

# Calexico, Woven Birds

The plaza in the village  
where mission bells used to ring  
is now crumbled to a pile of stench and ruin  
even the swallows have spring  
all the blossoms are buried  
neath the waste  
out of the shadows grow hatred  
along the corridor crawls fear  
crushed by the promise of hope  
that never returned  
watched with a hawk's trained eye  
trees grow silent fruit  
neath a suffering sky  
those who have stayed, keep a flame  
in memory of the fallen  
and pass on the old rites despite the risk  
but many more have left here  
on mended broken wings  
turning to see your reaction  
a tear drop fills your eye  
but you protest not to give up as give in  
heading straight for the wreckage  
picking up a shovel and a hoe  
start putting back the bricks one by one  
numbers come out of the woodwork  
curious to see the rebirth  
above the swollen clouds  
a strange sound fills the air  
a silence never heard  
falling like blessed rain  
and the swallows return  
as the mission bells ring