

### *History Repeats*

The sparrows are nesting again  
behind the basketball goal.  
Twigs dislodged and bits of string trail  
from the backboard like the tail  
of a kite, jarred loose by the big  
boom of the ball.  
Year after year they choose  
this shield, this shaky fortress,  
over and over the assault  
of cannons bursting and striking their mark.  
Afterwards, in the deepening dark  
they go home, return  
to their young left  
in the war zone,  
choosing again and again  
the suffering they know.