Sound Track

Dancing like the dead
the leaves jump beneath the gurlet
blows of hailstones like Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway at the end of Bonnie & Clyde.
It might be stretching a point, and yet,
despite the thunder, the sky is still blue.

The machine-gunned villagers
in the black and white newsreel
are the silent witnesses now opposed
to the sun, the leaves’ stains outlined on the path
steaming like the aftermath of fire.
Forthright in its silence

the road smokes like a tea break.
The survivors peek from beneath
the bodies of their fellows, playing
possum until, the tapping on the roof
subsiding, the sun revives
and the mood music changes.

Mark O'Flynn