

Red

A robin perched on a soldier's hand
who had lain for a week in the blinding sand
and seemed not to know that he was dead
or that the sand was stained deep red.

The robin sang and blinked by the sea
treading his hand like the bough of a tree
and the red of its breast was nearly as bright
as the sand that had drunk the blood one night.

Not a boat to be seen, nor a moving truck,
only sea breezes that seemed to suck
the song from the bird and the bud from the tree
and shroud the last battle in eternity.