

TWO POEMS BY FRANK M. CHIPASULA

Night Exodus

For Innocent

The soft footfalls of those who
Vanished in the dark thunderstorms
Ring towards my dimly-lit room
Advancing shadows ducking searchlights
Their voices cracked and broken :
A bloody blur fading into night, echoes
Leave behind silhouettes
Of nightmares, abandoned mutilated hopes, behind
They shower sad, beaten flowers, scarred
Broken men, spirits whipped and tortured
Chains exerting their iron grip
On their necks, stifling each forming word;
The shadow behind each life
Lingers after the life itself has been snuffed.
The dark rain curtains off those in exodus.

Double Song

For Seamus Heaney

Enter the forest
carefully :
A little birdsong
threatens
to burst out
of your heart
caged as a bird
and
flow like a deep
river.

Leave the forest
stealthily :
A little river
struggles
to break out
of the barbed trees
whose roots drink blood
and
flow like a bulbous
song.

Did you notice
the dove's eggs
in the barbed wire nest?
Your words are very close
to what is happening.