

Black Clouds

by Donald Forsyth

Black clouds thundering wet,
Liquid crystal crawl down grey,
Between cracks moss cold with rot,
Days run red of conditioned hate,
Black blue steel another step beyond,
Over splintered bones, carved fresh,
In still moments, I dare breathe,
Beyond pain, guilt or insanity,
This indifferent flag I stagger under . . .

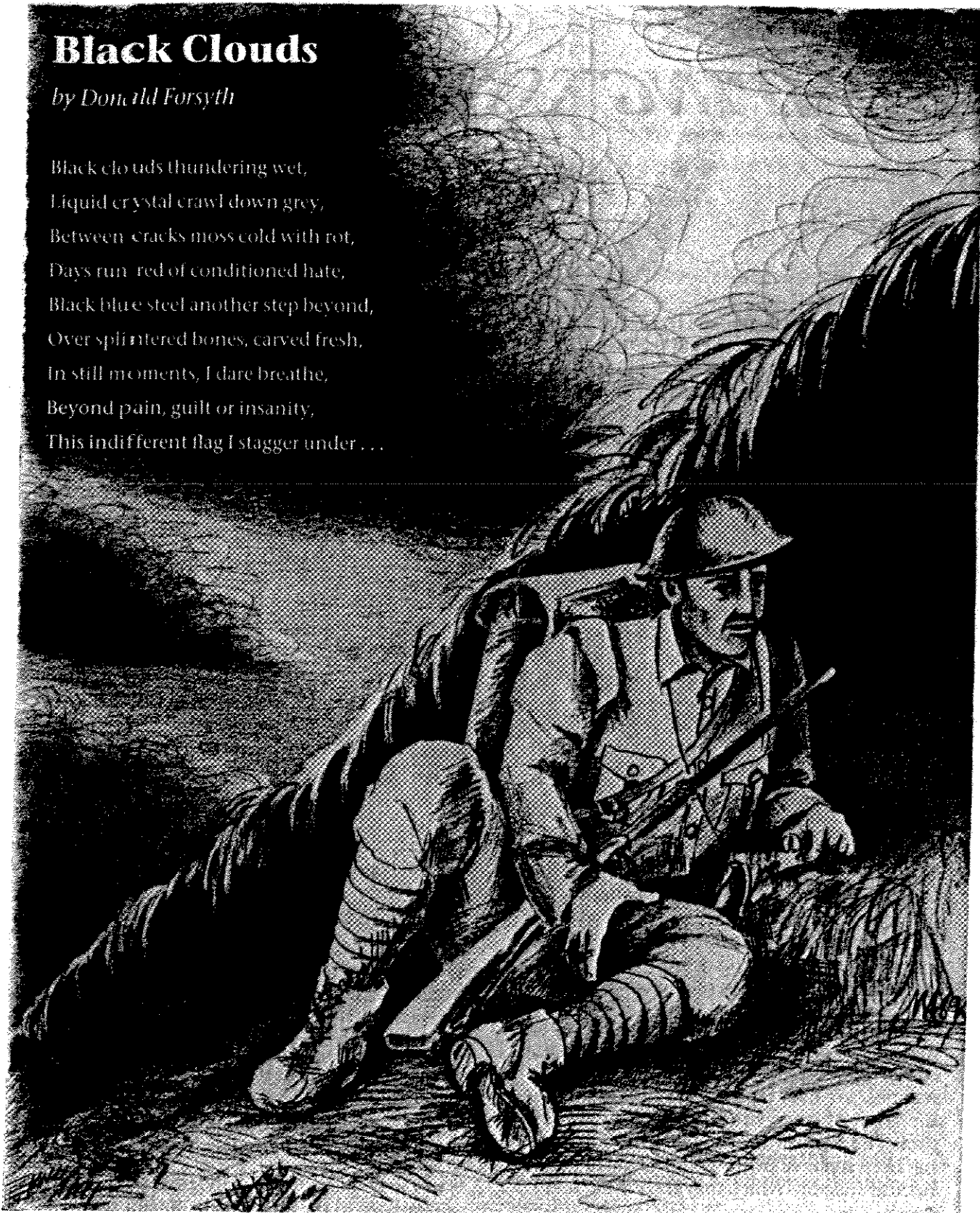


Illustration: Margaret Anderson