

Miller Williams

For Victor Jara

*Mutilated and Murdered
The Soccer Stadium
Santiago, Chile*

This is to say we remember. Not that remembering saves us.
Not that remembering brings anything usable back.

This is to say that we never have understood how to say this.
Out of our long unbelief what do we say to belief?

Nobody wants you to be there asking the question you ask us.
There had been others before, people who stayed to the end:

Utah and Boston and Memphis, Newgate, Geneva, Morelos—
Changing the sound of those names, they have embarrassed us, too.

What shall we do with the stillness, do with the hate and the pity?
What shall we do with the love? What shall we do with the grief?

Such are the things that we think of, far from the thought that you
hung there,
Silver inside of our heads, golden inside of our heads:

Would we have stayed to an end or would we have folded our faces?
Awful and awful. Good friend. You have embarrassed our hearts.