

BLOOD

Jew and Celt and Slav
rush through my veins

it is no trouble to kiss
the Jewess on the lips
to love the Irish baby
to listen to the iron song

of Russia's red battalions

What is more terrible
is the reconciliation

of listening to my heart beat
next to hers to watch his hands

unformed pluck at the air
while they keep drumming
singing of what is past
Like Roman renegade

or traitor to the Crown

I soon forget when horses pull
me East and North and West.

Christopher Perret