

Clive Gresswell

1/

they picket all around those plague
sores of rabid discontent turning left
& then pulling up at the kerb & wishing
a good morning to the beaten
they offer them a turnip from the truck
what a turn-up from the books
rockstars crush them with their glares
the cleaning of the dole queue blues
radiant in their transgression
a whole new thorny question
the mark is made, the exclamation
what went on in this once proud
rotation of the planted seed all
hands to the plough of need

a semi-circular saw
along the M25
split trajectories endure
the lightning rock of ages

2/

entranced the slaughtered
sauntered thru the garden & pushing
along tramways & alleys of delight
into twilit worlds of the vanquished
& the soul-less
those who would with greater transport
take on the corpse colour
of your money & calling on mountains
of equilibrium set heaving boulders
crashing down among the valleys
strides into the future girth replenished
stocks of these strange stories
passed down among the tittle-tattle
& songs of birds
hurtling to the earth

3/

the passing irreparable night
redeems all that has clouded
from my wish for fellow kings
& those with whom i travel
my hand upon the turning wheel
& split into the fog
my arms tire of the journey
endless without repose
nowhere to lay the questing mark
or hand in my exclamations
just turning once more to the perpetual dark
the only friend i truly know
to bring me back to this field

4/

thru desolate
photographs
of those war-torn
maps hung
torn at the corner
the rip in her dress
too much tender handling
lingers at the font
where at first i knelt
& needing some form of comfort
called to the back
of the black & white
colours faded into sepia
the journey dusted
battered by this wind
(the flowers grow darkly on this estate)
& badges distributed in day
for us to carry to decay
in the splitting frost
across the room
where hang the moonbeams
of the calendar