

## CATALONIA

The flag of darkness lowers at half mast  
Blotting the blood-stained hieroglyphs with eyes  
Strained from the smoke, the flares, the rat-tat-tat  
Of guns' incessant speech. A sudden lull  
Falls wind on brow, betokens from far hills  
The ones who rest--oh unbelievably  
A girl who rests tired head on easy arm  
And sleeps encircled by her own heart-beat.

But we, grey snakes who twist and squirm our way  
From hump to sodden hump, roll in a hole  
Of slime, scarring our knees to keep awake--  
For us horizons reel, groping for a centre,  
Stars burn in whirling sockets overhead--  
We wrench ourselves over the last trench, down  
Down, down in scurrying scramble tossed  
Towards lost lines, lost outposts, lost defence...