

## *for two brothers*

BEN JACQUES

He said, well war's war,  
and you, I can see you now,  
Mothering his words,  
Couldn't remember why anyone  
Could have

Where the grass is tall as  
On the rain-seasoned Serengeti plain  
Where dik-diks graze the air  
In slender gulps.

For here they are pictured  
In real life  
Packed hard against the earth  
As if they had fallen from planes.

Here two young brothers,  
Unable to run against  
The circling fire,  
Leap inside their  
Thin legs.

In the next life, Jesus  
May they run with the gazelles,  
Fast and arc-jumping in  
An Africa so dark  
No one will ever find it.

Then may we, fathering  
Lieutenants' clean faces, not  
Be driven from thy face like flies.

Written soon after the publication of the  
December 5, 1969, *Life* magazine in which were  
photographs of the Mylai incident and also  
photographs of an antelope in East Africa.