

THE RISING OF THE MOON

All my life,
Literally,
For as long as I can remember,
I've had a hope for Irish freedom.

As a child, I would have said "for the British to get out".

As an adult, I realized much of the issue wasn't about Britain, at all.

Rather, transplants, recent and long-ago,
who weren't British, many,
Never were British, many,
but who saw themselves as British, many,
having arrived as shocktroops of reformation, some,
mercenaries in the service of greed, others,
and firmly believing, all, in the axioms
- might makes right,
- winner takes all,
- Catholics are scum (a recent quote – not that much has changed),
And on and on and on.

Now this in no way dampened my enthusiasm.
It simply colored my view. Added a dimension.
And The Troubles gave me hope.

A relative handful of mostly youth - men and women -
took on an empire,
and, at great sacrifice to all involved,
gave the oppressor one hellacious run for its money.

But those days are over. And where are we now?
For all the pain and heartache, thunder and storm,
Are the British gone?
Is the island free?
Are we reunited?
Did our day ever come?

Two things of late set my innards churning.

David Cameron – he tells the Taliban
(as if they bear some resemblance)
Be like "our guys",
Clean up, shave, put on suits,
then sit down, choose a token, draw two cards,
count your paper money,
pick up the dice,
and ...

And Marian Price – who asks
Is there still partition?
Is there still a Stormont?
Is there still a Parliament in England
Which claims a portion of Ireland as her own?
Until these are no longer true,
There is no Peace Process which I can believe in.

So Martin and Gerry play the Board Game of Irish Freedom,
David crows,
While Marian sits in her cell and writes ...

And I wonder ... who will be there at the rising of the moon,
if the moon is ever to rise again.