



*World Press Contest Prize Winner. Akintunde Akinleye Nigeria, Reuters.
A man rinses his face after a gas pipeline explosion Dec 26th 2006.*

An evening with my adult sons

We met and came to table today -
the leaves outside streaming in the wind
between us the rush of aortal blood -

and we tracked a memory,
tier upon tier, through generations,
of similar moments flung from time

when the air beats like blood
and leaves roar outside the window
and lives still meshed yet tend away.

*Rogan Wolf
September 2008*



Picture by Alexander Chadwick

Mevlut the Poet Selling T-Shirts on Petticoat Lane

Mevlut views the market crowds
through a straight-edged, multi-coloured eye.

Heads from around the world
leap across his view-finder.

Some stop. And pore over
Mevlut's materials, hands groping.

“How much for the red one ?”
“Anything for a two year old ?”

Mevlut's at it all week-end -
he needs the money. Hidden

behind the merchandise
words take shape

and turn to fine gold -
words of the essence, words like eyes.

Rogan Wolf



"Blind Light" Antony Gormley Haywood Gallery. Photograph: David Levene/Guardian

The Shaping of History

The air between us is thick
with who we are –
it joins us
a force-field clinging
a gathering shape.

The air between us is thick
with all we've put there -
all we've been
clings on
spreads after.

The air between us is thick
and teeming -
shaping history even now.
Is it wholesome ?
Will it heal ?

Rogan Wolf



Two Red Kites

Word from Tina, 93, now diseased

I know my time is nearly up

(In certain regions above the trees
the sky is pure mother-of-pearl)

I have found this last part of my life
the most difficult of my human experience

(I never knew there were so many
trees in Surrey !)

It has made me realise
I am not at all holy.

And now you see perhaps
why I get lonely.

Jan 2008