

Europa Sonnets - Interstice 1

by Iain James Robb

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.

