

Jean Pearson

FOR OLOF PALME

Palme's blood on the snow on the streets
of Stockholm. The mind's brilliance
draining into the street. It will not stop!
I think of all the scenes of blood
at this moment breaking in the world and see
the great whales slaughtered, the red sea
of battered seal flesh, churning with anger
and grief, I see the wolf with closed eyes,
panting her last breath, her blood on the snow
under the chopper's grin of blades,
natives of El Salvador, Palme's blood seeping
into the earth of Sweden, blood of leaders
who do not want bodyguards, blood of animals
who are at peace with the world and never planned
a war, blood of native peoples who do not want
our order, do not want our wealth.
Through the seams of cement, the linear
edge of steel, Palme's blood runs down
to the roots of the world tree, it stains
again the water of Memory's well,
it will not stop, that red shadow
seeps into the very vein of life, *is*
the vein that will go on into everything
that lives, the heart will not stop.