

Prologue

POEM NO 177

10-18 April 1966

3 stanzas

I

Born to flying glass
 bombs strafing shrapnel murder
 from me expect no pleasing tones
 no obscurities

Reared in The light of The fires
 forging themselves on human flesh
 my mind was clarified

II

Kind words I was not born to
 but the shout to shelter fast
 To trees or to birds I was not born
 nor to a king of any kind
 nor to ambiguity

I was born to people in distress
 held captive celebrating death

III

I was born to hate
 and the bible for my life
 was in the propaganda books
 Enemy nazi jackboot
 -The words that thrilled me first
 Flames that light my life
 to flying glass born

RC ^u Barnes
 IV. 66