

THE KING OF ULSTER

by Lucien Quincy Senna

And you walked with me
in drear-nighted February
through the smell of petrol
in the farmer's yard.

Your song is a piece
of global clay
and clay grows wild
magnetic Gael roses.

The splendour of colour in this life
is as rare as holding a symphony
midst the siren's wail
and shockheaded metal violence.

Light of my eye
hazel and sallow flower
You were imprisoned by a bit part
in history--
granted a proletarian choice
by dawn gryphons--
denounced what you loved
with dignity.

Victims and riots
in so many parts--
Peace may yet be possible
in this moment,
as you lead me up the creaking stairs,
gently by the hand.

