

Fatima Mansions "Greyhair"

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Greyhair fool / Shoes undone / The fields ahead /
Leaves black as coal
Landmark-free / No walls, No trees
to greet him on this night of his return
C--So who will love this lie on legs
who can't change skin and is not yet dead?
The universal foreigner
The homeless, greyhair son
Scrambles blind up muddy slope
then silent shakes before rusty gates--C
There's a house, its roof caved in
A rusty wreck of car / A lightning-blasted tree
and a man who says, "So here you are--the boy who
broke the plough,

who struck his father down, who told us to be damned
and betrayed us to the Englishman!"
"Who will love this lie on legs? On paving-stones I've
made my bed
Not a living soul now speaks my name but here at least
I have my shame
I thought to come and taste once more what the
priestly fables all ignore:
the un-eternal consequence," says the greyhair son
Greyhair fool / Shoes undone / He'll top at dawn / Now
hews his plough
Wind blows on / The soil is poison / He sets to work / He
and his plough
Final union / He and his plough / Plough

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