

## Message · Carolyn Forché

Your voices sprayed over the walls  
dry to the touch by morning.  
Your women walk among *champas*  
with baskets of live hens, grenades and fruit.  
Tonight you begin to fight  
for the most hopeless of revolutions.  
Pedro, you place a host on each  
man's chant of *Body of Christ Amen*.  
Margarita, you slip from your house  
with plastiques wrapped in newsprint,  
eyes broken into blindfolds,  
the dossier of your dearest friend  
whose hair grew to the floor of her cell.  
Leonel, you load your bare few guns  
with an idea for a water pump and  
co-operative farm.

You will fight  
and fighting, you will die. I will live  
and living cry out until my voice is gone  
to its hollow of earth, where with our  
hands and by the lives we have chosen,  
we will dig deep into our deaths.  
I have done all that I could do.  
Link hands, link arms with me  
in the next of lives everafter,  
where we will not know each other  
or ourselves, where we will be a various  
darkness among ideas that amounted  
to nothing, among men who amounted  
to nothing, with a belief that became  
but small light  
in the breadth of time where we began  
among each other, where we lived  
in the hour farthest from God.

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