

Big Story

Chris Barnett

January 22, 2012

“...A 45 YEAR OLD unemployed
plumber was shot dead in his
bedroom in a Protestant district
of East Belfast early yesterday.”

Cold
In the death dark night of his skin
Draped awkward fallen
A shroud across his bed.
His hand
Reaching ‘cross the endless gaze
Into the final silence of his cry,
Has carried life from molten punctured pits
Painted his death upon the tools
Of unwanted bereaved profession
And with pipes and spanners
Some sin and goodwill bequeathed
With bullets in the dawn
Left no children
Only a bewildering emptiness