

# Suddenly the Universe

*(For Karen)*

That first-born breath  
is the beginning of Time.  
Suddenly the universe  
falls into place  
and all our sentences rhyme.

From star-dust we come  
and to star-dust shall return  
but suddenly the universe  
falls into place  
and all of life is re-born.

We spring from pain  
to an immeasurable joy.  
Suddenly the universe  
falls into place  
resolved in that infant cry.

*Rogan Wolf*

## I Shall Sing Myself Through

I shall sing myself through to my death  
if I can - not whimper  
nor rage  
at my loss of light.

I shall stand for my portrait  
upon my death-bed if I can  
living that moment  
as fervently as any in my life.

I do not want a gasp and dribble  
kind of death. I should like  
if I can to make my maker proud of me  
at my unmaking.

*Rogan Wolf*

## This Time

In anger  
I climbed a sheer rock-face without knowing  
its particular worn hardness or its height  
or my own strength or whether  
the top would give passage to hand and foot  
and suddenly was simply stuck and watched  
myself suspended there sixty foot up  
my legs beginning to tremble with this exercise  
of holding on  
and the sharp-edged rock-floor below  
waiting to take to itself  
the scattered parts of my spine  
and the scattered pieces of my skull  
and at last I realised – this  
is me and here  
and now and nothing remains  
for me except what I  
now make happen and  
terror flooding my system  
I walked  
up the rest of the rock face  
as if it were a flight of stairs.

# A String of Words

I make a string of words -  
and it becomes a circle.

I rush into the circle -  
and it becomes a sanctuary

of electric stones  
sending word of my existence

into deep space....

*Rogan Wolf*