

Go now, Miklos

Thirty eight is no great age to be extinguished  
Odd how your footsteps followed Lorca's age  
As if the gods were merciless in their love  
And needed you to swell their welcoming ranks.  
Like Lorca, the name of Spain, and Hungary are inseparable  
From your early deaths the only consolation being  
You would now be dead in any case.  
What we the living take from your fated sacrifice?  
Though God knows I could not bear my country  
And like Lorca's father go to permanent exile,  
Indeed it colours now my view of them  
So personal is your language and your love  
Though you confess your country's love, to me  
These ingrained minds of people  
Revolt one's soul and turn one's back  
For it's one thing to kill the enemy  
But to kill your fellow countrymen  
For a mess of potage....that takes  
A special breed of evil-ignorance.  
What have we learnt in answer to my question  
Is this-to live instinctively  
And in that state rise to hallowed heights  
Confident in seeing once again  
Your Christ-like firmament when at twenty two  
You looked like him,  
Go now Miklos.