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attached to "Gallan" miss
with rejection slip
enclosed in folder
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IT IS NOT ENOUGH

Since, in a Moscow hospital
You cried "Abyssinia!" Barbusse,
And died,--- we have remembered.

The hot molten liquid
Of words poured out in hope
And defeat---these have burned us.

And now, taking stock of ourselves,
remembering your friend in song,
Lorca, shot like a dog---

Remembering thin tunics in Spain
Words riddled from the mouths
Of men by man-made steel,

Remembering the Czechs beaten
To their knees without
A fight, gagged by the wayside,

Now we know our strength
Has been as the strength of one,
Our will as water, our words

Not bitter shafts of light
Striking the people; echoes
Only, of words to be said.

Now we know setbacks, know
we have not done enough with your cry
And your life in action.

Energy has been spilled
On the floor, not conserved
In a glass jar for winter,

Struggle has been blind
Relying too much on the fist
Bared to the teeth of guns.

Now we know as Francis
Knew, and Michael, both
Smothered in Spanish soil:

It is not enough to be proud
And sure, shouting defiance;
It is not enough to ignore

The enemy's cunning, his sheer
Weight of steel, and mountains
Of iron and chromium