

## **The dream of the magi**

They are asleep like us, under the same  
motionless stars (out of the urban glare  
starlight survives), wearily unaware  
even of birth and death (Bethlehem became  
Bosnia before they woke unrested). *Go*  
(a blazing finger points) *this way. Beware*  
(a distant lion roars) *the road you came.*  
*Home you will find the way you do not know.*