CHESS (KENT ’70)

Four pawns fell.
   They clutched the concrete
   And grasped the grass
   And washed the world
   With their lives.
They lie gunless on the ground,
Victims of random-steel deaths
Dealt out by frightened fingers.
   The game was moved into check
   but was still far from mate.
The pieces continued to move
   On the green and grey squares
Marked off by the concrete and steel
Barriers that hold grass a prisoner
In its own kingdom.
The swelling, bloody seas continue to pound
   On disputed beaches.
The lost pieces hang like questions
   In the sky.
And those still in play gaze at the
   Opposing pieces with answerless eyes.

   Terry Bell

Barb Bryson