

Poems Displayed Spring/Summer 2009

Bike Accident

My head in a cradle
never felt the sledgehammer
break the helmet outside.

Broken
like an egg
the helmet died.

Now I'm addicted to helmets.
Everywhere I go
I'm craving cover.

I want to eat
with a helmet on
wear it to bed

a cradling shield
betwen chancy Earth
and my head.

Rogan Wolf, April 2009

The Last Blackbird

That blackbird pouring its heart out
through the last hour of the day
may be the last in Creation.

It sings quite well, considering
the force of the world's grief, guilt, terror,
the forest of microphones sprouting round its feet

the incessant flashes and shrieks.

As the evening news re-plays
the blackbird's voice, the voice

of the newscaster breaks.

Rogan Wolf, Spring 2009

Doing Life

I am a warehouse of faces
weary performances.

Their multitude grieves me.
Each new mask

I take from my store
shatters my mirror.

Who made that face ?
I ask. Whose voice was that

pouring forth just now - from lips
surely not mine ?

I am a hole in a mountain.
I am a hidden horde of gold

deep in a mountain.
I am a langorous Worm

doing life
under a mountain.

The anchoress declares her love

Oh, my Redeemer,
my sweet sparrow,

how much more
blood is left in you

yet to spill?
I kneel

on my shadow
in the stink of ages

of human waste,
covering my face

in your blood. You
drench me, Lord.

Only God could carry
so much blood

in Him, for torture
until Time's end.

Oh my soft sparrow,
mashed,

let my hands
cup you in worship.

I hold you. Forgive
me. Forgive all.

Our sin, you said,
is behovely.

Kenwood May 17th 2009

In the old man's camera -

a child's exquisite face
laughing

half-hidden
among flame-coloured
rhododendron blooms

full and perfected
just today -

among stormy gusts

with a sky grey as iron.

Kenwood May 17th 2009

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Rogan Wolf Spring 2009

Against the Blue

The swifts soothe me this evening
shrieking their ecstasy far up against the blue

and then some chugging insect passes
low across the same blue field

and then Flight 140
thunders overhead, heading for Heathrow

and I wonder
do any of these vibrant entities

these passing dots
against the blue

register
on the eye of their Creator ?