

## Kosovo Polje

by vuk *Monday, Apr 8 2013, 10:00am*

international / poetry / post



it was on the field of blackbirds  
i was born, died  
and was born again

a huge toll was exacted  
on the invader,  
the sultan fell to stealth  
and a poison dagger  
the noble prince fell  
in the field  
with his fearless fighters

against overwhelming odds  
the cross finally succumbed  
to the crescent  
but the invader  
never forgot the price  
paid for this victory

century after century  
the brave souls of the dead  
take to the air  
above the field  
of blackbirds

the pagan succumbed  
to the rightful owners  
the land was restored

when foreign invaders  
attempt to steal this land  
the blackbirds take to the skies  
and lay claim to this land  
forever

invaders of today forget  
the fight continued  
for six centuries  
until the pagan was routed  
what hope the star-spangled  
brutes of today?

the sheen of black wings  
darting eyes watch  
vigilant

the soul of Serbia guards  
this land forever  
the noble prince reigns  
with his six million  
strong

the usurper cowers in fear  
knowing his time  
is fleeting

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-476.html>