

**Interesting times we could all do without**

I have lost the impetus to carry you  
even though the apocalypse is hot  
on our heels. Across the fields of broken  
glass we waltz from one disaster  
to the next in a vertigo of headlines.  
Friendly fire – another name for motherhood  
but don't let that put you off. Be born. Argue the toss,  
dousing the future's prospectus  
with tales of the glory days.  
Remember when we used to breathe unassisted?  
Extrapolate ambition to the realm of human reverie  
which is where I do my best work.  
I want to ask not *why*, not *how*, but *when*  
will justice tumble from the sky?  
now that each gavel has been reduced to ash,  
every opinion freed of its carbon monoxide.  
Give me one last séance – another chance  
to expunge regret, or else flaunt it from the ramparts.  
Count the cost of all that arrogance.  
If it had not come to this  
it would have surely come to something else.  
What omens did we ignore back when we had prescience?

the raw ember of me as ambivalent  
as right from wrong, I could barely tell  
the difference in the tide pool of my swirling blood.

The whirling dervish of this longing  
like a drill bit chowing down through steel.

The positive things I have done in my life  
I could count on the fingers of one hand.

Beneath my feet the dormant  
corms shrivel in their sleep,  
needing flame to flower, while I dilly-  
dally, squandering my time like an alchemist  
who has tried to make something out of nothing,  
only to realise nothing was better.

It's hard to keep a straight face in the face of all this smoke.

Wind from the south followed by wind  
from the north. Trapped between, we crawl  
along a narrow nave of bitumen.

The morning's irony of rain leaning down like a veil  
will not be lost on the weather weary.

The trees shaking as wet dogs do  
with relief from the heat.

Where did all this water come from?  
Flame or ice or sarcasm?

It's all I can do to keep panic at bay,  
to accept that life somehow includes us.