MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

We speak with the voice of your daughters, your sons;
We look through the eyes of all innocent ones.
We are spring, which soon dies.
We are hope, and you kill us.
You will not forget.
We will haunt all your future
like regret—like regret.
We are love, which soon dies.

We are absence and loss.
All the years that you live
you may try to forget us—
no year will forgive.
We are man, who soon dies,
—or your children must die.
Let us live! Let us live!
No year will forgive you
that innocente dies.

JET FLIGHT OVER DERBY

Crossing this ravelled shore
fern-patterns of the tides
frayed like my branching nerves;
the last arcing islands frayed.
And what is it? I said.
Rose-red a thousand miles
my country passed beneath.

Curved symmetry of dunes
echo my ribs and breath.
I am these worn red lands.

Stepped contours print my palms,
time's touchdowns wear me down,
wind licks at me in my breast.
I lost my foreign words
and spoke in tongues like birds.

Then past this ravelled shore
I meet the blues of sea,
Sky's nothing entered in,
erased and altered me
still I said, What is it?

A speck of moving flesh
I cross the bird-tracked air
and it's no place for me.
What's between sea and sky?
A travelling eye? A sight?

This body knows its place,
and longs to stand on land
where bone, awhile upright,
wakes on an earth it knows,
a droughty desert rose,
bearing the things it built;
difficult flowers, tree, bird,
lined and sandstone ridge.
I am what land has made
and land's myself, I said.

And therefore, when land dies?
opened by whips of greed
these plains lie torn, and scarred.
Then I erode; my blood
redden the stream in flood.

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I cross this ravelled shore
and sigh: there's man no more.
Only a rage, a fear,
swell up to darken air.
"Destroy the earth! Destroy.
There shall be no more joy."