

Caucasus

by Neil McCarthy

*Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,
Like twitching agonies of men amongst its brambles.
Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.*

WILFRED OWEN

On shingle of seashells &
Bullet shells,
Ghosts drift along the shore
Of the Black Sea.

Staring at red men, waiting for
Green men,
We drift across streets,
Impassive,

Sit in smoke-filled corners
Of cafés,
Talk,
Write,

Push Pushkin into
Vacant mind space,
Prostitute prose for the
Glory of print,

Suck permeable plans of desire
Through filters, blow
Contribution into
Children's eyes,

Retreat once more
To Tammerfors
Where drunken talk
Of a Revolution

Spills from the
Pussy Cat Club on
A frozen back
Street and we

Simper with Bourgeois
Morals, bound
By the mental contraception
Of tradition.

In the dying distance,
A school bell sounds.
Shots are fired.
Sirens ring and cameras roll.

