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George Woodcock Let The Black Flag Fly

from Collected Poems, 1983 This poem may have been untitled.

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Let The Black Flag Fly

George Woodcock

When I die Let the black rag fly raven falling from the sky Let the black flag lie on bones and skin that long last night as I enter in. for out of black soul's night have stirred dawn's cold gleam morning's singing bird Let black day die let black flag fall let black rag fly let raven call let new day dawn of black reborn.