

Kosovo's Loss by Adonis Haxholli

.
A place where birds would roam in the quiet tranquil skies
.
Where they would watch the sunset and gaze at the sunrise
.
The kids would pick the daises in meadows beside the stream
.
A place where wishes came true, the light to every dream
.
While fathers held their Wudu, they chewed on their hay
.
Their eager kids rush to Jumm'ah every Friday
.
Their mothers would joyfully bake their traditional Fli
.
And peacefully boil Caydanlik, a kettle of Turkish tea
.
'Hajdeni fëmit e mit me hanger do fli' they would call upon their babies
.
To huddle around the carpet to sit near grandma who reached her eighties
.
But soon all of this came to end in late 1990's
.
Where Serbs fought freedom of the Shqiptars the almighties
.
They had snatched the key to the country while protesting 'Kosovo will always be Serbia!!'
.
Everyone would shiver and cringe with cold icy tears of hypothermia
.
To England, Germany, Turkey and America families fled
.
So they would resent their made death bed
.
Anywhere but remaining there
.
In a once called kingdom of free to a pit of dead air
.
Hearts were swollen with hunger and fear
.
As babies would burst into tears
.
But for those who remained in their country had to be aware
.
Innocent wives would be raped while they grieve in despair
.
.

Husbands would watch in horror and sorrow
.
As Serbian Govs pride towered over Kilimanjaro
...
That the 'Albanski' kids would be aggressively shot
.
By the armies that would call them a jackpot
.
Soon thousands and thousands of Kosovans were killed
.
And families of rotten dead bodies would build
.
Houses were destroyed and memories were lost
.
All those lives, gone too high a cost
.
Now every year we visit the grave
.
And we kiss them goodbye and send them away.