



## POEM

### Followers of the graceful

Julian Nangle

Flags hug the wall –  
the protest, frail, is paced,  
enduring despite the fury  
its messages evoke.  
As Heaney wrote,  
the toughest note is not the highest  
but the lowest, the trumpet sound.

Jump starters, innovators  
who regiment the scattered squatters of the left,  
a right thinking milieu who thunder their approval  
in celebration of foragers who fight a war of calm –  
these unseen, unheard believers  
in everything that is other than how things are  
followers of the graceful  
inspired by moments that stay still  
and have no growth –  
we are they who insist all we need to gather  
through our fingers, in our arms,  
are the fruitful berries of existence  
organic in the curved arc of now.