

Poetry

Mars Ascendant (Mar 26/79)

At dawn this morning the village
woke in a shroud of red-gold fog,
suggestive of the occult & sorrowful,
of retributive plague & poison gas.
By the forenoon, thunderheads
of the sea lay siege over town
while the sun stayed hidden under
low-lying clouds of yellow gloom.
Late in afternoon, pellets of hail
breached thru & down by the *duwar*
where Atara Road meets the camp,
a single shaft of pale red light
strikes on routed stone walls,
the ruins of yesterday barricade,
at the same time as hard rain
washes the ashes of resistance fires
& banners along the scars of tank treads
to commingle with children's blood
in a shallow muddy ditch.

—Terrance Cox