

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.

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

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