**Unpatriotic Gore**

[**Jay Parini**](https://www.poets.org/node/45032)**, 1948**

It’s true I never loved my country
in the abstract sense: red, white, or blue.
I have only this black waving flag,
my disposition.
Stars, bold stripes,
remind me of a million dead young men
in far-off ditches,
remind me of the innocents who fell,
collaterally damaged,
wild-eyed, blazing: each of them
a universe unmade.
I say that I have never loved my country,
but I’d surely die
for several good friends, my wife and sons.
I’d sacrifice a number of pink toes
and fingers, too (my own)
for Emerson, for Whitman and Thoreau.
I’d give an eye for one deep lake,
for several good streams,
at least one waterfall,
a lovely stand of Norway pines
just east of here, not far away.

**Copy as much documentation as you can for the MLA 8th ed. Citation. You (and your reader!) need to find the poem again, whether online, in a print poetry anthology, or a poet’s collected works.**

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<https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/unpatriotic-gore>

National Anthem? *Star Spangled Banner* versus *America the Beautiful*

What is “country”? People, culture, natural resources, history