

What is Aleppo?

A poem dedicated to Syrian refugees and to Syrians struggling to survive.

A...lep...po...,

Perhaps the name for clear water,  
licking a lush green river bank ,  
a tantalizing food,  
an exotic honey in tea or baklava,  
the name of a fragrant lily,  
a soft rain,  
a baby's touch,  
the heartbeat of a hummingbird,  
a lullaby, or  
the fragrance of baking bread.

A...lep...po...,

Perhaps a word spoken  
during gentle love-making,  
in the offering of a humble gift,  
whispered to a child with a skinned knee,  
a prayer of praise, thanksgiving, or petition,  
the word for "welcome home pilgrim," or  
simply, "I love you."  
A...lep...po... "Take and eat, this is my body."  
A...lep...po... "Take and drink, this is my blood."

Patricia S. T. Edmisten  
September, 2016