



Today's poem is by [John Guzlowski](#)

Today the Gypsies Are Burning

Their dying is something fierce,
like a blizzard wind, like wolves
startled into anger and rage
by the death of one of their own.

Their singing rises in the wind,
their red and orange scarves
and sparrow shawls swirling
in a maelstrom of gasoline flames.

Death cannot hold them.

These pilgrims need no God
to save them, no coin to buy them free,
no gray statue on the cusp of time.

The wind's their mother, their home.



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