

# Europa Sonnets - Interstice 1

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## *Interstice 1*

Carved apart for Zion, set against a void,  
The wrecking dell of yet the Second War,  
Does Operation Hellstorm fill the floor  
Of still the firestormed ballroom? We forswore  
Our filiality in killing you, and Eid  
Bells the invasion's consummation: and beside  
The ghosts of those two million Ilya raped to gore-'  
'Soap Ehrenburg' - where greying floats reside,  
The 1.7 starved to death by Eisenwhore;  
The agents of Kalergi ring them wide.

It seems no treason we should else decide  
For innocents who never lived that day,  
That nothing separates their same divide  
From history, and they're not so black or grey  
As EU merchants' armies, and their wide  
Circumambulation: none withstand the fray-  
When Talmud bankers practised Deicide,  
In killing off the Cross, was there a way  
To stem the third and final genocide,  
So Coudenhove could pen us in his play?

What Kauffman wrote, what Morgenthau had planned  
Was serious, committed yet. Still Occupied,  
Long slandered Germany, since our Allies banned  
Your right to speak this treason, and inside  
The rights of history may there be one wand

Dispelling the complexure of the brand:  
For Stalin's victors have thus branded you,  
With Churchill's hex, and Roosevelts', and the flower  
Of Europe blanched to dusk another hour  
With the treble six that nothing drives askew.  
How were we puppeted, my friends, and how were our  
Brood bought to Rothschilds', Warburgs' penny zoo:  
And scions of Sachs extort our chidden dower,  
And Europe racks, and psalms no allelieu.

