

C H E

At the end, it was not really
The CIA;
It was the damned Indians.

If the Indians, perhaps,
Had been French, intellectual,
With a nose for the Zeitgeist . . .

At the end, it was like being lost
On a family picnic: ants,
Bad weather, the wrong shoes.

At the very end: a body
In a sink, uniforms heavy
With braid, a group portrait.

The Zeitgeist is out to lunch,
The body dismembered. The earth,
It is said, is a blue star.