Taro

Ssaliva

Indochina, Capa jumps Jeep, two feet creep up the road
To photo, to record meat lumps and war,
They advance as does his chance - very yellow white flash.
A violent wrench grips mass, rips light, tears limbs like rags,
Burst so high finally Capa lands,
Mine is a watery pit. Painless with immense distance
From medic from colleague, friend, enemy, foe, him five yards from his leg,
From you Taro.Do not spray into eyes - I have sprayed you into my eyes.
3:10 pm, Capa pends death, quivers, last rattles, last chokes
All colours and cares glaze to grey, shrivelled and stricken to dots,
Left hand grasps what the body grasps not - le photographe est mort.
3.1415, alive no longer my amour, faded for home May of '54
Doors open like arms my love, Painless with a great closeness
To Capa, to Capa Capa dark after nothing, re-united with his leg and with you, Taro.
Do not spray into eyes - I have sprayed you into my eyes.
Hey Taro!

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