

ALL SOULS' DAY

A little schoolboy hurries through the park,
a see-saw shivers in the evening squall,
a tattered raincoat rustles in the dark,
the moon - pawnbroker's ball - threatens to fall.

Along the plinth below the monument,
like feathers fallen from an angel's wing,
the candles tremble. Grey park, stone, cement,
steel-plated skies dishearten everything.

Like peeling city posters left to rot,
the terror has a smell of glue and wet,
I cross the autumn playground at a trot
with chestnuts in my pocket. I am eight.

DE PROFUNDIS

My earliest strait-jacket was the womb
and though today I am seemingly free
the Universe is still an oversize
department of a mental ward to me

I banged therefore the walls but all in vain
I cried out of the depths but since the Lord
is just a chronic gasping of the soul
that's all there is: this gasping and the ward

I tap-tap but the Morse reply is faint
I try to understand it but I fail
is it a man or angel or an inmate
perhaps a secret warder in this jail

gagged by the white cloths of the day I'm stopped
from bellowing that even nothingness
has vanished into nothing and that even
this nothing is becoming less and less