

## GUERNICAS ARE EVER ALIVE

The collage of wounds on the murals of bodies  
show death in the measured dance of the  
bull fighter.

The matador falls behind the red screen  
as the black bullock heaves pulsing  
through the flesh, tears with the pierce  
of strong horns, wounded eyes out of  
the gouged heart.

The guns splatter opening bullet holes  
of windows in the sunlit afternoon  
spitting out firesparks bursting out of  
the slits of dark watchful eyes.

Bombs fall from the spangled air  
and the feet keep running, running  
on the edge of panic.

slip sharply off blood-blades shearing  
flesh to slither on the rutted plain.

No one waits for the applause to end  
as the slow stains spread widening on the sand.

the light peeled off reveals strips of  
blackness unreeling death's witness.

Bodies sprawl.  
Revelations are naked.

Shadows decapitated.  
Limbs wrenched off,  
the skull parting from the blows  
into severed pieces  
shatter with explosives  
into splinter-crumbs of bone,  
blood scraped off with tearing fingernails  
bodies lying athwart each other  
in the deceptive semblance of love.

Silence now crouches hushed  
Within coverts, the tremor of wounded  
bodies stilling after choked screams  
Strangle the throat.

Strange vineyards  
the black grape clusters of heads  
flung high wedged between luscious branches.

Soon the vats will brim with wine  
from the crushed fruit slowly gathering  
its vintage in war's sealed cellars.

Jean Arasanayagam