

Seeing Is

To die standing, alive and awake...
To die knowing it, wanting to shun
what forces come mowing,
to find an eye to focus on'
before darkness enters...

Perhaps we might like to ask why
death must exist at the hands of violent oppression.
Perhaps there is no real answer except power bouts
and appetites so huge they believe they have immunity.

Through the sleeve, the hoary distance,
this universe is indigestible.

Still what is more genuine than all the children
of every Belfast, Lebanon, Africa, and on?

First give names to the faces passing,
then see the likenesses,
really make them your own.

(Poetry-art hybrid also available)