Dear Ukraine

I’m so far from your earth,your dead,your suffering.
This expense is nothing, but a singing wound.

Still, I reach for you, Ukraine—
as I drive my children to daycare and shop in my car, then go on with the day while you yelp
and bear at me Ukraine—thorn, anchor, stone, seed.

I want your sunflowers to rise across the water, fields and fields abacis. They’ll numb anyone
who dare to cut them down.

Dear Ukraine, you are snowfall
and ash. Your water vapor and smoke
hang heavy on the air. Even here, they soak the earth.
Take shelter. If only in this song instead, if only
for armament, take shelter here.

By Julia Kichinskaja Dasbach

In times of conflict and suffering, poetry and the arts, both pillars of the humanities, are a natural human response. Dear Ukraine, a global community poem and a celebration of Ukraine’s rich cultural heritage, is our shared response to the war in Ukraine.

We invite you to add your poem to Dear Ukraine, as hundreds around the world have done, and attend programs that explore Ukrainian poetry, literature, film, art and architecture, music and dance, and culture.

In celebrating a nation’s humanities, we humanize its people.

DEAR UKRAINE

PROGRAMS

For programs that require registration, please register online at lakeseedpubliclibrary.org/dearukraine or call (216) 226-8275; ext. 140.