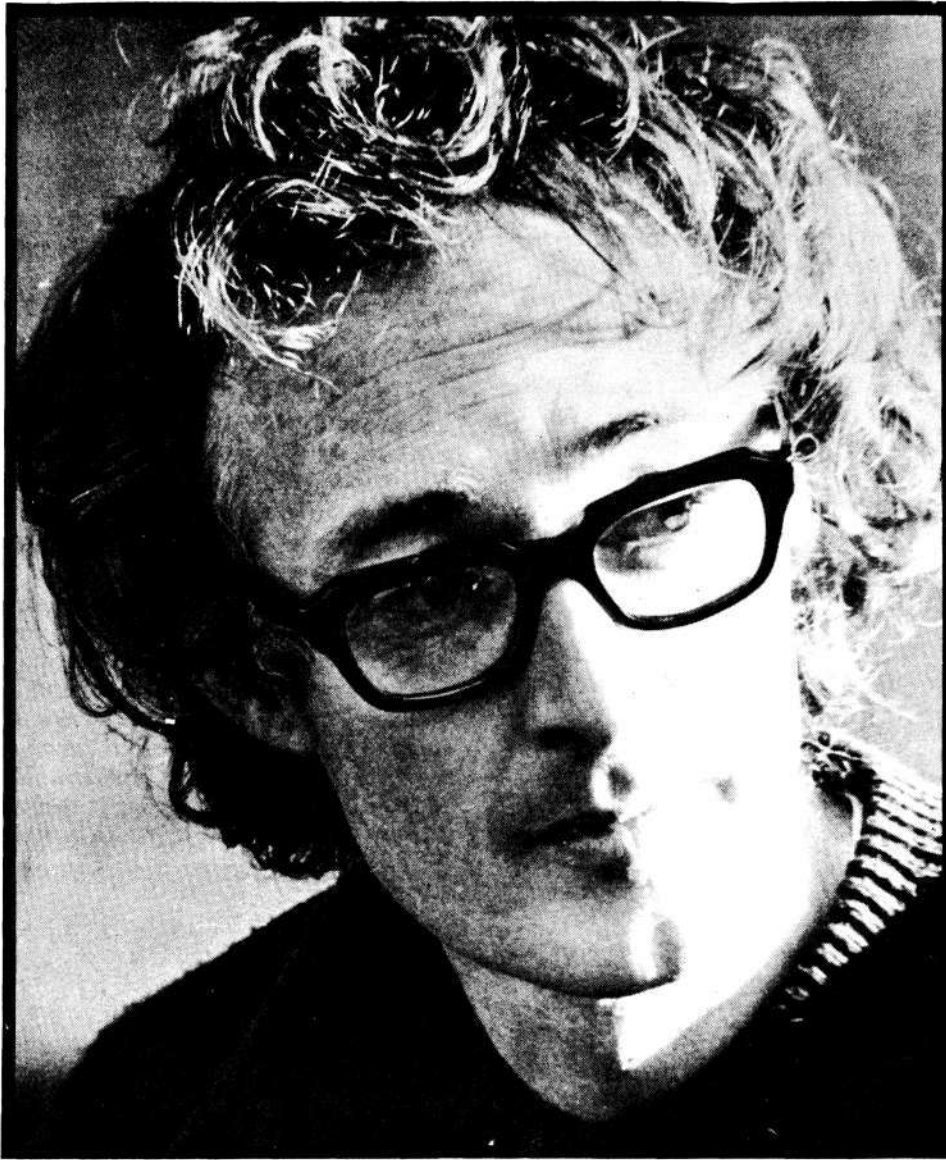


RICK TURNER



Rick Turner

Diakonia (Crispin Hemson)

ELEGY
by Vortex

I

Our friend Rick Turner,
sturdy, steady, gritty,
kind,
intelligent,
working for the new society,
banned by the present old one
is dead —
shot in his house in the night:
his lung pierced,
his bloody head drooping
in the arms of his young daughter.

II

What can his friends do now?
How can we face the years without him,
and without so many others dead or fled?
What worth has our work now, or his?
How can one struggle when nothing is achieved,
when brute power seems permanent,
humane effort hopeless and weak?
When all we can offer for our country
is death, despair, defeat?

III

But perhaps this death —
this negation, this blankness, this annihilation —
has some meaning,
is a part of some pattern we can hardly sense.
Rick Turner has moved suddenly
out of flesh and blood —
flesh that is too frail,
blood that is all too fluid —
into a sculptural clarity
beyond our minds' rules.
The fierce bullet,
fired by a man with death in his soul,
has transformed Rick
into one of all mankind's
unyielding jewels. □