

Remember

The strings of flags on metal poles
Are banging like bells.
It is March, the cemetery closed.
From the wind's lion
A pocket of sun against concrete
Is a lamb, the breathing wool...
Cocoon too is memory's vision
In this instant
For then it was July 4th.
You were in your knee-highs & baby
Blue polyester shorts,
Hanging our family's white & red.

As is proper, the earth never touched it,
Even though there was a tigress kitten
Quite busy at your feet
With your loose stockings, shoe laces,
& the cord which wrapped that flag.
At last stars flapped forth against the door
Screen where other kittens were stuck mewling.

What a rip, Mom, for you, the Patriot, unlike me
With my fury of an angel, the perfectionism
Against bullies, including those in our own land.
What a country of thunderhead gazes
Hid under a Cheshire chuckle & Marlboro curls
Detaching, deflecting like clouds against glass,
I, the Delinquent, remembering friends
From past lives burned as heretics.

What planet must I have come from to you,
Republican-staunch, as love squabbled with love
Like a kitten with string to bring
Our flags up the masts of time,
Vesper echoing, fog by fog,
Over war scarred docks.