

The Union and the Blood-Shirt

The bridegroom-soldiers led martial vows
To
The
Unwinnable rivers.

A
Wound
Lit
The
Breath-taking death undid.

Hearths
Loamed with game marrow
Blackened
The
Fire
That
Lit
The dying place
Where
Death shirted the ground.

The bridegroom-soldiers
Threw
Water on the marital bed
Where
The
Dead
Lain confessed in blood.

That
Mattress
That
Straw
Made
Stank
With
Blood.

Blood burned in flames'
Scenes
Mystified
By
Pain
And
Stillness.

The bridegroom-soldiers
Cried
It
Was
Christmas.