

## **Interruptions**

This eruption on a page, what my words must be, today, this  
interruption to tell what interruptions wars enforce, their bloody eruptions.  
Bombs and bullets. Now, Vitalii Skakun, killed blowing up  
a bridge near Kyiv, Ukraine, in 2022. And eighty-one years before,  
my Uncle Billie, blown up, on a trestle in Malaya, the enemy advancing.  
Marriages of iron – in blood, a bridge. These marriages now marry me  
to a war in Ukraine. They interrupt me, today, on these lands  
of the *Kwa'mutsun*, interrupted by an invasion of others like me, eruptions of  
bodies felled by smallpox, by schools. Now, my beloved interrupts me as I  
write, hands me binoculars, says *look*:  
sixteen Great Blue Herons erupt in the marsh, an interruption for what swims  
below them, their sword beaks breaking the surface; my day broken by war, by  
Vitaly, by Billie's story, by the *Kwa'mutsun*, who fished here, where the herons  
fish now, where I want to interrupt history with praise: the tall marsh grass, the  
eruption of Spring frogs, their songs erupting at night, their mating calls  
breaking the quiet at dark and the herons, how they circled, glided down to  
land: pure beauty.

**-Richard Osler**