

## 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,

—as your children must die.  
Let us live! Let us live!  
No year will forgive you  
that innocence dies.

## JET FLIGHT OVER DERBY

Crossing this ravelled shore  
fern-patterns of the tides  
frayed like my branching nerves;  
the last strung islands frayed.  
And what is I? I said.

Rose-red a thousand miles  
my country passed beneath.

Curved symmetry of dunes  
echo my ribs and hands.  
I am those worn red lands.

Stepped contours print my palms,  
time's sandstorms wear me down,  
wind labours 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  
till I said, What is I?

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 sigh?

This body knows its place,  
and longs to stand on land  
where bone, awhile upright,  
walks on an earth it knows,  
a droughty desert rose,

bearing the things it built;  
difficult flower, tree, bird,  
lizard 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  
reddens the stream in flood.

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