



Navalny

Today, outside a Moscow church,
Hands clapped like a river of broken ice
Like pebbles washed by ocean waves
With one part sadness, and one part hope.

Today, outside a Moscow church,
Hands held red roses like freedom's torch
Like drops of blood from an open tomb
With one part triumph, one part despair.

Today outside a Moscow church,
Mouths shouted "Navalny, Navalny, forgive us!"
"We won't forget you! We do not fear!"
With one part courage, and one part guilt.

When all was done, the mothers wept,
Kept vigil beside the rose strewn grave
Held steady each others' broken hearts
With ten parts sorrow, and ten parts love.

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