

Poet in Exile

Poor poet caught overseas
still trying for the hum in the skull
haven't written since you left
looking for a drink to drown the days

your house is on fire your children gone
no one to hold you in middle age
poor poet if only you'd rise
spread your wings fly on home

there your scribble will mature into law
they'll receive you and venerate your sacred hand
schoolkids marching out of ruins will love
you O yes and they'll kill you before

STEPHEN GRAY