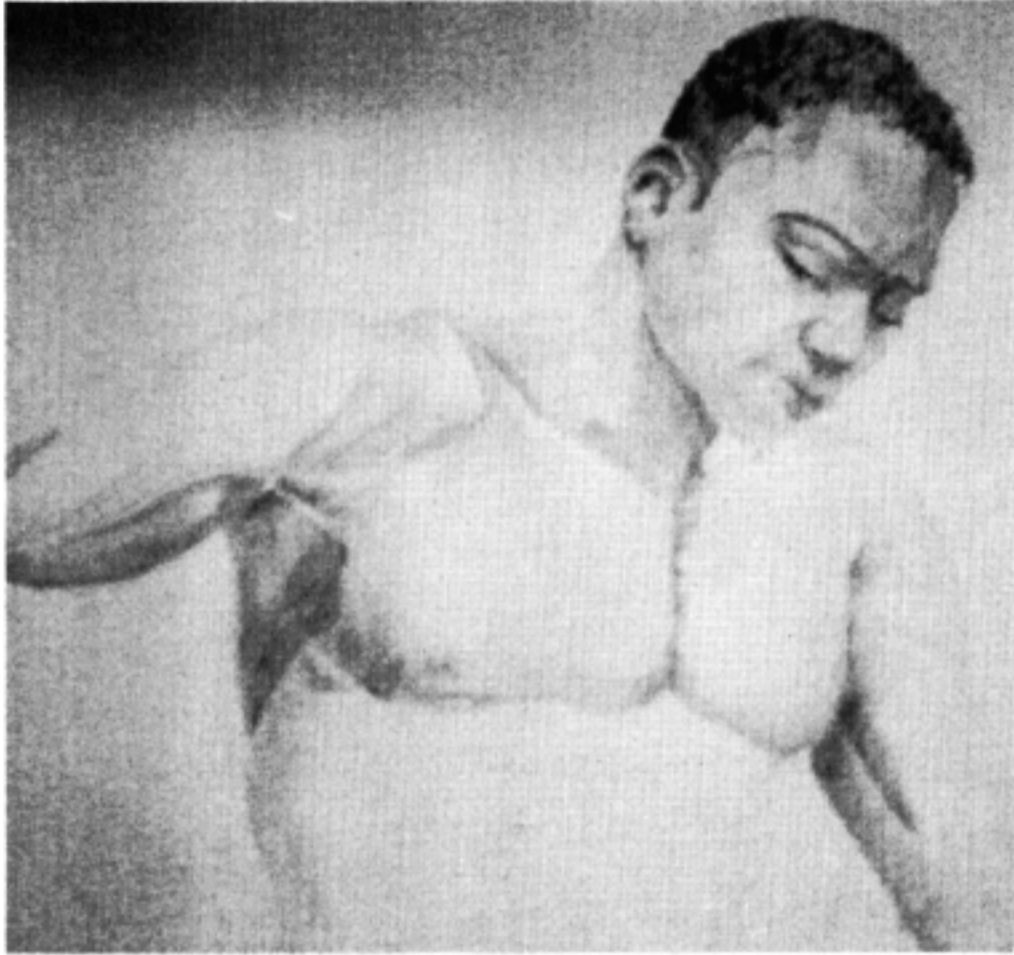


# Another man is buried



*Illustration by Jason Askew*

In their fearlessness  
 Another man is buried  
 In the  
 Red flag  
 Of my  
 Heart

In the chickenwire people  
 Another man is buried  
 Who had only his hands  
 and the  
 Hammer, the welding torch, the drill  
 That he laid down  
 For the roses  
 And the blue barking  
     of a loudspeaker  
 and the crowds, the bees around the beehive  
 of a grave  
 and the ink pours  
     from the bodies:  
 the poetry of newspaper reports  
 written with the blood  
     of comrades  
     comrades smuggled through the  
 roadblocks of the brain  
 and dissolved  
     in the test tubes  
     of  
     the  
     workers science  
     and the belief  
     in man  
 and released from the past  
 with baggage on airports  
 a man without fear  
 among fearless people  
 a man  
 with a hammer  
 or a man  
 on a tractor  
 or a man  
 underground  
 with a lunch box  
 or the man with brittle fingers  
 pushes the uniform lightly  
 under the needle of a sewing machine  
 the ghost in the mirror  
 comrade which I can see  
 but the eye not itself

COMRADE FELIX