

After Lincoln

24 September 2019

Alas, there came more wars,
at least as brutal,
oddly spirited,

And Lincoln, growing old,
was placed on coins,
enshrined in brooding stone
for all to see and know.

And speakers came
and went, the tanks
went on parade,
and progress dreams
were sung, and listen, listen,
you there, listen,
but don't listen for too long,

because too many have got stuck there
and we may have got it wrong.

--

Wrong and wrong and wrong.
Must we go back to 1619?

Cease your wailing, History!
That brutal, trifling song!

--

If back we go, then back,
but all the way,
past slaves and ships
to Milton, Christ, and Socrates,
as Lincoln surely knew.

And History, sweet Dame,
it's true, we cannot quarrel long,

But oh, your song, your song!
it will need rearranging before long.