreamless sleep.
No matter what negotiators said
A sniper put a bullet through her head.