

THREE

I

Eight o'clock news this morning.  
"Revolt in Chile, Allende dead."

stomach-sickness, brain entranced  
by snake trap-hypnosis,  
all day eagerly searching  
for more of the day of death.  
"The men with might and no reason"  
triumphant across the world —  
    one in an office  
    cackles and sniggers.

World returns to tradition;  
rule by the killers,  
    who die hardest  
    and take most with them.

And one man dies, bullet in mouth.  
His hand? Who knows.

    Allende.  
    Salvador Allende.  
    Dr. Allende.

President.

Man who mattered, for a time.  
Man who died.  
"Allende dead."

World dead  
    in one moment of pain.  
World forgotten hours ago.  
World . . . . dead.  
    forgotten.  
        hours ago.

(12/9/73)

II

Seven o'clock news this evening.  
"Die-hards resist; junta denies . . . ."

The perhaps-people silent,  
the News-God lost.  
A few unsundered wills  
unsharing held truth.

I hear of burials  
secret and hidden:  
this my only peace,  
that I care-hear.

Destruct-dreams only possible.  
Shouted vows;  
revenge-revolution,  
rage of death returned . . .

promised peace to be.

(14/9/73)

### III

Watching the past,  
just catching the now —  
past coming into us  
    flowing with its lost dead.

Three years dead . . . .

    three . . . .  
years? How measure death  
when you are dead?

I am not dead,  
I have lived those three years —  
and I can not span them.  
Am I dead?

Is he dead? And the poet —  
the "month of star",  
the one who feared sleep —

is he dead?

Or are they lost?

    Yes?

And what if they are found again?

Then will the rage of the dead,  
the ancient dreams of the dead,  
the song of the dead,  
the glory of the dead,  
open the graves of the living.

(20/9/76)