

Esther Dolgoff

I saw her in the distance, coming closer:
When she was still, she was moving...
Still she moves us, her fervid face
Grinning past the black flag of our cause.
We froth and fail and fret and feel
Our helplessness till Esther Dolgoff's
Calm determination to make humane
Our human condition, rouses us again
Through the beauty of her unflinching clarity,
To gather together in the name of
The unobscurable glory
Of the Anarchist Revolution--
She is our banner, Sam, and flies above us.

Sam Dolgoff

Come my friends and let us speak of Dolgoff
Who rallied us to Spain and the black flag
Ripped from the martyrs' coffins, that we'll fly
Against all flags--into borderless waters.

His worn slippers were lined
With the Utopian dream
Of mines and workshops
And farms that amply
Meet the needs of the people in the
Rational anarchist mode.

His voice was sweet though gruff:
The red rose of Barcelona flares
Out of the black coals of Asturias.

Come, comrades then, and in Sam Dolgoff's name,
Be sure that in this world where politics is pain,
We will not let that vision of delight
Be altogether gone.