

1979

Leningrad, December 1978

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Recommended Citation

Fencil, Howard (1979) "Leningrad, December 1978," *Exile*: Vol. 25: No. 2, Article 15.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol25/iss2/15>

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by Howard Fencil

Once upon a grey sky
When shores of men knew mankind
And no one cared of
Price nor reason,
And passions flowed like
Morning suns,
I wept on shores of
Skylit warning
With fortress, tomb
and jesus christs,
The good man had to consecrate
With fates chants
Their tireless dance.

While dance I would, twelve fires
Came, to brimstone laden mid-
Night sun; while no one
Cares of thrice-done
Treason, (passions knelt
in beggars'
Blood,) I wept on shores
Of sky-red mournings
Buttressed walls
Round jesus christs

Who good men died to consecrate,
But left their dance
In morning skies.