

# 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.

