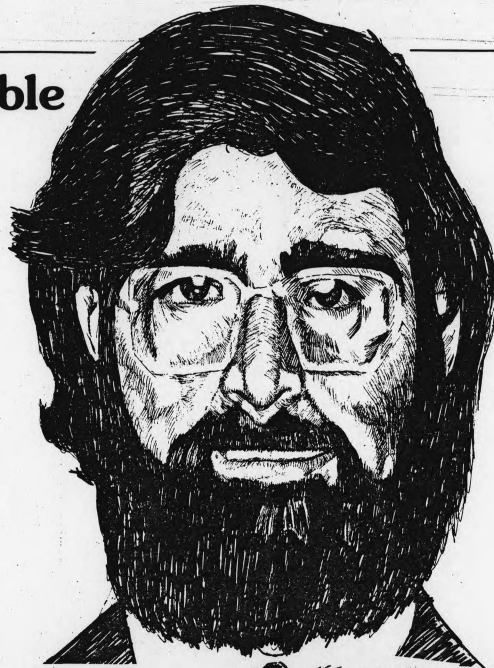


Long Live the Invincible Communist Spirit of the Communist Workers Party Five

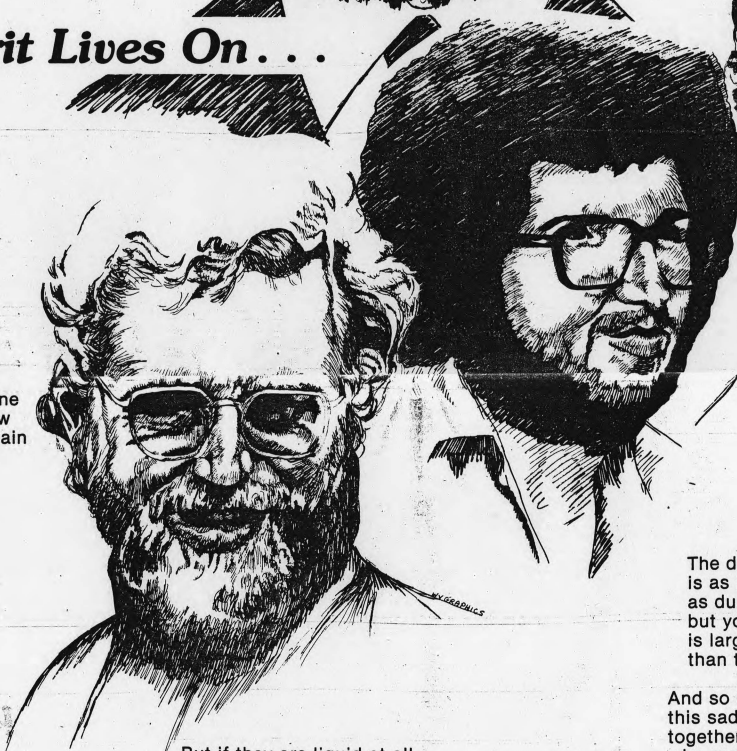


And the Spirit Lives On . . .

The rain falls like tears
as if the sky were weeping
The countryside is solemn
with grey clouds
And even the bright autumn trees
are draped in sadness
And I
though I did not know you
count the tears on the window pane
as my insides swell up with sorrow
sorrow that stings my eyes with pain
burns my belly with anger
anger like acid that threatens
to explode from within me
devouring the enemy
in a shower of fire and fury

I can hardly keep from crying
when I see the pictures of you
strong, determined, warm, loving,
serious, smiling, fighting,
communist faces
that stare back at me
making me know
that though I did not know you
you were my comrades
my class brothers and sisters
that though we never met
I truly do know you
I have seen your faces in the bitter eyes
of the oppressed
in the curve of a bent back, the ripple
in the mighty arm of a worker
I have heard your voices
in the thunder of the masses' shouts
in the harmony of a revolutionary song
in the motion of history
that smashes at the barricades of the bourgeoisie

Though my grief is as deep
as the oceans of the world
I do not want to cry
for I want my tears to be
not salt water from my eyes
but rocks that fall from my mouth
crushing the lies of the bourgeoisie
I want my tears to be
bullets that blow away
the hooded scum who scurry to holes
with pieces of your flesh in their teeth



But if they are liquid at all
my tears will be mixed with the tears
of millions who have suffered
and will become an indestructible tidal wave
as wave upon wave of new fighters
rush forward to join the ranks
to fill the void your passing leaves
and clean away the stink of the rotting ruling class
so that mankind may at last
be emancipated

When I think all this
my heart swells with strength and gladness
for I know that the enemy has failed
Your bodies lie still
Your blood stains the streets and soil of
Greensboro
but your deaths do not diminish us
for you died as you have lived
for The Party
for The Class
for the liberation of Man
and we understand
that there was glory in your going

The death of an oppressor
is as insignificant
as dust on the wing of a mosquito
but your death
is larger
than the rising of the sun.

And so I have come here
this sad-eyed Sunday
together with hundreds of my brothers and sisters
who realize
that you do not really lie in caskets
but march staunchly side-by-side with us
and with the millions of workers and oppressed
who seek to save this world
And we know
soon we will do this
and that your sacrifice
has brought us one step closer
to that day.

Comrade Jim
Comrade Bill
Comrade Sandy
Comrade Cesar
Comrade Michael
we salute you!

We know that though the tears
fall like rain within us,
we are ever more strong
for though your lives are over
your spirit,
in our hearts forever,
your eternal spirit,
lives on.