

## IT'S NAÏVE, I KNOW

It's naïve, I know ...

The rising of the Warsaw Ghetto.  
The burning of Watts.  
Armagh and the Kesh.

I can only imagine them.  
In truth, I can't even do that.  
I've no experience of which to fashion an image.

Why, then, do I feel this way?  
It took me months to get over Culloden.  
Even the word conjures sadness and funk.

I admire courage in the face of hate.  
I see the need of discipline in the stalag ...  
I get it - the ghettos out of which it all arose ...  
Not those self-made, but those imposed ...  
I chafe at the indifference of those just down the road ...

But the funk.  
The dense blue haze of a galloise weighing down on my soul.  
A low ... thick ... dark ... putrid ... funk.

I saw a picture of them ... 20, 30 of them ...  
Standing on the prison steps.  
Like a high school reunion shot  
All smiling, grinning ear-to-ear ...  
Fr. Murray in their midst ...

And I wonder.

It's naïve, I know.