

## Shoot me!

Arms outstretched, Christlike,  
(stigmata show on both palms)  
but not in suffering or grief,  
but in anger, in sheer bloody, helpless anger.

Does he shout 'why' or 'stop',  
'not me, please, not me  
I am husband and father'?

Or does he shout 'do your worst,  
you French bastard scum,  
shoot me, kill me, destroy me,  
and do it now before you lose heart  
and run away, because soon we will destroy you  
and your greedy little corporal,  
who knows nothing but a lust  
for grandeur, land and power.'

The anger is for the stupid, faceless men  
with muskets but no pity,  
no conscience, pride or even sense to understand  
that all he means to do is defend his hearth and home  
as they would, too, were France to be invaded.

Around him lie friends and neighbours,  
bloody, already dispatched in the light and dark  
of that May night in Madrid, dispatched  
to where resistance is even

more useless than it was while they still breathed.

Others around and behind him await their fate.

Some weep, some despair, but he,

his Spanish pride and anger,

that sheer bloody seething anger,

will not, cannot feel despair.

He knows: 'We will be avenged.

Vengeance, pure bloody vengeance will be ours.

And we can wait.'

'So shoot, you French bastard scum,

snuff out my life, destroy me,

but we shall still have spirit, pure Spanish spirit.

And that you cannot destroy with a petty musket bullet,

if you had but the sense to understand.'

'Shoot me! Shoot me!'