

Quadrille one

After the thing,  
after the thing  
that  
after the thing  
that

HAPPENED  
after it  
things  
after it  
were  
never

After the thing  
that

HAPPENED

Things were  
never  
The same,  
Afterwards

Voices  
Kept saying  
Over and over  
"Things will  
never be the  
same"  
afterwards.

Quadrille two

We are not the  
same;

Listening;;;  
one ear  
always  
listening,,  
one ear cocked  
fingers on the  
trigger,  
Always  
Listening  
Hearing

something new  
something else  
one eye open

no sleep  
Always  
Alert  
seeing  
hearing

something else,  
something

new,  
something  
about

ourselves  
cringing in our  
sleep

fingers on the  
trigger  
something

new

Quadrille three

Talk  
Words

WAR .

Some words are  
bigger than  
others

DEATH  
is one.

People in long  
robes, running

Dust  
Death

It's raining death  
And the people  
are running.

TALK  
WORDS

Voices.

Some of them  
sound as if

they want to be  
proud of the

killing, , of the  
death-rain

but even the fat  
overfed

voices

Can't seem to  
quite believe

it is

right.

QUADRILL FOUR

do they know its  
Christmas?

People in robes  
running  
Dust.

It's ok to kill  
them now  
because they  
wont know about  
Christmas

They are not like  
us

(Christians)

believers in  
Christ

the man in a long  
robe.

Christmas is a  
time for

things

things

Beautiful

things

Dazzling things

must get

must have

must buy

things

Christmas

Comes once only

**THE INTERACTIVE SCULPTURE POEM: PRINT OUT ON WHITE CARD. CUT AWAY ONE VERTICAL/LONG EDGE (SIDE) AND THE TWO HORIZONTAL/ SHORT EDGES (TOP & BOTTOM). FOLD SHARPLY ALONG ALL VERTICAL LINES. GULE THE THIN VERTICAL EDGE (OR TAB) YOU HAVE LEFT UNDER ITS OPPOSITE EDGE AND YOU SHOULD HAVE A SQUIRE TOWER. THIS TOWER THEN BECOMES A MONUMENT TO ALL THOSE INNOCENTS WHO DIE IN ANY CONFLICT**