



Basil Chiasson

Remembrance Day Ceremony

Not even the fact that is this soldier
Trumps the ends to which he's means:
"Democracy" as well as "freedom" are the
Words upon our lips. And yes we sing because
To not would be obscene.

Not even the fact of this young Sergeant,
Finally home, with missing mate, can
Drain the colour from these flags that make
No sound.
But as they wave about the room reverberates.

Not even the fact of this vet's tears, from
Quailing man the wound appears, escapes
The confines of a script that circumscribes:
The sound of bugle hymn, the shuffle, then
A pause all pave the way for soaring voices
That repose in no applause.

Not even the drift between the fact of soldier's
Lesion and regret appears enough to undo
Language, flags, and debts.

Not even the fact of all this mess spread
Out before us in its real can temper voices
Telling tales of how We feel,
Of what We want and who We are, about
The past, the here and now, how it's
A "celebration" We all gathered here.

Not even the soldier,
Not even the fact.

