



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

Dancing on Speedy Way

Breaking is a true response
to much that occurs

and like a hedgehog
under a juggernaut

I have broken many times.
I think it's been good for me

not just inevitable
but life-enhancing.

Broken I dance
without need of hope

in free-form
on Speedy Way.



The Grateful Earth

The good Earth
will surely take strength

from whatever signs of recognition
even of gratitude

we can spare her.



"Blind Light" Antony Gormley, Haywood. Photo David Levene/ Guardian

Christmas Eve 2007

Facing death this Christmas
we watch that immaculate choir

beneath their glorious fan-vaulting -
a performace sublime in all respects.

Wrapping paper covers the floor
and pussy cats carrying plum puddings

parade along the maize-coloured wall.
There are still children in the streets

electrified by the night's excitement
skipping and hopping home to bed.

Perhaps tonight we are all immaculate
electrified and children.



The Isabella Plantation

is quiet in mid-winter but passing today I remembered it holds perhaps our last exchange of words.

I had brought you down for the week-end and in my garden you had apologised to my sons for your lengthening silences

due not, you said (struggling for lucidity), to anything they had lightly said or done, but to corruption of faculties within.

And then I brought you here, at a time in Spring when it is all so glorious that words cannot describe the wonder of it.

We were lost for a while in the wonder of it, until you said, “it’s lovely..”

almost choking, as if you knew that these two words were almost the last you’d ever speak and perhaps therefore

could have been kept for something else, later. Then I drove you home.

Rogan Wolf 2007/08