

Litany

*For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me,
and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.*

Job 3. xxvi

Lord it is not a question of what air will accept we have seen
what it will not black bodies falling like stones from forts
our planes heavy silver gulls nose first into seas on the other
hand invaders are at ease paratroopers in current savage
with lies think of them against the wide Caribbean sky
other things this air will not accept old wooden houses
freedom bone have You noticed after their bombs yards
away faintly pink splinters Lord of the dark grace tell me
what happens the people cry Lord Lord is it rain-stained
church walls that jail poor hope what do You intend that
this continuous falling: houses/boys/dreams is merely a prelude
tell me how You will make it up to them can it be we wear
postures of pain so gracefully Your grief is paralysed in admiration
Once You said 'the meek shall inherit the earth' Lord
of the nutmeg Lord of the figs when

Look there below those shells the air speeds on their way earth
is foaming surf against black sand in the distance hammered
blue-green sea and islands You have such an eye for beauty

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