



STARGAZER

You, of all people,
should have known
better

than to try and lasso
one like me...

You, a Khosian,
ancient wayfarers
as were my Celts
or Hunkpapa Sioux...

Mustangs too wild to
be
broken--powerful
necks,
noble heads reared
high, disdainful
of bit and
bridle...Stargazer...

Caged Venus,

slavenamed
Hottentot...Cagey
Irish warrior righ

Vercingteroix, made
a slave, in exchange
for his besieged people...
A full two years Caesar's might
of Empire'd encircled--spiders
in a military web...Taken

to Rome, in a cage, paraded
about as the once ferocious

barbarian brought low, poked
at with sticks by the easily amused
bread & blood, sporting crowd. To commemorate
one of Caesar's triumphs,

he was cut open and ropes of his bowels
draped on the alter
of the demons
their statecraft claimed as God...

Now, you with your Biko
should have known better
than to love one
as banned as me...

Still I must tell you
that when you and your young man
came into my life,
magic ruled my moments

once again...
No matter how tough
and gruff I might get
your smile was always easy...

Even when you'd scold me--
my grandfather always...or
my father never had to...I'd smile,
some unspoken bond of exile we seem to share...

As mine own grandfather once said--
remember, lad, someday one of these

*fools poking the captured beast
with sticks will discover that*

*someone has loosed the latch
on that proverbial cage door.....*

And then the lion will roar....