

"For the Union Dead"

By Robert Lowell

*Relinquunt omnia servare rem publicam.*

The old South Boston Aquarium stands  
in a Sahara of snow now. Its broken windows are boarded.  
The bronze weathervane cod has lost half its scales.  
The airy tanks are dry.

Once my nose crawled like a snail on the glass;  
my hand tingled  
to burst the bubbles,  
drifting from the noses of the cowed, compliant fish.

My hand draws back. I often sigh still  
for the dark downward and vegetating kingdom  
of the fish and reptile. One morning last March,  
I pressed against the new barbed and galvanized

fence on the Boston Common. Behind their cage,  
yellow dinosaur steam shovels were grunting  
as they cropped up tons of mush and grass  
to gouge their underworld garage.

Parking lots luxuriate like civic  
sand piles in the heart of Boston.  
A girdle of orange, Puritan-pumpkin-colored girders  
braces the tingling Statehouse, shaking

over the excavations, as it faces Colonel Shaw  
and his bell-cheeked Negro infantry  
on St. Gaudens' shaking Civil War relief,  
propped by a plank splint against the garage's earthquake.

Two months after marching through Boston,  
half the regiment was dead;  
at the dedication,  
William James could almost hear the bronze Negroes breathe.

The monument sticks like a fishbone  
in the city's throat.

Its colonel is as lean  
as a compass needle.

He has an angry wrenlike vigilance,  
a greyhound's gentle tautness;  
he seems to wince at pleasure  
and suffocate for privacy.

He is out of bounds. He rejoices in man's lovely,  
peculiar power to choose life and die—  
when he leads his black soldiers to death,  
he cannot bend his back.

On a thousand small-town New England greens,  
the old white churches hold their air  
of sparse, sincere rebellion; frayed flags  
quilt the graveyards of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The stone statues of the abstract Union Soldier  
grow slimmer and younger each year—  
wasp-waisted, they doze over muskets,  
and muse through their sideburns.

Shaw's father wanted no monument  
except the ditch,  
where his son's body was thrown  
and lost with his "niggers."

The ditch is nearer.  
There are no statues for the last war here;  
on Boylston Street, a commercial photograph  
showed Hiroshima boiling

over a Mosler Safe, "the Rock of Ages,"  
that survived the blast. Space is nearer.  
When I crouch to my television set,  
the drained faces of Negro school children rise like balloons

Colonel Shaw  
is riding on his bubble,  
he waits  
for the blessed break.

The Aquarium is gone. Everywhere,  
giant finned cars nose forward like fish;  
a savage servility  
slides by on grease.

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